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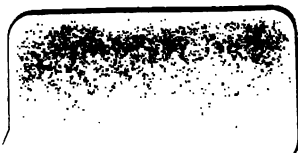
THREE CENTURIES  
OF  
ENGLISH POETRY

ROSALINE ORME MASSON





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ENGLISH POETRY

BEING

*Selections from Chaucer to Herrick*

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

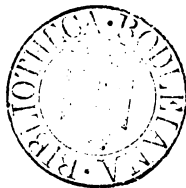
BY

ROSALINE ORME MASSON

AND A GENERAL PREFACE BY

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## GENERAL PREFACE.

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NEXT to the Newspaper, the Novel supplies for most people, in these busy days, the reading they want. It is a sign of wider culture, or of larger leisure, when "the last new book," of whatever kind, is in request, and so a poem, a biography, a book of travels, a history, or even a speculative treatise, has its turn with the novel of highest recent repute. Amid such variety a reader may find plenty of excellent literary stimulus and entertainment without going beyond the present. It is to be hoped, however, that readings in our older English classics have not yet gone wholly out of fashion. Especially it is to be hoped that there are still lovers of that older English poesy of which Keats wrote in his ecstasy,—

"Has she not shown us all,  
From the clear space of ether to the small  
Breath of new buds unfolding, from the meaning  
Of Jove's large eyebrow to the tender greening  
Of April meadows? Here her altar shone,  
Even in this Isle; and who could paragon  
The fervid choir that lifted up a noise  
Of harmony to where it aye will poise  
Its mighty self of convoluting sound,  
Huge as a planet?"

In strict prose this metrical estimate may need abatement. Even in poetry there is no reason for depreciating the present in comparison with the past. It is the business of criticism

to discern a poor creature in whatever century he lived ; and not only were there some very poor creatures among the early English poets, but many of the best of them wrote a great deal of very sorry stuff, and were far from being uniformly miraculous. Yet, all in all, and even apart from such supreme chiefs as Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, the body of English poetry that has come down to us from before the middle of the seventeenth century is as rich and interesting a possession of its kind as any modern language can exhibit. It belongs to all who can read, and ought by no means to be abandoned to the scholar only, or the literary antiquarian. After the newspaper, the novel, the last new book of whatever kind, and our classics in prose or in verse back to Dryden, have all had their due, there remains in our older English poetry, for as many as choose, an abundance of the exact kind of enjoyment most suitable for summer holidays or long winter evenings.

One test of what is really good in literature is that it shall leave a strong mark in the memory. Our greatest writers might be appraised, relatively to each other, by the numbers of memorable phrases, lines, and passages, from their texts, that have passed into common speech. Shakespeare and Milton, among the older poets, have contributed such in far the largest proportion, Chaucer and Spenser having yielded a good deal, though considerably less. But what a wealth of lines and phrases of keen and happy thought, fine and mystic suggestion, or sweet and musical form, lies bedded still in the less known parts of Chaucer and Spenser themselves, and in the poetry of their minor contemporaries and intermediates ! One may cull a few examples :—

“O ring of which the ruby is out-fall !”

*Chaucer.*

“I saw where there came singing lustily  
A world of ladies.”

*Chaucer (?)*.

"The smiler with the kniffe under the cloak."

*Chaucer.*

"When maistrie comth, the god of love anon  
Beateth his wings, and, farewell ! he is gone."

*Chaucer.*

"It is not all good to the ghost that the gut asketh."

*Langland.*

"I learnt never read on book,  
And I ken no French, in faith, but of the farthest end of Norfolk."

*Langland.*

"For the best been some rich, and some beggars and poor ;  
For all are we Christ's creatures, and of his coffers rich,  
And brethren as of one blood, as well beggars as earls."

*Langland.*

"For which sudden abate anon astart  
The blood of all my body to my heart."

*James I. of Scotland.*

"The sugared mouths with minds therefrae,  
The figured speech with faces tway,  
The pleasant tongues with hearts unplain,  
For to consider is ane pain."

*Dunbar.*

"The wind made wave the red weed on the dike."

*Gavin Douglas.*

"Victorious William Meldrum was his name."

*Lyndsay.*

"My girl, thou gazest much  
Upon the golden skies :  
Would I were Heaven ! I would behold  
Thee then with all mine eyes."

*Turberville.*

"And there that Shepherd of the Ocean is,"

*Spenser.*



" For of the soul the body form doth take ;  
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

*Spenser.*

" Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish mind.

*Spenser.*

" Then came October, full of merry glee ;  
For yet his nowl was totty with the must."

*Spenser.*

" Therefore I mourn with deep heart's sorrowing,  
Because I nothing noble have to sing."

*Spenser.*

" Fear is more pain than is the pain it fears."

*Sidney.*

" Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,  
Refining heaven with every wink."

*Lodge.*

" Death, that sits  
Upon the fist of Fate past highest air."

*Chapman.*

" The bird that loveth humans best,  
That hath the bugle eyes and rosy breast,  
And is the yellow Autumn's nightingale."

*Chapman.*

" When all that ever hotter spirits expressed  
Comes bettered by the patience of the North,"

*Daniel.*

" They now to fight are gone :  
Armour on armour shone ;  
Drum now to drum did groan ;  
To hear was wonder,  
That with the cries they make  
The very earth did shake ;  
Trumpet to trumpet spake,  
Thunder to thunder."

*Drayton.*

“ High and aloof,  
Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass's hoof ! ”

*Ben Jonson.*

The very quaintness of the old language now and then makes such verbal *memorabilia* more impressive. In these days, when what passes for “ style ” is often a conventional velvety verbiage, and when our best speakers rarely “ say ” a thing, but only “ do not hesitate to assert ” it, there is refreshment in going back among writers whose notion of style was to fold words as closely as possible round the very things meant, and who used, with more or less of tact, every means for that purpose that their English afforded. Sir Walter Raleigh was not a perfect expert in verse ; but there is something all the more delightful in the attempt of this “ Shepherd of the Ocean,” whose main business was with ships and the handling of tarry ropes, to express that mood of high ideality, high poetic spiritualism, which was the leading characteristic of all the Elizabethans :—

“ Blood must be my body's balmer ;  
No other balm will here be given,  
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,  
Travels to the Land of Heaven,  
Over all the silver mountains  
Where do spring those nectar fountains.

And I there will sweetly kiss  
The happy bowl of peaceful bliss,  
Drinking mine eternal fill,  
Flowing from each milky hill  
My soul will be a-dry before ;  
But, after, it will thirst no more.

In that happy peaceful day  
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,  
That have cast off their rags of clay,  
And walk apparelled fresh, like me.

## GENERAL PREFACE.

I'll take them first  
 To slake their thirst,  
 And then to taste of nectar suckets  
 At those clear wells  
 Where sweetness dwells,  
 Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And, when our bottles, and all we,  
 Are filled with immortality,  
 Then those holy paths we'll travel,  
 Strewed with rubies thick as gravel :  
 Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,  
 High walls of coral, and pearly doors."

But not in stray passages only will even the minor old English poetry answer well to that test of worth which consists in sure hold on the memory. While much of the effect of the old poems, especially the lyrics and meditative or reflective pieces, is produced, as in modern poetry, in the act and at the moment of reading, and we afterwards remember only that we were interested, stirred, thought this ingenious and that graceful or powerful, there are many of the poems, especially the narrative poems, that leave permanent pictures and visions in our chambers of imagery. One might instance, more particularly, Chaucer's poetry and Spenser's. In Chaucer, besides the main stories themselves, with all their variety of beauty, pathos, and humour, what a furnishing for the memory, and for all future thinking in which the memory may bear part, in those little dreams, allegories, visionary landscapes and situations, which occur in the stories, and of which some of them are but constructions! Take the *House of Fame* singly. Who that has ever read that poem of Chaucer's but has the whole optical grotesque or phantasy as if burnt into his mind, so that he finds himself recollecting it again and again, and thinking in terms of it whenever there is occasion? Is there any test of worth in a poem equal to this? The case selected

is a strong one ; but throughout Chaucer's poetry there are many smaller visual allegories, of subtle or high significance, that remain painted into the mind beautifully after due reading, and become, as we may say, Chaucerian forms of thinking that one would not willingly lose. So, in perhaps a larger way, though a laxer and more dreamy and luxurious, with the poetry of Spenser. One wanders through the *Faery Queene* as through an infinite enchanted wood, the allegories and phantasmagories gleaming out and vanishing in bewildering succession ; but, in the end, what a storing of the mind, through the overclouded eyes, with visions and their meanings, and what a discipline in that wondrous Elizabethan ideality or Spenserianism ! For the present age, or for many in it, what one would recommend, as the best corrective of prosaic and too low habits of intellect, might be a course of reading in Spenser. Unfortunately, those who need the medicine most are those whom it would soonest disgust.

Another good to be got from readings in our older English poetry, if on a sufficient scale, is an acquaintance with the characters and physiognomies of men worthy to be remembered. No reading of poetry, no criticism of it, satisfies ultimately that does not lead to some conception, more or less distinct, of the personality of the poet. We have allowed ourselves to be too much in a haze, in this respect, even in our so-called "studies" of English poetry. About our more recent poets we know always something independently through report or biography ; but about our older poets, who are to be discerned mainly through their poetry, we remain often in a state of ignorance for which there is no excuse. Of the personalities of Milton, Ben Jonson, and one or two others, it is true, the tradition is forcible enough ; the eternal search after Shakespeare himself through his plays and poems has been more successful than unbelieving stupidity will yet admit ; and, as far back as the very

horizon of modern English, all do see, more or less vaguely, the shy and genial visage of the portly Chaucer. But about the majority we are utterly careless : we take their poetry as so much casual growth that has come down to us somehow in the British wind from certain spots of time, and we let the authors themselves hover behind as phantoms or abstractions. The fault does not lie in the absence of means of knowledge ; it lies in the indolent habit of being uninquisitive, or content with the indistinct. Take, for example, Langland. It needs only such a reading of his poems as is now easy enough (thanks to Mr. Skeat !) to see and know Langland himself as vividly as if he had lived yesterday, and so to add to our gallery of English portraits that of a most extraordinary man, the one literary contemporary of Chaucer that deserves to be pedestalled beside him and remembered in contrast with him. Langland actually starts out of his poems. So, in part, with Gavin Douglas, the most difficult of the old Scottish poets perhaps to a modern reader, but of higher quality in some respects than any of his Scottish contemporaries. What is Gavin Douglas now, for most of his own countrymen even, but a pretendedly affectionate name for an uncouth ecclesiastic that lived in Scotland at some time or other and is said to have written verse ? Yet, even without the light afforded by Mr. Small's memoir of Douglas and its included documents, it needs but a reading of the poet's own prologues to the successive books of his translation of the *Æneid* to realize for us Gavin himself most exactly amid all his antique Edinburgh surroundings in the year of Flodden. And why not the same wherever it is possible ? No bad measure of mental power is the number of characters that one knows, or knows something about ; and readings in old poetry are a very pleasant way indeed of increasing the number of one's dead acquaintances.

The remark may be extended a little. There is no better way of cultivating the historical sense generally, and of clearing up one's notions of any particular portion of the past, than acquaintance with the poetic and other literary remains that have survived from former times. Life on the earth as a whole, or on any one part of it, is an incessantly advancing roar of the present, throwing off behind it an ever longer and longer wake of silence ; and the historical sense consists in being able to imagine the roar back at its full to any one point in the past, and feeling the same essential humanity as now to have been then going on.

“ A great while ago the world began,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,”

says Shakespeare in that Fool's lyric of which he was so fond that he has made it do duty twice ; and there is nothing that so verifies the mystery, and so brings down the living “ hey, ho,” with the sound of the wind and the splash of the rain, from any one day in the long series, all rainy alike, as the songs then actually sung and the poems and other things then actually penned. They are the real transmitted bits of the defunct life and mind of that epoch, and not merely second-hand accounts of the same ; and, as we read, we can see, and listen, and infer. So in general ; and not the least valuable lesson, in particular, that may be thus learnt is a correction of that overweening conceit of the present which ignorance of history is apt to produce. Wherever, in any literary form, we find powerful thought, high feeling, or graceful and ingenious expression, there, we may be sure, though all other records should have perished, the life round about must have corresponded. And so, even where the other records may be abundant enough, there may be additional and finer light from the poetry that has remained. The reader of Shakespeare and of Spenser may legitimately infuse his knowledge of *them* into his conception of Elizabethan England ; the

Scotland of the sixteenth century will seem much less of a mere barbaric blurr to one who knows something of Dunbar, Gavin Douglas, and Lyndsay, than it is usually figured from the pages of professed historians ; and the student of Langland and Chaucer will cut deeply into the England of the fourteenth century with that two-handed axe.

Books of Extracts or Specimens of old English Poetry can never supersede the necessity, for all thorough and scholarly purposes, of direct and wide ranging among the originals. They have, nevertheless, their uses. They are convenient for those who have not access to the originals on any large scale, or have not leisure for extensive reading ; they may create a taste for such more extensive reading when leisure will permit ; and they are all but indispensable companions for those who may be studying the history of English literature chronologically by means of manuals. By presenting many old poets close together in their historical succession, they even press certain things upon the attention more effectively than would a course of diffuse reading. Passing from poet to poet, and from group to group of poets, one notes more easily and strongly their connections and overlappings, and the curious changes, from generation to generation, of poetical tastes and forms.

In the present Volume of Selections the intention is rather literary than philological. There are very excellent volumes of extracts already, illustrating, for students of the English language, the old state of that language and its gradual progress. This volume has been compiled, therefore, on the principle of selecting specimens of literary interest, characteristic of the successive poets at their best, and so furnishing a chronological representation of the non-dramatic poetry of England and Scotland from Chaucer's time to Herrick's that may be enjoyable by itself, and may yet be useful in connection with any of the existing manuals of English literary

history. Having been cognisant of the progress of the book from time to time, I am able to say that the specimens have by no means been taken at random, but are a careful selection of what seemed best and most suitable in each case, after wide readings and markings in the various authors by the compiler herself. Pains have been taken also to secure the best texts. In the Chaucer specimens, for example, there has been reference always, where that would serve, to the splendid "Six-Text Print of the Canterbury Tales," edited for the Chaucer Society by Mr. Furnivall, with as accurate fidelity to the readings there authorised as would consist with the style of spelling which the purpose of this volume obliges. So, for the Langland specimens, Mr. Skeat's admirable edition of Langland for the Early English Text Society has been closely studied, with a retention of such particulars of archaic spelling as might bring out better to the reader's ear the peculiar alliterative rhythm. For the later writers the standard editions, where such exist, have been resorted to, including Mr. Laing's *Dunbar* and *Lyndsay*, Mr. Small's *Gavin Douglas*, Mr. Grosart's fine and perfect editions of Sidney, Donne, and some others of the rarer Elizabethans, and a few of Mr. Arber's valuable reprints. The Introductions are purposely brief, being confined to such biographical and critical notices of the poets in succession as might insert them in their proper places in the history of English poetry, while indicating their individual peculiarities. The Footnotes consist mainly of explanations of words or allusions. For the convenience of many readers, the explanation of an obscure word is repeated nearly as often as it occurs; and an explanation is sometimes given where to some readers it might seem unnecessary.

DAVID MASSON.

EDINBURGH: May 2, 1876.





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# Three Centuries of English Poetry.

—♦—  
GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

(1328?-1400.)



**U**NTIL the middle of the fourteenth century there cannot be said to have been at any period one distinctly national literature in these islands. At least three literatures, in three different vernaculars, in addition to that of Latin books, had had an existence in Britain before the date of Chaucer's birth; connected on account of the geographical proximity of the three races which produced them, but otherwise as mutually non-related as three travellers are who happen to take up their lodging in one inn.

The Cymric literature of the Welsh, the real English or Saxon literature, and the French literature of the Anglo-Normans, must be recognised as distinct even while they were contemporary and contiguous. Welsh poetry in its early stages may be said to be about as near akin to English poetry as an English lyric is to an old Greek play. And the poetry of the Anglo-Normans, although its authors were in many cases of English birth, and among them are included some of the Norman kings of England, is regarded as alien, and as belonging more to the early literature of France than to that of this country. These pre-Chaucerian literatures are for ever distinguished from one another by essential differences of



language, of mythology and tradition, of literary forms and methods, growing out of original differences of race and history. At the same time, their mutual action and reaction have not been without important results in our later English literature, just as the inter-relations of the peoples that produced them have influenced in a thousand ways our later political and social life.

The modern period of English poetry dates from about the middle of the fourteenth century; and the first division of this period may be said to have extended through the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. of England, and David II., Robert II., and Robert III. of Scotland. The Norman Conquest was then an event three centuries old, and people pictured that time as dimly as we do now the early years of Queen Elizabeth's reign. During those three centuries, the highest intellectual life of this nation had been every year more and more intimately affected by contact with foreigners and foreign books. The English tongue had shaken off the grip of its Teutonic grammar, and had enriched its vocabulary with words expressive of a refined and complex social life. New metres and rhyme-endings, with varieties and beauties in sound and rhythm not within reach of the older English poets, had been imported into English verse. The romance narrative form also, which has since been, and still is, one of the most popular forms in English poetry, was learnt in the first instance from the minstrels, or *trouvères*, of northern France. To the insatiable genius of the same race of mediæval poets, availing itself of whatever material it found at hand, we owe no small portion of the narrative matter, the very stories and legends, Celtic and other, out of which the most famous and beautiful poems in the English language have been constructed. But our obligations to our conquerors do not end here. Not the Norman forms and methods in composition, nor the great mediæval *Romans*, the rhymed Chronicles of legendary history, and the lighter *fabliaux*, which served us as models when we had none, or next to none of our own, were so valuable a bequest, so pregnant a good, as was the habit which the English people acquired by contact with the Normans of reading books for the single purpose of

pleasure, of intellectual delight. This first purpose, which is at the foundation of all the highest artistic culture, had been recognised by Alfred the Great when he set himself to translate the Latin books which he believed were the most likely to prove popular among his illiterate West-Saxon subjects. But not in King Alfred's time, nor until the Norman Trouvères had constructed their verse-stories in the Romance vernacular of northern France, did there exist in Europe the material of a really popular, or lay literature. These Trouvère productions of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, sufficiently refined and exquisite in matter and construction to suit the most accomplished readers of mediæval courts, and at the same time simple enough to reach the understanding and to charm the ear of the untaught crowd, constituted what may be called the first "Library of the People."

The condition of the English laity had hitherto been that of a city which possesses a library, rich in books and in dust, but closed to the public except with repelling restrictions. But, from the time the Normans came among us, these restrictions were removed. Latin was no longer the only literary tongue; and the clergy, or learned public, were no longer in sole possession of the privilege of writing and reading,—which was extended, as it had never yet been, to as large a portion of the population as were capable in any sense of enjoying it. How far down into the pyramid of society this novel influence made itself felt is a problem difficult for us in the present time to solve. Before printing was introduced, a popular literature, such as we understand it, could scarcely be. But, nevertheless, there can be little doubt that, even in a modern sense, the narratives of the French poets were widely known among various classes of the English people before Chaucer's time. The process of diffusion had perhaps its central stimulus in the Court itself, within which the minstrels and poets chiefly assembled. But M. Taine has pointed out how great also was the intellectual influence of the Norman schoolmaster in England. The Normans, in 1066, found among the English people a woeful lack of both schools and teachers. English manuscripts were buried in the dust of monastic libraries, and the English monks, nay,

#### 4 THREE CENTURIES OF ENGLISH POETRY.

even the great churchmen, were illiterate and heavy-witted. The Normans overhauled the libraries, scraped the Saxon books clean of what they regarded as their contemptible contents, and re-covered the vellum with their own Latin and French compositions. In their irreverent greed for writing material they left their work of scraping in some cases so badly done that we may still decipher fragments of old English on the margins of Norman manuscripts of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. But, while they thus ill-treated Saxon books, the Normans did not fail to supply us with the means of a new and more plentiful literature. From 1066 until 1200, England was but part of a dominion which stretched from the Tweed to the Garonne, and was belted across its middle by the waters of the Channel. In the reign of John, the hitherto intimate connection of England with the Continent was severed by his loss of French territories. But by this time England had secured from the connection advantages which it could never lose. And one of the chief of these was the establishment in England of the Norman system of teaching. A hundred and fifty years after the Conquest there were scattered over the land more than five hundred schools, in which the teachers were, especially in the beginning, Normans. And it is probable that not the Norman kings, nor the Archbishops themselves, were such active agents in spreading a knowledge of French and of French books as were those five hundred educated foreigners, who brought with them into the remotest districts and villages of England the latest literary gossip from the Continent, and a contagious enthusiasm for the poets of their native land. By these and other means, it is conceivable that a knowledge of popular French books did actually penetrate English educated society, and that the great French romances, or portions of them, were to some extent familiar even among what may be called the non-reading classes of mediæval England. The habit of writing and reading for the purpose of pleasing and being pleased having been once acquired, the ascent of both poet and reader to a higher enjoyment was not difficult; and in the most renowned of the old *Romans*, and the English versions of them, may be discerned the in-

weaving of high and graceful morals with subtle delicacies of thought and style.

The literary history of England during the three centuries which followed the Conquest is, in truth, little more than an account of how and to what degree French culture acted upon the English mind. But at length the period had arrived when English poetry, retaining in it all that it had acquired from three centuries of foreign drill and stimulus, began to show signs of inherent and native vigour ; when, in fact, it was no longer seeking to be a mere pleasing echo of music from over the sea, but was beginning to assume the character of a national literature, the spontaneous expression of the sentiments and aspirations of the English people. For this end something more was needed than the imitation, however exact, of the best foreign models. The specimens which have been preserved of original imaginative poetry in English before the age of Chaucer represent the English tongue as, up to that time, existing in a number of dialects. Every district had its own peculiar local speech, and there was not one dialect in the land which was generally recognised as that of educated persons and of literature. A consequence of this broken-up condition of English was that books had only what one may term a limited circulation, confined to the districts in which they were produced ; and a national literature, common to the whole people, was in the meantime an impossibility. Of the dialects into which the English tongue was distributed in the middle of the fourteenth century, the East Midland, spoken with some variation from the Humber to the Thames, was, says Mr. Morris, "perhaps the simplest in its grammatical structure, the most free from those broad provincialisms which particularised the speech of other districts, and presented the nearest approach in form and substance to the language of the present day as spoken and written by educated Englishmen." The *Ormulum*, of the date 1215 (King John, 1199-1216), a devotional poem by a monk named Orm or Ormin, who is supposed to have lived somewhere between London and Peterborough, is in this dialect. The *Chronicle* of Robert of Brunne, now Bourne, in Lincolnshire, translated into English

verse from the French rhyming Chronicle of Peter Langtoft in the early years of Edward III.'s reign, is another example of this East Midland English. But neither of these works, although both are important, had been of sufficient power and literary merit, any more than other works in other dialects, to take such hold of the entire reading public of Britain that the dialect in which it happened to have been written should be henceforward accepted as the standard literary English. Perhaps no one man's genius could ever have achieved this triumph over a Babel of provincialisms; but a number of circumstances did finally bring the speech of the East Midland districts into prominence. French, which was, from the Conquest until the fourteenth century, the language of the king and his courtiers, and of the society which radiated in every direction from the court centre, at length fell, even in the highest circles, into disuse; and the kind of English which took its place, and which is the forefather of our present Court-English, was that of educated English persons in the district of court-life, namely, London and its neighbourhood. Chaucer and Gower were courtiers, mingling during their whole lives with the most noble and cultured society in the kingdom; and it was the influence of their writings, united with that of the court, which gave to this particular form of East Midland English the superior rank which it has ever since held among English dialects. For the first time in the history of Britain, Englishmen possessed a language universally accepted among themselves as the standard language of literature and of educated society, and from that point commenced the accumulation of a literature in the English tongue which we may call, in the truest sense, national. The *Bruce* of Barbour, and the *Vision* of Langland, are in dialects which have since become restricted to a district and a class; but the poetry of Chaucer and of Gower was written in the same Court-English, which afterwards became every year more widely distributed over the country.

Chaucer may be said to have started in life with an unusually splendid literary outfit. He inherited the whole wealth of the English tongue at the precise moment when it had become fit by culture and use for the highest literary

purposes, but had not yet been assayed. Everything that had to be said in the best way by our poets was still unsaid. No hand had struck the harp that hung in golden silence in the air of England. The age, too, in which Chaucer lived immediately succeeded one of the most brilliant in European literary history. To the Romances of the French Trouvères—the Arthurian Romances, the Romances of King Horn, of King Alexander, of the Rose, and others—which had been read widely over the Continent during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, were added in the fourteenth the works of the great Italian poets. Dante died in 1321, about twenty years after he had written his *Divina Commedia*. Petrarch lived till 1374, Boccaccio till 1375. Chaucer's genius has made him solitary among the English writers of his own time, but it has allied him in proud relationship with this greater European cluster. The continental relations of England were greatly extended during Edward III.'s reign by means of the wars with France, and the exigencies of trade; and the poet Chaucer, recognised by the king as wise, courteous, and trustworthy, and withal acquainted with foreign tongues, was many times employed by his royal master in state business at the courts of French and Italian potentates. In this way he was brought into the very midst of the most brilliant civilisation and the most refined literature in Europe; and in his works may be found written, as clearly as in a prose journal, the rich and varied results of his travel. His reputed early poems, such as the *Romaunt of the Rose*, etc., point almost exclusively to culture in French mediæval literature. The *Death of Blanche the Duchess*, written in 1369 in memory of Blanche, first wife of John of Gaunt, and *The Complaint to Pity*, probably of about the same date, were perhaps those of Chaucer's works in which strong personal emotion overcame all pre-constructed forms and methods. The *Death of Blanche* starts, like the romances of the Trouvères, with the approved dream-story. The commencement, in its gorgeous mediæval colouring and incident, out-does anything in the *Roman de la Rose* itself; but ere long Chaucer is led by his own free English fancy beyond all that mediæval art could teach him, and we find ourselves face to face with

a true English love-story, and a real sorrow. To his maturer years are ascribed the *Troilus and Creside*, the *Canterbury Tales*, the *House of Fame*, and the *Legend of Good Women*. In many of these, the subject, form, or metres, have been distinctly acquired in the course of foreign travel or foreign reading. The stories of *Troilus and Creside* and the *Knight's Tale*, and the entire plan of the *Canterbury Tales*, were taken from Boccaccio; the story told by the Nuns' priest, of the poor widow and her cock "Chaunticlere," is borrowed from a fable of Marie, a French poetess, and occurs originally in an old French metrical romance called *Roman de Renart*; and the Franklin relates the story of the faithful Dorigen in her castle among the black rocks of Bretagne, which he had heard in a lay of the "olde gentil Bretons." The Wife of Bath is indignant with Jankin for poring over books of invective against women and marriage, such as abounded in Chaucer's age. Her story, which follows the voluble account of her married life, occurs also in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, and is found in the *Gesta Romanorum*, a collection of mediæval fables and anecdotes. Indeed, the poems of Chaucer represent their author as a man of wide and varied reading of that kind, romantic, gay, and curious, which was most serviceable to his genius, and which was only to be met with in the literatures of foreign countries. The work upon which his fame chiefly rests is the *Canterbury Tales*. They occupied, doubtless, a considerable portion of his life; but Mr. Furnivall places the central period of their production in 1386. This was the year in which Chaucer, aged "forty years and upwards," sat in Parliament at Westminster, from October 1st to November 1st, as one of the Knights of the Shire for Kent. At this date the old king had been dead for nine years, and Richard and the country were still ruled by Edward's sons. The peasantry had failed in 1381 to obtain from the youthful king or the Parliament enfranchisement from serfdom. Religious reform had been checked by the death of Wycliffe in 1384. But the English Bible, which Wycliffe had bequeathed to the English nation, was doing its work, in spite of all obstructions, in favour of both social and intellectual freedom. This may be regarded as the date at

which Chaucer had reached the summit of his worldly fortunes. Until then he had enjoyed what was probably regarded at that period as a large yearly income, derived from a variety of sources,—pensions and annuities to himself and his wife from the king and John of Gaunt; wages received from time to time for state services; and salary paid to him as Comptroller of Customs, etc., in the port of London. After 1386, these means of livelihood being curtailed, Chaucer fell by degrees into extreme poverty, and it was not until Henry IV.'s accession in 1399 that his pensions were renewed. This was only one year before his death. The *Canterbury Tales* were at that date still in progress, and a number of tales, and the Epilogue, remained unwritten when Chaucer died at Westminster in 1400.

Chaucer wrote in almost all the metres till then in use, and did great service to our later literature by educating the national ear to the enjoyment of a finer and more varied rhythmic music than it had yet heard. The eight-syllabled rhyming measure was common to many French romances. It was employed by Chaucer in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, the *Death of Blanche the Duchess*, and the *House of Fame*, by Barbour in the *Bruce*, and by Gower in the *Confessio Amantis*. Chaucer's other measures consist, with a few unimportant exceptions, of ten-syllabled lines, arranged either in rhymed couplets, as in the *Prologue* of the *Canterbury Tales*, and in many of the tales themselves, or in the stanza known as "Rhyme-royal," or "Chaucer's stanza," used in *Troilus and Creseide*.

## FROM THE DEATH OF BLANCHE THE DUCHESS.

### THE DREAM-CHAMBER.

Me thought thus that it was May,  
 And in the dawning there I lay.  
 Me met<sup>1</sup> thus in my bed all naked,  
 And looked forth; for I was waked  
 With smallè fowlès a great heap,  
 That had affrayed<sup>2</sup> me out of my sleep

<sup>1</sup> Dreamt.

<sup>2</sup> Startled.



Through noise and sweetness of their song.  
 And, as me met, they sat among  
 Upon my chamber-roof without,  
 Upon the tiles over-all about ;  
 And everich songe<sup>1</sup> in his<sup>2</sup> wise  
 The mostè solempnè<sup>3</sup> servise  
 By note that ever man, I trow,  
 Had heard ; for some of them song low,  
 Some high, and all of one accord.  
 To tellè shortly at one word,  
 Was never heard so sweet a steven<sup>4</sup>  
 But<sup>5</sup> it had been a thing of Heaven.  
 So merry a sound, so sweet entunes,  
 That, certes, for the town of Tunis  
 I n' old but I had heard them sing ;  
 For all my chamber gan to ring  
 Through singing of their armony.  
 For instrument nor melody  
 Was nowhere heard yet half so sweet  
 Nor of accordè half so meet ;  
 For there was none of them that feigned  
 To sing ; for each of them him pained  
 To find out merry crafty notes ;  
 They ne sparèd not their throats.

And, sooth to sayn,<sup>6</sup> my chamber was  
 Full well depainted, and with glass  
 Were all the windows well y-glased  
 Full clear, and not an hole y-crased,<sup>7</sup>  
 That to behold it was great joy.  
 For wholly all the story of Troy  
 Was in the glasing y-wrought thus,—  
 Of Hector and of King Priamus,  
 Of Achilles and of King Laomedon,  
 And eke of Medea and of Jason,  
 Of Paris, Helen, and of Lavine.  
 And all the walls with colours fine  
 Were painted, bothè text and glose,<sup>8</sup>  
 And all the Romaunce of the Rose.

My windows weren shut each one,  
 And through the glass the sonnè shone  
 Upon my beddè with bright beams,  
 With many gladde gildy streams.

<sup>1</sup> Each one sang.<sup>2</sup> Old form of *its*.<sup>3</sup> Joyful.<sup>4</sup> Sound.<sup>5</sup> Except.<sup>6</sup> To speak the truth.<sup>7</sup> Broken.<sup>8</sup> Both with text and gloss (referring to the old glossed MSS.)

And eke the welkin was so fair ;  
 Bluè, bright, clear was the air,  
 And full attemper,<sup>1</sup> forsooth, it was,  
 For neither too cold ne hot it was,  
 Ne in all the welkin was a cloud.

## THE DREAM.

And as I lay thus, wonder loud  
 Methought I heard a hunter blow,  
 To assay his horn, and for to know  
 Whether it were clear or hoarse of soun.  
 And I heard going both up and down  
 Men, horse, houndes, and other thing,  
 And all men speakè of hunting,  
 How they would slee the hart with strength,  
 And how the hart had upon length  
 So much embosed,<sup>2</sup>—I n'ot<sup>3</sup> now what.

Anon right when I heardè that,  
 How that they would on hunting gon,<sup>4</sup>  
 I was right glad, and up anon ;  
 Took my horse, and forth I went  
 Out of my chamber. I never stent  
 Till I come to the field<sup>5</sup> without.  
 There overtook I a great rout  
 Of hunters and eke foresters,  
 And many relays<sup>6</sup> and limers,<sup>7</sup>  
 And hied them to the forest fast  
 And I with them. So at the last  
 I askèd one lad, a limere ;<sup>8</sup>  
 " Say, fellow, who shall huntè here ? "  
 Quoth I. And he answered again ;  
 " Sir, the Emperor Octavien, "  
 Quoth he, " and is here fast by. "  
 " A God's half,<sup>9</sup> in good time, " quoth I ;  
 " Go we fast ! " and gan to ride.

When we came to the forest side,  
 Every man did right anon  
 As<sup>10</sup> to hunting fell to done.  
 The maister hunt, anon, foot hote<sup>11</sup>  
 With a great horn blew three mote<sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Temperate.<sup>2</sup> Ne wot.<sup>6</sup> Fresh horses.<sup>9</sup> With God's favour.<sup>2</sup> Embosqué, *i.e.* gone deep into the wood.<sup>4</sup> Go.<sup>7</sup> Blood-hounds.<sup>10</sup> Immediately.<sup>12</sup> Motif, a musical phrase.<sup>8</sup> Open country.<sup>11</sup> A dog-boy.<sup>11</sup> Quickly.

At the uncoupling of his houndis.  
 Within a while the hartè found is ;  
 Y-hallowed<sup>1</sup> and re-chased<sup>1</sup> fast  
 Long timè ; and so, at the last,  
 This hartè rused<sup>1</sup> and stole away  
 Fro all the hounds a privy way.  
 The hounds had overshot him all,  
 And were on a default y-fall ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Therewith the hunter wonder fast  
 Blew a forloin<sup>3</sup> at the last.

I was go walked fro my tree ;  
 And as I went there came by me  
 A whelp, that fawned me as I stood,  
 That had y-followed, and coud no good.  
 It came, and crept to me as low  
 Right as it<sup>4</sup> haddè me y-know,  
 Held down his head and joined his ears  
 And laid all smoothè down his hairs.  
 I would have caught it ; and anon  
 It fleddè, and was fro me gone.  
 As<sup>5</sup> I him followed, and it forth went :  
 Down by a flowery green it went,  
 Full thick of grass, full soft and sweet,  
 With flowers fele<sup>6</sup> fair under feet,  
 And little used it<sup>7</sup> seemèd thus ;  
 For both Flora and Zephyrus,  
 They two that maken flowers grow,  
 Had made their dwelling there, I trow.  
 For it was on to behold<sup>8</sup>  
 As though the earth envyè wold<sup>9</sup>  
 To be gayer than the heaven,  
 To have mo flowers suchè seven<sup>10</sup>  
 As in the welkin starrès be.  
 It had forgot the poverty  
 That winter through his coldè morrows  
 Had made it suffer, and his<sup>11</sup> sorrows,—  
 All was forgotten ; and that was seen,  
 For all the wood was waxen green ;  
 Sweetness of dew had made it wax.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Terms used in hunting.

<sup>2</sup> Fallen on a false scent.

<sup>3</sup> A hunting term signifying that the game is far off. <sup>4</sup> As if it had known me.

<sup>5</sup> Quickly.

<sup>6</sup> Many.

<sup>7</sup> The flowery green.

<sup>8</sup> To look on.

<sup>9</sup> Would aspire. <sup>10</sup> Seven times more flowers than there are stars in the welkin.

<sup>11</sup> Its.

<sup>12</sup> Grow.

THE LADY BLANCHE.<sup>1</sup>

I saw her dance so comelily,  
 Carol and sing so sweetly,  
 Laugh and play so womanly,  
 And look so debonairely,  
 So goodly speak and so friendly,  
 That, certes, I trow that nevermore  
 N'as seen so blissful a tresore.  
 For every hair on her head  
 Sooth to say, it was not red,  
 Ne neither yellow, ne brown it was;  
 Me thought most like gold it was . . .  
 I have no wit that can suffice  
 To comprehende her beauty;  
 But this much dare I sayn, that she  
 Was ruddy, fresh, and lovely hued,  
 And every day her beauty newed.  
 And nigh her face was alder best;<sup>2</sup>  
 For, certes, Nature had such lest<sup>3</sup>  
 To make that fair, that truly she  
 Was her chief pattern of beauty,  
 And chief ensample of all her work  
 And monstre<sup>4</sup> for, be it never so derk,<sup>5</sup>  
 Methinketh I see her evermo.  
 And yet, moreover, though all tho<sup>6</sup>  
 That ever lived were now alive,  
 Ne wold have found they to descryve<sup>7</sup>  
 In all her face a wicked sign,  
 For it was sad, simple, and benign.  
 And such a goodly softè speech  
 Had that sweet, my lifè's leech,<sup>8</sup>  
 So friendly, and so well y-grounded  
 Upon all reason, so well y-founded,  
 And so trefable<sup>9</sup> to all good,  
 That I dare swear well by the rood<sup>10</sup>  
 Of eloquence was never found  
 So sweet a souning facound,<sup>11</sup>  
 Ne truer tongued, ne scorned less, . . .  
 Ne less flattering in her word;  
 That purely her simple record

<sup>1</sup> This was the wife of John of Gaunt, who died 1369, after ten years of marriage. The husband is here supposed to be lamenting her loss and recounting her virtues.

<sup>2</sup> Best of all.

<sup>3</sup> Desire.

<sup>4</sup> Marvel.

<sup>5</sup> Dark.

<sup>6</sup> Those.

<sup>7</sup> Descry.

<sup>8</sup> Physician.

<sup>9</sup> Tractable.

<sup>10</sup> Cross.

<sup>11</sup> Eloquent (Lat. *facundus*).

Was found as true as any bond  
 Or troth of any mannes hond . . .  
 Her throat, as I have now memoire,  
 Seemed as a round tower of ivoire,  
 Of good greatness, and not too great;<sup>1</sup>  
 And goodè fairè *White*<sup>2</sup> she hete.<sup>3</sup>  
 That was my Lady's namè right :  
 She was thereto fair and bright ;  
 She had not her namè wrong.

## A LOVE STORY.

When I first my lady sey<sup>4</sup>  
 I was right young, sooth to say ;  
 And full great need I had to learn,  
 When my heartè wolde yearn  
 To love, it was a great emprise.<sup>5</sup>  
 But, as my wit wold best suffice,  
 After my young childly wit,  
 Without drede<sup>6</sup> I be-set<sup>7</sup> it.  
 To love her in my best wise,  
 To do her worship and servise,  
 That I could tho,<sup>8</sup> by my troth,  
 Without feigning either<sup>9</sup> sloth.  
 For wonder fain<sup>10</sup> I wold her see :  
 So mickle<sup>11</sup> it amended me  
 That, when I saw her first a-morrow,<sup>12</sup>  
 I was warshed<sup>13</sup> of all my sorrow ;  
 Of all day after till it were eve  
 Me thought nothing might me grieve . . .

Upon a day,  
 I bethoughtè me what woe  
 And sorrow that I suffered tho<sup>14</sup>  
 For her, and yet she wist it nought.  
 Ne tell her durst I not my thought.  
 Alas, thought I, I can no rede;<sup>15</sup>  
 And but<sup>16</sup> I tell her I am but dead ;  
 And, if I tell her, to say right soth,  
 I am a-dread she will be wroth ;  
 Alas, what shall I thenne do ?  
 In this debate I was so wo

<sup>1</sup> Large, but not too large.<sup>2</sup> Blanche.<sup>3</sup> Was called.<sup>4</sup> Saw.<sup>5</sup> Enterprise.<sup>6</sup> Misgiving.<sup>7</sup> Set about.<sup>8</sup> Then.<sup>9</sup> Or.<sup>10</sup> Gladly.<sup>11</sup> Much.<sup>12</sup> In the morning<sup>13</sup> Healed.<sup>14</sup> Then.<sup>15</sup> I cannot counsel myself.<sup>16</sup> Except.

Methought mine heartè brast atwain.<sup>1</sup>  
 So at the last, sooth for to sayn,  
 I bethought me that Nature  
 Ne formed never in creature  
 So muchè beauty; truly,  
 And bounty, without mercy.  
 In hope of that, my tale I told . . .  
 I n'ot<sup>2</sup> well how that I began;  
 Full evil rehearse it I can;  
 And eke, as help me God withal,  
 I trow it was in the<sup>3</sup> dismal  
 That was the ten wounds of Egypt;  
 For many a word I overskipt  
 In my tale for purè fear  
 Lest wordès mis-set were.  
 With sorrowful heart and woundès dead,<sup>4</sup>  
 Soft and quaking for pure dread  
 And shame, and stinting<sup>5</sup> in my tale  
 For-feared,<sup>6</sup> and my hue all pale,  
 Full oft I waxt both pale and red;  
 Bowing to her I heng<sup>7</sup> the head;  
 I durst not onès<sup>8</sup> look her on,  
 For wit, manner, and all was gone;  
 I said "Mercy!" and no more.  
 It n'as no game, it sate me sore!  
 So, at the laste, sooth to sayn,  
 When that mine heart was come again,  
 To tellè shortly all my speech,  
 With whole heart I gan her beseech  
 That she wold be my lady sweet . . .  
 And, when I had my tale y-do,<sup>9</sup>  
 God wot, she accounted not a stree<sup>10</sup>  
 Of all my tale, so thoughtè me.  
 To tell shortly right as it is,  
 Truly her answer it was this:  
 I cannot now well counterfeit  
 Her wordès, but this was the grete<sup>11</sup>  
 Of her answer;—she said "Nay,"  
 All utterly. Alas that day!  
 The sorrow I suffered and the woe,  
 That truly Cassandra, that so  
 Bewailed the destruction  
 Of Troye and of Ilion,

<sup>1</sup> Burst asunder.<sup>5</sup> Halting.<sup>9</sup> Finished.<sup>2</sup> Ne wot.<sup>6</sup> Terrified.<sup>10</sup> Straw.<sup>3</sup> To that degree dismal.<sup>7</sup> Hung.<sup>11</sup> Substance.<sup>4</sup> Deathly<sup>8</sup> Once.

Had never such sorrow as I tho.<sup>1</sup>  
 I durst no more say thereto  
 For pure fear, but stole away.  
 And thus I lived full many a day,  
 That truly I had no need  
 Further than my beddès head  
 Never a day to seeke sorrow ;  
 I found it ready every morrow . . .

So it befell another year  
 I thought onès<sup>2</sup> I woldè fond<sup>3</sup>  
 To do<sup>4</sup> her know and understand  
 My woc. And she well understood  
 That I ne wilned<sup>5</sup> thing but good,  
 And worship, and to keep her name  
 Over all things, and dread her shame,  
 And was so busy her to serve,  
 And pity were that I should sterve,<sup>6</sup>  
 Sith that I willed none harm, I wiss.<sup>7</sup>

So, when my lady knew all this,  
 My lady gave me all wholly  
 The noble gift of her mercy.

## FROM TROILUS AND CRESEIDE.

## LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

But, as she sat alone and thoughtè thus,  
 The ascry arose at skarmoch<sup>8</sup> all without ;  
 And men cried in the street, " See, Troilus  
 Hath right now put to flight the Greekès' rout ! "  
 With that gan all her meinie<sup>9</sup> for to shout  
 " Ah, go we see ! Cast up the gatès wide ;  
 For through this street he mote<sup>10</sup> to palace ride !

" For other way is fro the gatès none.  
 Of Dardanus there open is the chain."  
 With that come he, and all his folk anon,  
 An easy pace riding in routes<sup>11</sup> twain ;  
 Right as his happy day was, sooth to sayn ;  
 For that, men saith, may not disturbèd be  
 That shall betidè of necessity.

This Troilus sat on his bayè steed,  
 All armèd save his head full richely ;  
 And wounded was his horse, and gan to bleed,

<sup>1</sup> Then.<sup>2</sup> Once.<sup>3</sup> Try.<sup>4</sup> Make.<sup>5</sup> Desired.<sup>6</sup> Perish.<sup>7</sup> I know.<sup>8</sup> Skirmish.<sup>9</sup> All Creseide's household.<sup>10</sup> Must.<sup>11</sup> Companies

On which he rode apace full softly.  
But such a knightly sightè, truly,  
As was on him it was withouten fail  
To look on Mars that god is of batail.

So like a man of armès and a knight  
He was to seen ; fulfilled of high prowess ;  
For both he had a body and a might  
To done that thing, as well as hardiness.  
And eke to seen him in his geare<sup>1</sup> dress,  
So fresh, so young, so wieldy seemèd he,  
It was an heaven upon him for to see.<sup>2</sup>

His helm to-hewen<sup>3</sup> was in twenty places,  
That by a tissue hong his back behind ;  
His shield to-dashed with swordès and with maces,  
In which men mighte many an arrow find  
That thirled<sup>4</sup> had both horn, and nerf,<sup>5</sup> and rind.  
And aye the people cried, " Here cometh our joy,  
And, next his brother, holder up of Troy ! "

For which he waxt a little red for shame  
When he so heard the people upon him crien ;  
That to behold it was a noble game  
How soberly he cast adown his eyen.  
Creseid anon gan all his chere<sup>6</sup> espïen,  
And let it so soft in her heartè sink  
That to herself she said, " Who gave me drink ? "

For all her ownè thought she wox all red,  
Remembering her right thus, " Lo ! this is he  
Which that mine uncle sweareth he mote dead<sup>7</sup>  
But<sup>8</sup> I on him have mercy and pity."  
And with that thought for purè shamè she  
Gan in her head to pull, and that as fast,  
While he and all the people forth-by passed.

#### THE PARTING OF TROILUS AND CRESEIDE.

Approachen gan<sup>9</sup> the fatal destiny  
That Jovè hath in disposition,  
And to you, angry Parcas,<sup>10</sup> sistren<sup>11</sup> three,  
Committeth to done<sup>12</sup> execution :

<sup>1</sup> War.<sup>6</sup> Sinew.<sup>9</sup> Began.<sup>2</sup> To look.<sup>6</sup> Countenance.<sup>10</sup> Fates.<sup>3</sup> Hewn.<sup>7</sup> He must die.<sup>11</sup> Sisters.<sup>4</sup> Pierced.<sup>8</sup> Except<sup>12</sup> Do.



For which<sup>1</sup> Creseidè must out of the town,  
And Troilus shall dwell henceforth in pine,<sup>2</sup>  
Till Lachesis his thread no longer twine.

The golden-tressèd Phœbus high on loft  
Thrice haddè allè with his beamès clear  
The snowès molt,<sup>3</sup> and Zephyrus as oft  
Y-brought again the tender leavès green,  
Since that the son of Hecuba the queen  
Began to love her first, for whom his sorrow  
Was all that she departè should a-morrow.

Full ready was at primè Diomede  
Creseid unto the Greekès' host to lead ;  
For sorrow of which she felt her heartè bleed,  
As she that wist ne what was best to rede.<sup>4</sup>  
And truèly, as men in bookès read,  
Men wistè never woman had the care,<sup>5</sup>  
Ne was so loth out of a town to fare.<sup>6</sup>

This Troilus withouten rede or lore,<sup>7</sup>  
As man that hath his joyes eke forlore,<sup>8</sup>  
Was waiting on his lady evermore,  
As she that was soothfast,<sup>9</sup> and crop<sup>10</sup> and more  
Of all his lust or joyès heretofore.  
But, Troilus, now farewell all thy joy ;  
For thou shalt never see her eft<sup>11</sup> in Troy ! . . .

Creseidè, when she ready was to ride,  
Full sorrowfully she sighed, and said " Alas ! "  
But forth she mote for aught that may betide ;  
And forth she rode full sorrowfully apace.  
There is no other remedy in this case.  
What wonder is though that her sorè smart  
When one forgoeth her own sweetè heart !

This Troilus, in guise of courtesy,  
With hawk on hand, and with an hugè rout  
Of knightès, rode and did her company ;<sup>12</sup>  
Passing all the valley far without ;  
And farther would have ridden, out of doubt,  
Full fain ;<sup>13</sup> and wo was him to gone so soon ;  
But turn he must, and it was eke to done.<sup>14</sup> . . .

<sup>1</sup> In accordance with which destiny.

<sup>4</sup> Advise.

<sup>8</sup> Lost utterly.

<sup>12</sup> Accompany.

<sup>5</sup> So much care.

<sup>9</sup> Truthful.

<sup>13</sup> Willingly.

<sup>3</sup> In woe.

<sup>6</sup> To go.

<sup>10</sup> Root.

<sup>14</sup> Had to be done.

<sup>7</sup> Melted.

<sup>11</sup> Quite beside himself.

<sup>11</sup> After this day.

And therewithal he must his leavè take ;  
 And cast his eye upon her pitously,  
 And near he rode, his cause<sup>1</sup> for to make,  
 To take her by the hand all soberly ;  
 And, Lord, so gan she weepen<sup>2</sup> tenderly !  
 And he full soft and slyly gan her sey<sup>3</sup>  
 " Now, hold your day,<sup>4</sup> and do me not to die." . . .

With that his courser turned he about,  
 With face all pale ; and unto Diomede  
 No word he spake, ne none of all his rout :  
 Of which the son of Tydeus<sup>5</sup> took heed,—  
 As he that couthe<sup>6</sup> more than the creed  
 In such a craft,<sup>7</sup>—and by the rein her hent ;<sup>8</sup>  
 And Troilus to Troyè homewards went.

## A NEW SORROW.

On morrow, as soon as day began to clear,  
 This Troilus gan of his sleep abraid,  
 And to Pandarus, his own brother dear,  
 " For love of God," full pitously he said,  
 " As<sup>9</sup> go we seen the palace of Creseid ;  
 For, since we yet may have no more feast,  
 So let us seen her palace at the least ! "

And therewithal, his meinie for to blend,<sup>10</sup>  
 A cause he found in townè for to go,  
 And to Creseidè's house they gan wend ;  
 But, Lord, this sely<sup>11</sup> Troilus was wo !  
 Him thought his sorrowful heartè brast atwo ;<sup>12</sup>  
 For, when he saw her doorès sparrèd<sup>13</sup> all,  
 Well nigh for sorrow adown he gan to fall.

Therewith, when he was ware, and gan behold  
 How shut was every window of the place,  
 As frost him thought his heartè gan to cold ;  
 For which, with changed deadly palè face,  
 Withouten word he forth-by gan to pace,  
 And, as God would, he gan so faste ride  
 That no wight of his countenance espied.

<sup>1</sup> Little talk.      <sup>2</sup> To weep.      <sup>3</sup> To say.      <sup>4</sup> Day of return agreed upon.  
<sup>5</sup> Diomede was son of Tydeus, a Greek.      <sup>6</sup> Knew.      <sup>7</sup> A business.  
<sup>8</sup> Laid hold.      <sup>9</sup> Quickly.      <sup>10</sup> To blind his attendants.  
<sup>11</sup> Simple-hearted.      <sup>12</sup> Burst in two.      <sup>13</sup> Bolted.

Then said he thus : " O palace desolate,  
 O house of houses, whilom<sup>1</sup> best y-hight,<sup>2</sup>  
 O palace, empty and disconsolate,  
 O thou lantern of which quaint<sup>3</sup> is the light,  
 O palace, whilom day that now art night,  
 Well<sup>4</sup>oughtest thou to fall, and I to die,  
 Since she is went<sup>4</sup> that wont was us to gie!<sup>5</sup>

" O palace, whilom crown of houses all,  
 Enluminèd with sun of allè bliss !  
 O ring of which the ruby is out-fall !  
 O cause of wo that cause hast been of bliss !  
 Yet, since I may no bet,<sup>6</sup> fain would I kiss  
 Thy coldè doores,—durst I for this rout ;<sup>7</sup>  
 And farewell shrine of which the saint is out ! "

Therewith he cast on Pandarus his eye,  
 With changed face and pitous to behold ;  
 And, when he might his time aright aspie,  
 Aye as he rode to Pandarus he told  
 His newè sorrow, and eke his joyès old,  
 So pitously and with so dead an hue  
 That every wight might on his sorrow rue.

Fro thennesforth he rideth up and down,  
 And everything came him to remembrance  
 As he rode forth by places of the town  
 In which he whilom had all his pleasance.  
 " Lo, yonder saw I mine own lady dance ;  
 And in that temple with her eyen clear  
 Me caughtè first mine own right lady dear.

" And yonder have I heard full lustily  
 My dearè heartè laugh ; and yonder play  
 Saw I her onès<sup>8</sup> eke full blissfully ;  
 And yonder onès to me gan she say :  
 ' Now, good sweet, loveth me well, I pray ! '<sup>9</sup>  
 And yond so goodly<sup>9</sup> gan she me behold  
 That to the death mine heart is to her hold.<sup>10</sup>

And at the corner, in the yonder house,  
 Heard I mine alderlevest<sup>11</sup> lady dear,  
 So womanly, with voice melodious,

<sup>1</sup> Formerly.<sup>5</sup> Guide.<sup>9</sup> Kindly.<sup>2</sup> Called.<sup>6</sup> Better.<sup>10</sup> Bound.<sup>3</sup> Extinguished.<sup>7</sup> Rabble.<sup>11</sup> Dearest of all.<sup>4</sup> Gone.<sup>8</sup> Once.

Singen so well, so goodly, and so clear,  
That in my soul yet me thinketh I hear  
The blissful soun;<sup>1</sup> and in that yonder place  
My lady first me took unto her grace."

## FROM THE ASSEMBLY OF FOWLS.

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

When I was come again into the place  
That I of spake, that was so sweet and green,  
Forth walked I then myselfen to solace.  
Then was I ware where that there sate a queen  
That, as of light the summer sonnè sheen<sup>2</sup>  
Passeth the star, right so over measure  
She fairer was than any creature.

And in a land,<sup>3</sup> upon an hill of flowers,  
Was set this noble goddess of Nature;  
Of branches were her hallès and her bowers  
Y-wrought, after her craft and her measure.  
Never was fowl that cometh of engendure<sup>4</sup>  
That they ne were all prest<sup>5</sup> in her presence,  
To take their doom and give her audience.

For this was on Saint Valentinès day,  
When every bird cometh to choose his make,<sup>6</sup>  
Of every kindè that men thinkè may,  
And that so huge a noisè gan they make  
That earth, and tree, and sea, and every lake,  
So full was that unnethè<sup>7</sup> there was space  
For me to stand: so full was all the place.

And right as Aleyn, in the *Plaint of Kind*,<sup>8</sup>  
Deviseth Nature in array and face,  
In such array men mightè her there find.  
This noble emperressè full of grace  
Bade every fowl to take his owen place,  
As they were wont alway from year to year,  
Saint Valentinès day, to standè there.

That is to say, the fowlès of ravine<sup>9</sup>  
Were highest set; and then the fowlès small,  
That eaten as that nature wold encline

<sup>1</sup> Sound.<sup>2</sup> Sunshine.<sup>3</sup> A green open space.<sup>4</sup> Generation.<sup>5</sup> Ready.<sup>6</sup> Mate.<sup>7</sup> Scarcely.<sup>8</sup> Aleyn, a twelfth-century writer, author of a Latin poem, the title of which is here given in English.<sup>9</sup> Prey

Of worm or thing of which I tell no tale ;  
 And water fowl sat lowest in the dale ;  
 But fowls that live by seed sat on the green,  
 And that so fele<sup>1</sup> that wonder was to seen.

There mightè men the royal Eagle find,  
 That with his sharpe look pierceth the sun,  
 And other eagles of a lower kind  
 Of which that clerkes<sup>2</sup> well devisen con :  
 There was the Tyrant, with his feathers dun  
 And grey,—I mean the Gos-hawk, that doth pine  
 To birdès for his outrageous ravine.

The gentle Falcon, that with his feet distraineth<sup>3</sup>  
 The kingès hand ; the hardy Spar-hawk eke,  
 The quailès foe ; the Merlion,<sup>4</sup> that paineth  
 Himself full oft the larkè for to seek :  
 There was the Dovè with her eyen meek ;  
 The jealous Swan, against his death that singeth ;  
 The Owl eke, that of death the bode-word bringeth ;

The Cranè giant, with his trompe's soun ;<sup>5</sup>  
 The thieffè Chough, and eke the jangling Pie ;  
 The scorning Jay ; the eelès foe, Heroun ;<sup>6</sup>  
 The falsè Lapwing, full of treacherie ;  
 The Starling, that the counsel can bewrie ;<sup>7</sup>  
 The tamè Ruddock,<sup>8</sup> and the coward Kite ;  
 The Cock, that orloge is of thorpès lite ;<sup>9</sup>

The Sparrow, Venus' son ; the Nightingale,  
 That clepeth<sup>10</sup> forth the greenè leavès new ;  
 The Swallow, murderer of the flie's small  
 That maken honey of flowers fresh of hue ;  
 The wedded Turtle, with her heartè true ;  
 The Peacock, with his angel feathers bright ;  
 The Pheasant, scorner of the Cock by night ;

The waker Goose ; the Cuckoo most unkind ;  
 The Popinjay, full of delicacy ;  
 The Drake, destroyer of his owen kind ;  
 The Stork, the wrecker of adultery ;  
 The hot Cormeraunt, full of gluttony ;  
 The Raven wise ; the Crow, with voice of care ;  
 The Throstle old ; the frosty Feldefare.

<sup>1</sup> Many.<sup>2</sup> Scholars.<sup>3</sup> Clasps.<sup>4</sup> A species of hawk.<sup>5</sup> Trumpet's sound.<sup>6</sup> Heron.<sup>7</sup> Disclose.<sup>8</sup> Red-breast.<sup>9</sup> Little villages<sup>10</sup> Calleth.

FROM THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.<sup>1</sup>

## A MAY MORNING.

Hard is his heart that loveth nought<sup>2</sup>  
 In May, when all this mirth is wrought ;  
 When he may on these branches hear  
 The smallè birdès singen clear  
 Their blissful sweet song piteous.

And in this season delitous,<sup>3</sup>  
 When love affirmeth allè thing,  
 Me-thought one night, in my sleeping,  
 Right in my bed full readily,  
 That it was by the morrow early ;<sup>4</sup>  
 And up I rose and gan me clothe.  
 Anon I wesh my hondès both ;  
 A silver needle forth I drew  
 Out of an aguiler<sup>5</sup> quaint enew,  
 And gan this needle thread anon,—  
 For out of town me list to gon,  
 The sound of birdès for to hear  
 That on the buskès<sup>6</sup> singen clear  
 In the sweet season that lefe<sup>7</sup> is.

With a thread basting my sleevis,  
 Alone I went in my playing,  
 The small fowles' song hearkening,  
 That painèd<sup>8</sup> them full many a pair  
 To sing on bowès blossomed fair.  
 Jolif and gay, full of gladness,  
 Toward a river gan I me dress,<sup>9</sup>  
 That I heard rennè fastè by.  
 For fairer playing none saw I  
 Than playen me by the rivère.  
 For, from an hill that stood there near,  
 Come down the stream full stiff and bold.  
 Clear was the water, and as cold  
 As any well is, sooth to sayn ;  
 And somedéal less it was than Seine. . . .  
 And with that water that ran so clear

<sup>1</sup> The original poem, of which this was an English version, was entitled *Roman de la Rose*. It was begun about 1250 by Guillaume de Lorris, and finished about fifty years later by Jean de Meun, and was by far the most renowned of the great *trouvère* romances during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Recent doubts have arisen whether this translation is Chaucer's work, and the question is still being pursued.

<sup>2</sup> Not.

<sup>3</sup> Delightful.

<sup>4</sup> Early morning.

<sup>5</sup> Needle-case.

<sup>6</sup> Bushes.

<sup>7</sup> Glad.

<sup>8</sup> Strove.

<sup>9</sup> Approach.

My face I wesh ; then saw I weel  
 The bottom paved everydeal  
 With gravel, full of stonès sheen.<sup>1</sup>  
 The meadows softè, sote,<sup>2</sup> and green,  
 Beat right upon the water side ;  
 Full clear was then the morrow-tide,  
 And full attemper<sup>3</sup> out of drede.<sup>4</sup>  
 Then gan I walken through the mead,  
 Downward aye in my playing  
 The river's sidè coösting.

And, when I had a while y-gone,  
 I saw a garden right anon  
 Full long and broad ; and everydeal  
 Enclosed was, and wallèd weel  
 With highè wallès enbattailèd,  
 Portrayed without, and well entailed  
 With many richè portraitures.

## THE GARDEN OF NARCISSUS.

These trees were set, that I devise,  
 One from another in assise  
 Five fathom or six, I trowè so ;  
 But they were high and great also ;  
 And, for to keep out well the sun,  
 The croppès<sup>5</sup> were so thick y-run,  
 And every branch in other knit,  
 And full of greenè leaves sit,  
 That sunnè might there none descend,  
 Lest the tender grasses shend.<sup>6</sup>  
 There might men does and roes y-see,  
 And of squirrels full great plentee  
 From bough to bough alway leaping.  
 Conies<sup>7</sup> there were also playing  
 That comen out of their clapers,<sup>8</sup>  
 Of sundry colours and maners,  
 And maden many a tourneying  
 Upon the freshè grass springing.  
 In places saw I wellès there  
 In which there no froggès were ;  
 And fair in shadow was every well ;  
 But I ne can the number tell  
 Of streamès small . . . . .

<sup>1</sup> Bright.<sup>2</sup> Sweet.<sup>3</sup> Cool.<sup>4</sup> Without doubt.<sup>5</sup> Tree-tops.<sup>6</sup> Be destroyed.<sup>7</sup> Rabbits.<sup>8</sup> Burrows.

About the brinkes of these wells,  
 And by the streamès over all else,  
 Sprang up the grass, as thick y-set  
 And softè as any velvet. . . .  
 There sprang the violet all new,  
 And fresh pervinkè<sup>1</sup> rich of hue,  
 And flowers yellow, white, and red ;  
 Such plenty grew there never in mead.  
 Full gay was all the ground, and quaint,<sup>2</sup>  
 And powdred, as men had it paint,  
 With many a fresh and sundry flower  
 That casten up full good savour. . . .

I went on right hand and on left  
 About the place ; it was not left  
 Till I had all the garden been  
 In the esters<sup>3</sup> that men might seen.  
 And thus while I went in my play  
 The God of Love me followed aye,  
 Right as an hunter can abide<sup>4</sup>  
 The beast, till he seeth his tide<sup>5</sup>  
 To shooten at goodness<sup>6</sup> to the deer,  
 When that him needeth go no near.  
 And so befell, I rested me  
 Beside a well under a tree,  
 Which tree in France men call a pine ;  
 But, sith the time of King Pepine,  
 Ne grew there tree in mannès sight  
 So fair, ne so well wox<sup>7</sup> in hight :  
 In all that yard<sup>8</sup> so high was none.  
 And, springing in a marble stone,  
 Had nature set, the sooth<sup>9</sup> to tell,  
 Under that pine-tree a well ;  
 And on the border all without  
 Was written on the stone about  
 Letters small that saiden thus,—  
*Here starf<sup>10</sup> the faire Narcissus.*

## LOVE'S COMMANDMENTS.

“ Villainy at the beginning,  
 I woll,” said Love, “ over all thing  
 Thou leave, if thou wolt ne be  
 False and trespass against me.

<sup>1</sup> Periwinkle.<sup>5</sup> Time.<sup>2</sup> Trim.<sup>6</sup> Advantage.<sup>9</sup> Truth.<sup>3</sup> Innermost parts.<sup>7</sup> Grown.<sup>10</sup> Perished.<sup>4</sup> Stay for.<sup>8</sup> Garden.



I curse and blame generally  
 All them that loven villainy ;  
 For villany maketh villein,  
 And by his deeds a churl is seen.  
 These villains<sup>1</sup> are without pitie,  
 Friendship, love, and all bountie.<sup>2</sup>  
 I n'ill<sup>3</sup> receive to my servise  
 Them that been villains of emprise.<sup>4</sup>

But understond in thine entent,  
 This is not mine intendment,<sup>5</sup>  
 To clepè<sup>6</sup> no wight in no ages  
 Only gentle for his linages ;<sup>7</sup>  
 But whoso is virtuous  
 And in his port not outrageous,  
 When such one thou seest thee befor,<sup>8</sup>  
 Though he be not gentle born,  
 Thou mayest well sayn this in soth  
 That he is gentle, because he doth  
 As longeth to a gentleman. . . .

For nothing eke thy tongue apply  
 To speake words of ribaldry.  
 To villain speech in no degree  
 Let never thy lip unbounden be.  
 For I nought hold him, in good faith,  
 Curteis<sup>9</sup> that foulè wordès saith.

And all women serve and praise,  
 And to thy power their honour raise.  
 And, if that any mis-sayere<sup>10</sup>  
 Despise women, that thou mayst hear,  
 Blame him, and bid him hold him still.  
 And set thy might and all thy will  
 Women and ladies for to please,  
 And to do thing that may them ease,  
 That they ever speak good of thee,  
 For so thou mayst best praised be. . . .

. . . And alway with good cheer  
 Thou give, if that thou have riches ;  
 And, if thou have not, spend the less.  
 Alway be merry if thou may,  
 But wastè not thy good alway.  
 Have hat of flowers fresh as May,  
 Chaplet of roses of Whitsunday . . .

<sup>2</sup> Kindliness.<sup>3</sup> Meaning.<sup>8</sup> Before.<sup>1</sup> The reverse of gentlemen.<sup>3</sup> Ne will = will not.<sup>6</sup> Call.<sup>9</sup> Courteous.<sup>4</sup> Of low calling.<sup>7</sup> Descent.<sup>10</sup> Evil speaker.

Alway in heartè I rede<sup>1</sup> thee  
 Glad and merry for to be,  
 And be as joyful as thou can :  
 Love hath no joy of sorrowful man.

## THE RESTLESS LOVER.

If ever thou knew of love distress,  
 Thou shalt mo<sup>2</sup> learn in that sickness ;  
 And thus enduring shalt thou lie,  
 And rise on morrow up early  
 Out of thy bed, and harness thee  
 Ere ever dawning thou mayst see.  
 All privily then shalt thou gone,  
 Whatwhither it be, thy self alone,  
 For rain or hail, for snow, for sleet,  
 Thither she dwelleth that is so sweet.  
 The which may fall<sup>3</sup> asleepè be,  
 And thinketh but little upon thee. . .  
 Women well ought pity to take  
 Of them that sorrowen for their sake.

## FROM THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

## AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

When that Phœbus his chair of gold so high  
 Had whirled up the starry sky aloft,  
 And in the Bull was entered certainly ;  
 When showers sweet of rain descended soft,  
 Causing the ground feole<sup>4</sup> times and oft  
 Up for to give many a wholesome air ;  
 And every plainè was y-clothèd fair

With newè green ; and maketh smallè flowers  
 To springen here and there in field and mead :  
 So very good and wholesome be the showers  
 That it reneweth that was old and dead  
 In winter time ; and out of every seed  
 Springeth the herbe, so that every wight<sup>5</sup>  
 Of this season wexeth<sup>6</sup> glad and light ;

<sup>1</sup> Advise.<sup>2</sup> More.<sup>3</sup> Fallen.<sup>4</sup> Many.<sup>5</sup> Creature.<sup>6</sup> Groweth.

And I, so gladde of the season sweet,  
 Was happed<sup>1</sup> thus :—Upon a certain night,  
 As I lay in my bed, sleep full unmeet  
 Was unto me ; but why that I ne might  
 Rest I ne wist, for there n'as earthly wight,  
 As I suppose, had more heartè's ease  
 Than I, for I n'ad sickness nor disease.

Wherefore I marvel greatly of myself  
 That I so long withouten sleepè lay.  
 And up I rose three hours after twelf,  
 About the springing of the day.<sup>2</sup>  
 And on I put my gear and mine array,  
 And to a pleasant grovè I gan pass  
 Long ere the sunnè bright up-risen was.

In which were oakès great, straight as a line,  
 Under the which the grass so fresh of hue  
 Was newly sprong ; and an eight foot or nine  
 Every tree well fro his fellow grew,  
 With branches broad laden with leavès new,  
 That sprongen out agen<sup>3</sup> the sunnè-sheen,  
 Some very red, and some a glad light green.

Which as methought was right a pleasant sight ;  
 And eke the birdès' songè for to hear  
 Would have rejoicèd any earthly wight.  
 And I, that couth<sup>4</sup> not yet in no manere  
 Hearè the nightingale of all the year,  
 Full busily hearkenèd with heart and ear,  
 If I her voice perceive could anywhere.

And at the last a path of little brede<sup>5</sup>  
 I found, that greatly had not usèd be ;  
 For it forgrown<sup>6</sup> was with grass and weed,  
 That well unneth<sup>7</sup> a wightè might it see.  
 Thought I, " This path somewhither goeth, pardé !"  
 And so I followèd, till it me brought  
 To right a pleasant herber well y-wrought,

That was y-benchèd ; and with turfès new  
 Freshly y-turved, whereof the greenè grass  
 So small, so thick, so short, so fresh of hue,  
 That most like unto green wool wot I it was.

<sup>1</sup> Chanced.<sup>2</sup> Line of imperfect measure in the copies.<sup>3</sup> Against.<sup>4</sup> Had not been able.<sup>5</sup> Breadth.<sup>6</sup> Overgrown.<sup>7</sup> Scarcely.

The hedge also that yede there in compass,<sup>1</sup>  
 And closed in allè the green herbere,  
 With sycamore was set and eglatere. . . .

And shapen was this herber, roof and all,  
 As a pretty parlour ;<sup>2</sup> and also  
 The hedge as thickè as a castle wall ;  
 That who that list without to stond or go,  
 Though he would all day pryen to and fro,  
 He should not see if there were any wight  
 Within or no. But one within well might

Perceive all tho that yeden<sup>3</sup> there without,  
 Into the field<sup>4</sup> that was on every side,  
 Covered with corn and grass : that, out of doubt,  
 Though one would seeken all the world wide,  
 So rich a fieldè could not be espied  
 Upon no coast, as of the quantity,  
 For of all good thing there was great plenty.

And I that all this pleasant sight gan see  
 Thought suddenly I felt so sweet an air  
 Of the eglenterè that certainly  
 There is no heart I deem in such despair,  
 Ne with thoughtès froward and contrair  
 So overlaid, but it should soon have bote<sup>5</sup>  
 If it had onès felt this savour sote.<sup>6</sup>

And, as I stood and cast aside mine eye,  
 I was ware of the fairest medlar tree  
 That ever yet in all my life I sie ;  
 As full of blossomes as it might be ;  
 Therein a gold-finch leaping prettily  
 From bough to bough ; and as him list he eat  
 Here and there of buds and flowers sweet.

And to the herber sidè was joining  
 This fairè tree of which I have you told ;  
 And at the last the bird began to sing,  
 When he had eaten what he eaten wold,<sup>7</sup>  
 So passing sweetly that by manifold  
 It was more pleasant than I could devise.  
 And, when his song was ended in this wise,

<sup>1</sup> That went round about.

<sup>2</sup> Went. <sup>4</sup> Open country.

<sup>3</sup> Line of imperfect measure in the copies.

<sup>5</sup> Healing.

<sup>6</sup> Sweet.

<sup>7</sup> Would.

The nightingale with so merry a note  
 Answered him that all the wood y-rong  
 So suddenly that, as it were a sote,<sup>1</sup>  
 I stood astonied: so was I with the song  
 Thorough ravished that till late and long  
 I ne wist in what place I was, ne where;  
 And methought she song ever by mine ear. . . .

And, as I sat, the birdes hearkening thus,  
 Methought that I heard voices suddenly,  
 The most sweetest and most delicious  
 That ever any wight, I trow truly,  
 Heard in their life; for the armony  
 And sweet accord was in so good musike  
 As that the voice to angels most was like.

And at the last, out of a grove even by,  
 That was right goodly and pleasaunt to sight,  
 I sie<sup>2</sup> where there came singing lustily  
 A world of ladies.

### FROM THE COURT OF LOVE.

#### THE PALACE OF ADMETUS AND ALCESTIS.

When I was young, at eighteen year of age,  
 Lusty and light, desirous of pleasaunce,  
 Approaching on full sad and ripe courage,  
 Love arted<sup>3</sup> me to do mine observaunce  
 To his estate, and don him obeisaunce,  
 Commanding me the Court of Love<sup>4</sup> to see  
 A lite beside<sup>5</sup> the mount of Citharee.

There Citherea goddess was and queen,  
 Honourèd highly for her majesty,  
 And eke her son, the mighty god, I ween,  
 Cupid the blind, that for his dignity  
 A thousand lovers worship on their knee.  
 There was I bid in pain of death to appear  
 By Mercury, the winged messenger.

<sup>1</sup> Fool.

<sup>2</sup> Saw.

<sup>3</sup> Constrained.

<sup>4</sup> "Courts of Love" were a species of gay literary entertainment held by great ladies at the various royal and ducal courts of northern and southern France during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, in which poets sang or recited love-verses, and questions of love and chivalry were discussed.

<sup>5</sup> A little way off from.

So then I went by strange and far countrees,  
 Enquiring aye what coast had to it drew<sup>1</sup>  
 The Court of Love. And thitherward, as bees,  
 At last I see the people gan pursue.  
 And methought that some wight was there that knew  
 Where that the court was holden, far or nigh ;  
 And after them full fast I gan me hie.

Anon, as I them overtook, I said,  
 " Hail, Friends ! whither purpose ye to wend ?"  
 " Forsooth," quoth one that answered like a maid,  
 " To Lovè's Court now go we, gentle friend."  
 " Where is that place," quoth I, " my fellow hend ?"<sup>2</sup>  
 " At Citheron, sir," said he, " withoutè doubt,  
 The King of Love and all his noble rout

" Dwelleth within a castle royally."  
 So then apace I journeyed forth among ;  
 And as he said so found I there truly ;  
 For I beheld the towers high and strong,  
 And high pinnacles, large of height and long,  
 With plate of gold bespread on every side,  
 And precious stones the stonework for to hide.

No sapphire in Ind, no ruby rich of price,  
 There lackèd then, nor emerald so green,  
 Balais,<sup>3</sup> turkis,<sup>4</sup> ne thing to my device,  
 That may the castle maken for to shene :<sup>5</sup>  
 All was as bright as stars in winter been.

For unto Heaven it stretcheth, I suppose,  
 Within and out depainted wonderly  
 With many a thousand daisies red as rose,  
 And white also. This saw I verily ;  
 But who those daisies might do signify  
 Can I not tell, save that the Queenes flower,  
 Alceste, it was that kept there her sojour ;<sup>6</sup>

Which, under Venus, lady was and queen,  
 And Admete king and soverain of that place :  
 To whom obeyed the ladies good nineteen,  
 With many a thousand other bright of face.

<sup>1</sup> Drawn.<sup>4</sup> Turquoise.<sup>2</sup> Courteous.<sup>5</sup> Shine.<sup>3</sup> A kind of ruby.<sup>6</sup> Sojourn.

And young men fele<sup>1</sup> came forth with lusty pace,  
 And aged eke, their homage to dispose ;  
 But what they were I could not well disclose.<sup>2</sup> . . .

Yet near and near forth-in I gan me dresse,  
 Into an hall of noble apparail,<sup>3</sup>  
 With arras spread and cloth of gold, I guess,  
 And other silk of easier avail.<sup>4</sup>  
 Under the cloth of their estate,<sup>5</sup> sans fail,  
 The King and Queen there sat, as I beheld :  
 It passèd joy of Elysie the field.<sup>6</sup> . . .

And, as I stood perceiving her apart,  
 And eke the beamès shining of her eyne,  
 Methought they weren shapen like a dart,  
 Sharp and piercing, and small and straight of line ;  
 And all her hair it shone as gold so fine,  
 Dishivil crisp, down hanging at her back  
 A yard in length. And soothly then I spake ;—

“ O bright Regina, who made thee so fair ?  
 Who made thy colour vermelet and white ?  
 Where wonneth<sup>7</sup> that god, how far above the air ?  
 Great was his craft and great was his delight.  
 Now marvel I nothing that ye do hight<sup>8</sup>  
 The Queen of Love, and occupy the place  
 Of Citharee. Now, sweet lady, thy grace ! ”

#### FROM THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN (*Prologue*).

##### THE DAISY-FLOWER,

And, as for me, though that I can but lite,<sup>9</sup>  
 On bookès for to read I me delight ;  
 And to them give I faith and full credence,  
 And in mine heart have them in reverence,  
 So heartily that there is gamè none  
 That fro my bookès maketh me to gone,  
 But<sup>10</sup> it be seldom on the holy-day :  
 Save, certainly, when that the month of May  
 Is comen, and that I hear the fowlès sing,

<sup>1</sup> Many.

<sup>2</sup> Discover.

<sup>3</sup> Furnishing.

<sup>4</sup> Less worth.

<sup>5</sup> Canopied chair.

<sup>6</sup> Elysium.

<sup>7</sup> Dwelleth.

<sup>8</sup> That you are called.

<sup>9</sup> Know but little.

<sup>10</sup> Except it be now and then.

And that the flowers ginnen<sup>1</sup> for to spring,—  
Farewell my book and my devotion !

Now have I then eke this condition,  
As that, of all the flowers in the mead,  
Then love I most these flowers white and red,  
Such that men callen daisies in our town.  
To them I have so great affection,  
As I said erst,<sup>2</sup> when comen is the May,  
That in my bed there daweth<sup>3</sup> me no day  
That I n'am up and walking in the mead,  
To seen this flower against the sunnè sprede.  
When it up-riseth early by the morrow,  
That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow ;  
So glad am I, when that I have presence  
Of it, to done it allè reverence,  
As she that is of all flowers the flower,  
Fulfillèd of all virtue and honour,  
And ever alike fair and fresh of hue ;  
And ever I love it and ever alike new,  
And ever shall till that mine heartè die. . .

My busy ghost,<sup>4</sup> that thirsteth alway new  
To seen this flower so young, so fresh of hue,  
Constrainèd me with so greedy desire  
That in my heart I feele yet the fire  
That made me for to rise ere it were day,—  
And this was now the first morrow<sup>5</sup> of May,—  
With dreadful<sup>6</sup> heart and glad devotion  
For to been at the resurrection  
Of this flower, when that it should uncloze  
Again<sup>7</sup> the sun that rose as red as rose  
That in the breast was of the beast that day  
That Angenore's daughter led away.  
And down on knees, anon, right I me set ;  
And as I could this fresh flower I gret,<sup>8</sup>  
Kneeling alway, till it unclòsèd was,  
Upon the smallè softè sweetè grass,  
That was with flowers sweet embroided all.

<sup>1</sup> Begin.  
<sup>8</sup> Morning.

<sup>2</sup> Before.  
<sup>6</sup> Timorous.

<sup>3</sup> Dawns.  
<sup>7</sup> Against.

<sup>4</sup> Spirit.  
<sup>8</sup> Greeted.



## FROM THE COMPLAINT TO PITY.

HOW PITY IS DEAD, AND BURIED IN A GENTLE HEART.

Pity, that I have sought so yore<sup>1</sup> ago  
 With heartè sore and full of busy pain,  
 That in this world was never wight so wo  
 Without death : and, if I shall not feign,  
 My purpose was to Pity to complain  
 Upon the cruelty and tyranny  
 Of Love, that for my trowth doth me to die.

And when that I, by length of certain years,  
 Had ever in one a timè sought to speak,  
 To Pity ran I, all besprent<sup>2</sup> with tears,  
 To prayen her on Cruelty me awreak :<sup>3</sup>  
 But, ere I might with any word out-break,  
 Or tellen any of my painès smart,  
 I found her dead, and buried in an heart.

Adown I fellè when I saw the herse,<sup>4</sup>  
 Dead as a stone while that the swoon me last :  
 But up I rose with colour full diverse,  
 And piteously on her my eyn I cast ;  
 And near the corpse I came to pressen fast ;  
 And for the soul I shope<sup>5</sup> me for to pray.  
 I was but lorn :<sup>6</sup> there was no more to say.

Thus am I slain sith that Pity is dead ;  
 Alas, that day that ever it should fall !  
 What manner man dare now hold up his head ?  
 To whom shall any sorrowful heart call ?  
 Now Cruelty hath cast to slee us all ;  
 In idle hope we live, redeless<sup>7</sup> of pain,  
 Sith she is dead to whom we should us plain.

But yet encreaseth me this wonder new,  
 That no wight wot that she is dead but I,  
 So many men as in her time her knew ;  
 And yet she died not so suddenly :  
 For I have sought her ever full busily  
 Sith first I haddè wit or mannès mind ;  
 But she was dead ere that I could her find.

<sup>1</sup> Long.      <sup>2</sup> Besprinkled.      <sup>3</sup> Avenge.  
<sup>4</sup> Bier.      <sup>5</sup> Set myself.      <sup>6</sup> Forlorn.      <sup>7</sup> Regardless.

About her herse there stooden lustily,  
 Withouten making dule<sup>1</sup> as thoughte me,  
 Bounty, perfite well<sup>2</sup> armed and richely,  
 And fresshè Beauty, Lust, and Jollity,  
 Assured Manner, Youth, and Honesty,  
 Wisdom, Estate, Dredè, and Governance,  
 Confedred<sup>3</sup> both by bond and alliance.

A Complaint had I written in mine hond,  
 For to have put to Pity, as a bill ;  
 But, when I all this company there fond,—  
 That rather wolden all my causè spill<sup>4</sup>  
 Than do me help,—I held my complaint still :  
 For to that folk, withouten any fail,  
 Without Pity, there may no bill avail.

## FROM THE HOUSE OF FAME.

### THE SUITORS TO FAME.

And herewithal there came anon  
 Another huge company  
 Of good folk and gan to cry :—  
 “Lady, grant us now good fame,  
 And let our workès have that name,  
 Now in honour of gentilness,  
 And also God your soulè bless !  
 For we have well deserved it ;  
 Therefore is right that we be quit.”  
 “As thrive I,” quoth she, “ye shall fail ;  
 Good workès shall you not avail  
 To have of me good fame as now.  
 But wot ye what I graunt to you :—  
 That ye shall have a shrewed<sup>5</sup> name,  
 And wicked los<sup>6</sup> and worse fame,  
 Though ye good los have well deserved.  
 Now goeth<sup>7</sup> your way, for you been served :  
 And thou, dan<sup>8</sup> Eolus,” quoth she,  
 “Take forth thy tromp anon, let see,  
 That is y-clepèd Slander light ;  
 And blow their los, that every wight

<sup>1</sup> Lamentation.

<sup>5</sup> Wicked.

<sup>2</sup> Completely.

<sup>6</sup> Praise.

<sup>3</sup> In partnership.

<sup>7</sup> Go.

<sup>4</sup> Spoil.

<sup>8</sup> Master.

Speak of them harm and shrewedness,  
 Instead of good and worthiness.  
 For thou shalt tromp all the contrair  
 Of that they have done well and fair."

Alas, thought I, what adventures  
 Have these sorry creatures,  
 That they among all the press<sup>1</sup>  
 Should thus be shamèd, guiltless?  
 But what must, it needès be.  
 What did this Eolus, but he  
 Took out his blackè tromp of brass  
 That fouler than the Devil was,  
 And gan this trompè for to blow  
 As all the world should overthrow.  
 Throughout every regioun  
 Went this foulè trompès soun,  
 As swift as pellet out of gun  
 When fire is in the powder run;  
 And such a smokè gan outwend  
 Out of the foulè trompès end,  
 Black, blue, greenish, swartish, red,  
 As doth where that men melt lead,  
 Lo, all on high from the tuwell.<sup>2</sup>  
 And thereto one thing saw I well—  
 That the further that it ran  
 The greater waxen it began,  
 As doth the river from a well;  
 And it stank as the pit of Hell.  
 Alas, thus was their shame y-rung,  
 And guiltless, on every tongue.

Then came the thirde company,  
 And gan up to the dais to hie;  
 And down on knees they fell anon,  
 And saiden, "We been every one  
 Folk that have full truely  
 Deservèd famè rightfully,  
 And prayèd you it might be know  
 Right as it is, and forthè blow."

"I grant," quoth she; "for now me list<sup>3</sup>  
 That your good workès shall be wist;<sup>4</sup>  
 And yet ye shall have better los,<sup>5</sup>  
 Right in despite of all your foes,  
 Than worthy is, and that anon.

<sup>1</sup> Crowd.<sup>4</sup> Known.<sup>2</sup> Funnel: French *tuyau*, nozzle.<sup>5</sup> Praise.<sup>3</sup> Pleases.

Let now," quoth she, "thy trompè gone,  
 Thou Eolus, that is so black ;  
 And out thine other trompè take,  
 That hight Laud,<sup>1</sup> and blow it so  
 That through the world<sup>2</sup> their fame go,  
 All easily and not too fast,  
 That it be knowen at the last."

"Full gladly, lady mine," he said ;  
 And out his trump of gold he brayed  
 Anon, and set it to his mouth,  
 And blew it east, and west, and south,  
 And north, as loud as any thunder,  
 That every wight hath of it wonder :  
 So broad it ran or that it stent.<sup>3</sup>  
 And, certes, all the breath that went  
 Out of his trumpès mouth y-smelled<sup>4</sup>  
 As men a pot full of balm held  
 Among a basket full of roses :  
 This favour did he to their loses.<sup>5</sup>

And right with this I gan espy  
 There came the fouerth<sup>6</sup> company,—  
 But certain they were wonder few,—  
 And gon to standen on a rew,<sup>6</sup>  
 And saiden, "Certes, lady bright,  
 We have done well with all our might,  
 But we ne keepè<sup>7</sup> to have fame ;  
 Hide our workès and our name,  
 For Goddès love ; for, certes, we  
 Have surely done it for bounty,  
 And for no manner other thing."

"I grant you all your asking,"  
 Quoth she ; "let your works be dead."

With that, about I turned my head,  
 And saw anon the fiftè rout,  
 That to this ladye gan lout,<sup>8</sup>  
 And down on knees anon to fall ;  
 And to her they besoughten all  
 To hiden their good workès eke ;<sup>9</sup>  
 And said they given not a leek  
 For no fame ne such renown ;  
 For they for contemplation  
 And Goddès love had it y-wrought,  
 Ne of fame would they nought.

<sup>1</sup> Praise.  
<sup>3</sup> Ceased.  
<sup>8</sup> Bow.

<sup>2</sup> The word *world* was pronounced sometimes as a dissyllable.  
<sup>4</sup> Smelt.      <sup>5</sup> Praises.      <sup>6</sup> Row.      <sup>7</sup> Look.  
<sup>9</sup> Also.

"What!" quoth she, "and ye be wood?"<sup>1</sup>  
 And ween ye for to doen good  
 And for to have of that no fame?  
 Have ye despite to have my name?  
 Nay, ye shall lien<sup>2</sup> every one.  
 Blow thy trump, and that anon,"  
 Quoth she, "thou Eolus, I hote;"<sup>3</sup>  
 And ring these folkès works by note,  
 That all the world may of it hear!"  
 And he gan blow their los<sup>4</sup> so clear  
 In his golden clarioun;  
 Through the world went the soun  
 All so kindly and eke so soft  
 That their fame was blown aloft. . . .  
 With that I gan about to wend;  
 For one that stood right at my back,  
 Me thought, full goodly to me spake,  
 And saidè, "Friend, what is *thy* name?  
 Art *thou* come hither to have fame?"  
 "Nay, forsoothè, friend," quoth I;  
 "I come not hither, graunt mercy,  
 For no such causè, by my head.  
 Sufficeth me, as I were dead,  
 That no wight have my name in hond.  
 I wot<sup>5</sup> myself best how I stond;  
 For what I dree<sup>6</sup> or what I think  
 I woll myselfè all it drink,  
 Certain for the more part,  
 As far-forth as I can mine art.

---

### GOOD COUNSEL OF CHAUCER.

Fly fro the press and dwell with soothfastness;<sup>7</sup>  
 Suffice unto thy good though it be small;  
 For hoard hath hate and climbing tickleness,  
 Press hath envy, and weal is blent<sup>8</sup> over-all:  
 Savour<sup>9</sup> no more than thee behovè<sup>10</sup> shall;  
 Rede<sup>11</sup> well thyself that other folk canst rede;  
 And Truth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mad.<sup>2</sup> Lie.<sup>3</sup> Bid.<sup>4</sup> Praise.<sup>5</sup> Know.<sup>6</sup> Suffer.<sup>7</sup> Truth.<sup>8</sup> Blind.<sup>9</sup> Taste.<sup>10</sup> Than shall be for thy good.<sup>11</sup> Counsel.<sup>12</sup> Doubt.

Painè thee not each crooked to redress  
 In trust of her that turneth as a ball ;  
 Great rest standeth in little busyness.  
 Beware also to spurn against an awl ;  
 Strive not as doth a crockè<sup>1</sup> with a wall ;  
 Deemè<sup>2</sup> thyself that deemest others' deed ;  
 And Truth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

That thee is sent, receive in buxomness ;<sup>3</sup>  
 The wrastling of this world asketh a fall.  
 Here is no home, here is but wilderness.  
 Forth, pilgrim ! Forth, beast, out of thy stall !  
 Look up on high, and thankè God of all.  
 Waivè thy lusts, and let thy ghost<sup>4</sup> thee lead ;  
 And Truth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

# FROM THE CANTERBURY TALES (*Prologue*).

## THE PILGRIMS ASSEMBLE AT THE TABARD INN.

When that Aprilè with his showrès soot<sup>5</sup>  
 The drought of March hath piercèd to the root,  
 And bathed every vein in such licour,<sup>6</sup>  
 Of which virtue engendred is the flower ;  
 When Zephyrus eke with his sweetè breath  
 Inspirèd hath in every holt and heath  
 The tender croppès, and the youngè sun<sup>7</sup>  
 Hath in the Ram his halfè course y-run,  
 And smallè fowlès maken melodie,  
 That sleepen all the night with open eye,  
 So pricketh them nature in their courages :—  
 Then longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,  
 And palmers for to seeken strangè stronds,  
 To fernè hallows<sup>8</sup> couth in sundry londs ;  
 And specially from every shirè's end  
 Of Engeland to Canterbury they wend,  
 The holy blissful martyr<sup>9</sup> for to seek  
 That them hath holpen<sup>10</sup> when that they were sick.  
 Befell that, in that season on a day,  
 In Southwark at the Tabard<sup>11</sup> as I lay,

<sup>1</sup> Piece of china.

<sup>2</sup> Judge.

<sup>3</sup> Cheerfulness.

<sup>4</sup> Spirit.

<sup>5</sup> Sweet showers.

<sup>6</sup> Liquor.

<sup>7</sup> The sun begins his course in the Zodiac in April.

<sup>8</sup> Far hallows, distant shrines, known in sundry lands. <sup>9</sup> St. Thomas à Becket.

<sup>10</sup> Helped.

<sup>11</sup> A sleeveless coat : sign of an inn.

Ready to wenden on my pilgrimage  
 To Canterbury with full devout courage,  
 At night was come into that hostelry  
 Well nine and twenty in a company,  
 Of sondry folk by aventure y-fall  
 In fellowship ;<sup>1</sup> and pilgrims were they all,  
 That to-ward Canterbury wolden ride.  
 The chambers and the stables weren wide,  
 And well we weren eased at the best.

## THE KNIGHT.

A Knight there was,<sup>2</sup> and that a worthy man,  
 That, from the timè that he first began  
 To riden out, he lovèd chivalry,  
 Truth and honour, freedom and courtesy.  
 Full worthy was he in his lordès werrè ;<sup>3</sup>  
 And thereto had he ridden, no man ferrè,<sup>4</sup>  
 As well in Christendom as Heatheness,  
 And ever honoured for his worthiness.  
 At Alisandre he was when it was won.<sup>5</sup>  
 Full oftè-time he had the bord<sup>6</sup> begun  
 Aboven allè nations in Pruce.<sup>7</sup>  
 In Lettow<sup>8</sup> had he reisèd,<sup>9</sup> and in Ruce,<sup>10</sup>  
 No Christen man so oft of his degree.  
 In Gernade<sup>11</sup> at the siege eke had he be<sup>12</sup>  
 Of Algesir ; and ridden in Belmarie.<sup>13</sup>  
 At Lieys<sup>14</sup> was he, and at Satalie,<sup>15</sup>  
 When they were won : and in the Greatè Sea<sup>16</sup>  
 At many a noble army had he be.  
 At mortal battles had he been fifteen,  
 And foughten for our faith at Tramisene<sup>17</sup>  
 In listès thriès, and aye slain his foe.  
 This ilke<sup>18</sup> worthy knight had been also  
 Sometimè with the lord of Palatie<sup>19</sup>  
 Again<sup>20</sup> another heathen in Turkie.

<sup>1</sup> Who had met by chance.

<sup>2</sup> It was common in Chaucer's age for knights to seek employment in foreign countries which were at war.

<sup>3</sup> War.

<sup>4</sup> Farther.

<sup>5</sup> Alexandria in Egypt was taken and afterwards abandoned, 1365, by Pierre de Lusignan, King of Cyprus.

<sup>6</sup> Tournament.

<sup>7</sup> Prussia.

<sup>8</sup> Lithuania.

<sup>9</sup> Travelled : German *reise*, journey.

<sup>10</sup> Russia.

<sup>11</sup> The city of Algiers was taken from the Moorish king of Granada in 1344.

<sup>12</sup> Been.

<sup>13</sup> A Moorish kingdom in Africa.

<sup>14</sup> Lieys, in Armenia, taken from the Turks by Pierre de Lusignan, 1367.

<sup>15</sup> Taken by the same prince soon after 1352.

<sup>16</sup> Mediterranean, on the coast of Palestine.

<sup>17</sup> Another Moorish kingdom in Africa.

<sup>18</sup> Same.

<sup>19</sup> Palatia in Anatolia.

<sup>20</sup> Against.

And evermore he had a soverain prise.<sup>1</sup>  
 And, though that he was worthy, he was wise,  
 And of his port<sup>2</sup> as meek as is a maid.  
 He never yet no villainy ne said  
 In all his life unto no manner wight :<sup>3</sup>  
 He was a very perfit gentle knight.  
 But for to tellen you of his array :  
 His horse was good, but he ne was not gay ;  
 Of fustian he wearèd a gipon,<sup>4</sup>  
 All besmothered with his habergeon ;  
 For he was late y-come from his voyage,  
 And wentè for to done his pilgrimage.

## THE SQUIRE.

With him there was his son, a youngè Squier,  
 A lover, and a lusty bachelor,  
 With lockès crull<sup>5</sup> as they were laid in press ;  
 Of twenty year of age he was I guess.  
 Of his stature he was of even length,  
 And wonderly deliver,<sup>6</sup> and great of strength.  
 And he had been sometime in chevachie<sup>7</sup>  
 In Flaunders, in Artois, and Picardie,  
 And borne him well as in so little space,  
 In hope to stonden in his lady grace.  
 Embroided was he, as it were a mead  
 All full of freshè flowers white and red ;  
 Singing he was or floiting<sup>8</sup> all the day :  
 He was as fresh as is the month of May.  
 Short was his gown, with sleevès long and wide :  
 Well could he sit on horse and fairè ride ;  
 He coulde songès make and well endite,<sup>9</sup>  
 Just,<sup>10</sup> and eke dance, and well pourtray,<sup>11</sup> and write.  
 So hot he lovèd that by nightertale<sup>12</sup>  
 He slept no more than doth the nightingale.  
 Courteis<sup>13</sup> he was, lowly and servisable,<sup>14</sup>  
 And carf<sup>15</sup> befor his fader<sup>16</sup> at the table.

<sup>1</sup> A princely reputation.<sup>4</sup> A short cassock.<sup>8</sup> Playing on a flute.<sup>12</sup> Night-time.<sup>15</sup> Carved.<sup>2</sup> Carriage.<sup>5</sup> Curled.<sup>6</sup> Active.<sup>9</sup> Dictate or relate.<sup>13</sup> Courteous.<sup>3</sup> No manner of person.<sup>7</sup> Military expedition.<sup>10</sup> Tilt.<sup>11</sup> Draw.<sup>14</sup> Willing to be of service.<sup>16</sup> In his father's presence.



## THE PRIORESS.

There was also a Nun, a Prioress,  
 That of her smiling was full simple and coy;  
 Her greatest oathè was but "by Saint Loy";<sup>1</sup>  
 And she was clepèd Madame Églentine.  
 Full well she song the servicè divine,  
 Entunèd in her nose full seemly;  
 And French she spak full fair and fetisly,<sup>2</sup>  
 After the school of Stratford atte Bow,  
 For French of Paris was to her unknow.  
 At meatè well y-taught was she withal;  
 She let no morsel from her lippès fall,  
 Ne wet her finger in her saucè deep.  
 Well couth she carry a morsel, and well keep,  
 That no dropè ne fell upon her breast.  
 In curtesie was set full much her lest.<sup>3</sup>  
 Her over-lippè wipèd she so clean  
 That in her cup there was no ferthing<sup>4</sup> seen  
 Of greasè when she dronken had her draught.  
 Full seemly after her meat she raught.  
 And sickerly<sup>5</sup> she was of great disport,<sup>6</sup>  
 And full pleasaunt, and amiable of port;  
 And painèd her to counterfeite chere<sup>7</sup>  
 Of Court, and been estately<sup>8</sup> of manere,  
 And to been holden digne<sup>9</sup> of reverence.  
 But for to speaken of her conscience:  
 She was so charitable and so pitous<sup>10</sup>  
 She woldè weep if that she saw a mouse  
 Caught in a trap, if it were dead or bled.  
 Of smallè houndès had she, that she fed  
 With roasted flesh, or milk and wastel-bread.<sup>11</sup>  
 But sore wept she if one of them were dead,  
 Or if men smote it with a yerdè smart:<sup>12</sup>  
 And all was conscience and tender heart.  
 Full seemly her wimple<sup>13</sup> pinchèd was;  
 Her nose was straight, her eyen grey as glass;  
 Her mouth full small, and thereto soft and red;  
 But sikerly she had a fair forehead.  
 It was almost a spannè broad I trow,  
 For hardely<sup>14</sup> she was not undergrow.  
 Full fetis was her cloak, as I was ware.

<sup>1</sup> Saint Louis. <sup>2</sup> Neatly. <sup>3</sup> Pleasure. <sup>4</sup> A scrap or atom. <sup>5</sup> Certainly.<sup>6</sup> Very cheerful. <sup>7</sup> To imitate courtly behaviour. <sup>8</sup> To be stately of manner.<sup>9</sup> To be held worthy.<sup>10</sup> Full of pity.<sup>11</sup> Cake-bread.<sup>12</sup> With a smart rod.<sup>13</sup> A covering for the neck.<sup>14</sup> Certainly.

Of small coral about her arm she bare  
 A pair of beadès<sup>1</sup> gauded<sup>2</sup> all with green ;  
 And thereon hong a brooch of gold full sheen,  
 On which there was first written a crownèd A,  
 And, after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

THE CLERK<sup>3</sup> OF OXENFORD.<sup>4</sup>

A Clerk there was of Oxenford also,  
 That unto logic haddè long y-go.<sup>5</sup>  
 As leanè was his horse as is a rake ;  
 And he was not right fat, I undertake,  
 But looked hollow and thereto soberly.  
 Full threadbare was his overest courtepy ;<sup>6</sup>  
 For he had geten him yet no benefice,  
 Ne was so worldly for to have office.  
 For him was liefer<sup>7</sup> have at his bed-head  
 Twenty bookès clad in black and red,  
 Of Aristotle and his philosophy,  
 Than robès rich, or fithel, or gay sautrie.<sup>8</sup>  
 But al-be that he was a philosophre,  
 Yet haddè he but litel gold in cofre ;  
 But all that he might of his friendès hent,  
 On bookès and his learning he it spent,  
 And busily gan for the soulès pray  
 Of them that gave him wherewith to scholay.<sup>9</sup>  
 Of study took he most cure and most heed.  
 Not one word spake he morè than was need ;  
 And that was said in form and reverence,  
 And short and quick, and full of high sentence.  
 Souning in moral virtue was his speech,  
 And gladly wold he learn and gladly teach.

THE FRANKLIN.<sup>10</sup>

A Frankelein was in this company ;  
 White was his beard as is the daiesy.  
 Of his complexion he was sanguine ;  
 Well loved he by the morrow<sup>11</sup> a sop in wine.  
 To liven in delight was ever his won,<sup>12</sup>  
 For he was Epicurus' owen son,

<sup>1</sup> Two strings of beads.    <sup>2</sup> The gaudies were the bigger beads in a roll for prayer.

<sup>3</sup> Scholar preparing for the church.

<sup>4</sup> Oxford.

<sup>5</sup> Gone.

<sup>6</sup> Upper coat of coarse cloth.

<sup>7</sup> He would rather have.

<sup>8</sup> Or fiddle or harp.

<sup>9</sup> Study.

<sup>10</sup> A freholder.

<sup>11</sup> Morning.

<sup>12</sup> Wont.

That held opinion that plein<sup>1</sup> delight  
 Was verily felicity parfite.  
 An householder, and that a great, was he ;  
 Saint Julian<sup>2</sup> he was in his countree.  
 His bread, his ale, was alway after one ;  
 A better envined<sup>3</sup> man was never none.  
 Withouten bake-meat never was his house,  
 Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,  
 It snewed<sup>4</sup> in his house of meat and drink.

## THE WIFE OF BATH.

A good Wife there was of besidè<sup>5</sup> Bath ;  
 But she was somedeal deaf, and that was scath.<sup>6</sup>  
 Of cloth-making she haddè such an haunt,  
 She passèd them of Ypres and of Gaunt.  
 In all the parish wife ne was there none  
 That to the offering before her should gone ;  
 And, if there did, certain so wroth was she  
 That she was out of allè charity.  
 Her coverchiefs full finè were of ground ;  
 I durstè swear they weigheden ten pound  
 That on a Sunday were upon her head.  
 Her hosen weren of fine scarlet red,  
 Full strait y-tied, and shoes full moist and new.  
 Bold was her face, and fair, and red of hue.  
 She was a worthy woman all her live :  
 Husbands at the church door she had five,  
 Withouten<sup>7</sup> other company in youth ;  
 But thereof needeth not to speak as nowth.<sup>8</sup>  
 And thrice had she been at Jerusalem ;  
 She haddè passèd many a strangè stream ;  
 At Rome she haddè been, and at Boloigne,  
 In Galice<sup>9</sup> at Saint Jame, and at Coloigne :<sup>10</sup>  
 She couthè much<sup>11</sup> of wandering by the way.  
 Gat-toothèd<sup>12</sup> was she, soothly for to say.  
 Upon an ambler easily she sat,  
 Y-wimpled well, and on her head an hat  
 As broad as is a buckler or a targe ;<sup>13</sup>  
 A foot-mantel<sup>14</sup> about her hippès large,

<sup>1</sup> Full.<sup>2</sup> The patron saint of travellers.<sup>3</sup> Stocked with wine.<sup>4</sup> Snowed.<sup>5</sup> A place near Bath.<sup>6</sup> Misfortune.<sup>7</sup> Besides.<sup>8</sup> At present.<sup>9</sup> The shrine of St. James of Compostello in Galicia.<sup>10</sup> The supposed tomb of the three kings, or wise men of the East.<sup>11</sup> Knew much.<sup>12</sup> Cat-toothed.<sup>13</sup> Shield.<sup>14</sup> A riding skirt.

And on her feet a pair of spurrès<sup>1</sup> sharp.  
 In fellowship well could she laugh and carp;<sup>2</sup>  
 Of remedies of love she knew perchance,  
 For she couth<sup>3</sup> of that art the oldè dance.<sup>4</sup>

## THE PARSON.

A good man was there of religioun,  
 That was a poorè Parson of a town;  
 But rich he was of holy thought and work.  
 He was also a learned man, a clerk,  
 That Christès gospel truèly would preach;  
 His parishens<sup>5</sup> devoutly would he teach.  
 Benign he was and wonder diligent,  
 And in adversity full patient;  
 And such he was y-provèd oftè sithès.<sup>6</sup>  
 Full loth were him to cursen for his tithès;  
 But rather would he given, out of doubt,  
 Unto his poorè parishens about,  
 Of his offering and eke of his substance:  
 He couth in little thing have suffisance.  
 Wide was his parish, and houses far asunder;  
 But he ne leftè not, for rain ne thunder,  
 In sickness nor in mischief to visite  
 The furthest in his parish, much and lite,<sup>7</sup>  
 Upon his feet, and in his hand a staff.  
 This noble ensample to his sheep he gaf,<sup>8</sup>  
 That first he wrought and afterward he taught.  
 Out of the gospel he the wordès caught,  
 And this figure he added eke thereto,—  
 That, if gold rusted, what should iron do?  
 For, if a priest be foul on whom we trust,  
 No wonder is it lewèd<sup>9</sup> men to rust.  
 He was a shepherd, and not a mercenary;  
 And, though he holy were and virtuous,<sup>10</sup>  
 He was to sinful man nought dispitous,<sup>11</sup>  
 Ne of his speechè daungerous ne digne,<sup>11</sup>  
 But in his teaching discreet and benign.  
 To drawn folk to heaven by fairness  
 By good ensample, this was his business.

<sup>1</sup> Spurs.    <sup>2</sup> Talk.    <sup>3</sup> Knew.    <sup>4</sup> The old customs. We say the 'old song.'

<sup>5</sup> Parishioners.

<sup>6</sup> Oftentimes.

<sup>7</sup> Great and small.

<sup>8</sup> Gave.

<sup>9</sup> Lay, ignorant.

<sup>10</sup> Without pity.

<sup>11</sup> Domineering nor disdainful.

But,<sup>1</sup> if it were any person obstinate,  
 Whatso he were, of high or low estate,  
 Him would he snibben sharply for the nonen.<sup>2</sup>  
 A better priest I trow there nowhere none is.  
 He waited after no pomp ne reverence,  
 Ne makèd him a spicèd conscience ;  
 But Christen lore and his apostles twelve  
 He taught, but first he followed it himselfe.

## THE PLOWMAN.

With him<sup>3</sup> there was a Plowman, was his brother,  
 That had y-laid of dong full many a fother ;<sup>4</sup>  
 And a true swinker<sup>5</sup> and a good was he,  
 Living in peace and perfit charity.  
 God loved he best with all his wholè heart  
 At allè timen, were it gain or smart ;  
 And then his neighèbour right as himselfe.  
 He woldè thresh and thereto dike<sup>6</sup> and delve,<sup>7</sup>  
 For Christen sake, for every poore wight,  
 Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.  
 His tithen payed he full fair and well,  
 Both of his proper<sup>8</sup> swink and his catel.<sup>9</sup>  
 In a tabard<sup>10</sup> he rode upon a mare.

## FROM THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

## EMILIE IN THE PRISON-GARDEN.

And in a tower, in anguish and in woe,  
 Dwellen this Palamon and eke Arcite  
 For evermore : there may no gold them quite.<sup>11</sup>  
 This passeth year by year and day by day,  
 Till it fell onen<sup>12</sup> in a morrow<sup>13</sup> of May  
 That Emilie, that fairer was to seen  
 Than is the lily upon his<sup>14</sup> stalkè green,  
 And fresher than the May with flowers new ;—  
 For with the rosè-colour strove her hue,  
 I n'ot<sup>15</sup> which was the finer of them two ;—  
 Ere it was day, as she was wont to do,

<sup>1</sup> Except.<sup>3</sup> The Parson.<sup>4</sup> Cart load.<sup>2</sup> Rebuke for the nonce.<sup>5</sup> Labourer.<sup>6</sup> To make ditches.<sup>7</sup> Dig.<sup>8</sup> Own labour.<sup>9</sup> Chattels, goods.<sup>10</sup> Loose frock.<sup>11</sup> Ransom.<sup>12</sup> Once.<sup>13</sup> Morning.<sup>14</sup> Old form of *its*.<sup>15</sup> Wot not.

She was arisen and already dight ;<sup>1</sup>  
 For May will have no sluggardy a-night.  
 The season pricketh every gentle heart,  
 And maketh it out of his sleep to start,  
 And saith ' Arise, and do thine observance.'  
 This maketh Emilie have remembrance  
 To done<sup>2</sup> honour to May, and for to rise.  
 Y-clothèd was she fresh for to devise ;  
 Her yellow hair was broided in a tress  
 Behind her back, a yardè long I guess.  
 And in the garden at the sun uprist  
 She walketh up and down, and as her list  
 She gathereth flowers party white and red,  
 To make a subtle garland for her head ;  
 And as an angel heavenly she song.  
 The greatè tower that was so thick and strong,  
 Which of the castle was the chief dongeon, . . .  
 Was even joinant<sup>3</sup> to the garden wall  
 There-as this Emilie had her playing.  
 Bright was the sun and clear in that morning ;  
 And Palamon, this woeful prisoner,  
 As was his wont, by leave of his gaoler,  
 Was risen, and roamèd in a chambere on high,  
 In which he all the noble city sey,<sup>4</sup>  
 And eke the garden full of branches green  
 There-as this fresh Emilia the sheen<sup>5</sup>  
 Was in her walk and roamèd up and down.  
 This sorrowful prisoner, this Palamon,  
 Goeth in the chamber roaming to and fro,  
 And to himself complaining of his woe :  
 That he was born, full oft he said, ' alas !'  
 And so befell, by aventure or cas,<sup>6</sup>  
 That through a window, thick of many a bar  
 Of iron, great and square as any spar,<sup>7</sup>  
 He cast his eyen upon Emilia.

## THE TEMPLE OF MARS.

There stood the Temple of Mars armipotent,  
 Wrought all of burned steel ; of which the entree  
 Was long and strait, and ghastly for to see.  
 And thereout came a rage, in such a wise  
 That it made all the gatès for to rise.

<sup>1</sup> Dressed.<sup>2</sup> Do.<sup>3</sup> Joining.<sup>4</sup> Saw.<sup>5</sup> The fair (Ger. *schön*).<sup>6</sup> Chance.<sup>7</sup> Barred door.

The northern light in at the doore<sup>s</sup> shone ;  
 For window on the wall ne was there none  
 Through which men mighten any light discern.  
 The door was all of adamant eterne,  
 Y-clenchèd overthwart and endèlong  
 With iron tough ; and, for to make it strong,  
 Every pillar the temple to sustene  
 Was tunnè great, of iron bright and sheen.

There saw I first the dark imagining  
 Of felony, and all the compassing ;  
 The cruel ire, red as any glede ;<sup>1</sup>  
 The pick-purse, and eke the palè drede ;  
 The smiler with the knife under the cloak ;  
 The sheep-pen brenning<sup>2</sup> with the blackè smoke ;  
 The treason of the murdering in the bed ;  
 The open war, with woundès all be-bled ;  
 Contek<sup>3</sup> with bloody knife, and sharp menace ;  
 All full of shrieking was that sorry place.  
 The slayer of himself yet saw I there,  
 His heartè-blood hath bathèd all his hair ;  
 The nail y-driven in the shod<sup>4</sup> a-night ;  
 The coldè death with mouth gaping upright.  
 In middès of the temple sat Mischance,  
 With Discomfort and Sorry Countenance.

#### THE MORNING OF THE TOURNAMENT.

Great was the feast in Athenis that day ;  
 And eke the lusty season of that May  
 Made every wight to been in such pleasance  
 That all that Monday joustèn<sup>5</sup> they and dance,  
 And spenden it in Venus' high service.  
 But, by the causè<sup>6</sup> that they shoulden rise  
 Early a-morrow for to see the fight,  
 Unto their restè wenten they at night.

And on the morrow, when the day gan spring,  
 Of horse and harness noise and clattering  
 There was in hostelèries all about ;  
 And to the palace rode there many a rout  
 Of lordès upon steedès and palfreys.  
 There mayst thou see devising of harneis  
 So uncouth and so rich, and wrought so weel  
 Of goldsmithry, of brouding,<sup>7</sup> and of steel ;

<sup>1</sup> Live coal.

<sup>5</sup> Tilt.

<sup>2</sup> Burning.

<sup>6</sup> Because.

<sup>3</sup> Contention.

<sup>4</sup> Forehead, temple.

<sup>7</sup> Embroidering.

The shieldès brightè, testers, and trappures,  
 Gold-hewen helms, hauberk, and coat-armures;<sup>1</sup>  
 Lordès in paraments<sup>2</sup> on their coursers;  
 Knightès of retinue; and eke squiers  
 Nailing the spears, and helmès buckeling,  
 Giggig of shieldes, with layners<sup>3</sup> lacing,  
 There-as need is—they weren nothing idle;  
 The foamy steedes on the golden bridle  
 Gnawing; and fast the armourers also  
 With file and hammer pricking to and fro;  
 Yeomen on foot, and knavès<sup>4</sup> many one  
 With shortè stavès, thick as they may gone;  
 Pipes, trompets, nakerers,<sup>5</sup> and clariouns,  
 That in the battle blowen bloody souns;  
 The palace full of people up and down,  
 Here three, there ten, holding their question,  
 Divining of these Theban knightès two.  
 Some saiden thus; some said it shall be so;  
 Some holden with him with the blacke beard,  
 Some with the bald, and some with the thick-haired;<sup>6</sup>  
 Some said he lookèd grim and he would fight,  
 He hath a sparth<sup>7</sup> of twenty pound of weight.  
 Thus was the hallè full of divining  
 Long after that the sun began to spring.

## FROM THE WIFE OF BATH'S PROLOGUE.

## JANKIN'S BOOK.

Now will I say you sooth,<sup>8</sup> by Saint Thomas,  
 Why that I rent out of his book a leaf,  
 For which he smote me so that I was deaf.  
 He had a book<sup>9</sup> that gladly, night and day,  
 For his disport he woldè read alway:  
 He cleped<sup>10</sup> it *Valerie and Theophrast*;  
 At whiche book he laugh alway full fast.  
 And eke there was sometime a clerk at Rome,  
 A cardinal, that hightè<sup>11</sup> Saint Jerome,

<sup>1</sup> Embroidered coats worn over armour.<sup>2</sup> Ornamanted clothes.<sup>3</sup> Thongs.<sup>4</sup> Next lower rank of servants to the yeomen.<sup>5</sup> Kettle-drums.<sup>6</sup> MSS. berd, herd.<sup>7</sup> An axe.<sup>8</sup> True.<sup>9</sup> This book consisted of a collection of the most popular treatises written by monks in favour of celibacy; also the *Letters of Abelard and Heloise*, *The Parables of Solomon*, *Ovid's Art of Love*, etc.<sup>10</sup> Called.<sup>11</sup> Was named.



That made a book *Agen Jovinian*;<sup>1</sup>  
 Which book was there, and eke *Tertullian*,  
*Chrysippus*, *Trotula*, and *Helois*,  
 That was abbess not far from Paris;  
 And eke the *Parables of Salomon*,  
 Ovide's *Art*, and bookès many one:  
 And alle these were bound in one volume.  
 And every night and day was his custome,  
 When he had leisure and vacation  
 From other worldly occupation,  
 To readen in this book of wicked wives.<sup>2</sup>  
 He knew of them more legends and more lives  
 Than been of goode wivès in the Bible.  
 For, trusteth well, it is an impossible  
 That any clerk shuld spoken good of wives—  
 But<sup>3</sup> if it be of holy saintès' lives—  
 Ne of none other woman never the mo.<sup>4</sup>  
 Who painted the lion, tell me, who?  
 By God, if women hadden<sup>5</sup> written stories,  
 As clerkès have within their oratories,  
 They would have writ of men more wickedness  
 Than all the mark of Adam<sup>6</sup> may redress. . . .  
 But now to purpose, why I tolde thee  
 That I was beaten for a book, pardie!  
 Upon a night, Jankin that was our sire<sup>7</sup>  
 Read on his book as he sat by the fire. . . .  
 "Bet<sup>8</sup> is," quoth he, "thine habitation  
 Be with a lion or a foul dragon  
 Than with a woman using for<sup>9</sup> to chide;  
 Bet is," quoth he, "high in the roof abide  
 Than with an angry wife down in the house.  
 They been so wicked and contrarious,  
 They haten that<sup>10</sup> their husbands loven aye." . . .  
 Who woldè ween or who woldè suppose  
 The woe that in my heart was, and the pine?  
 And, when I saw that he would never fine<sup>11</sup>  
 To readen on this cursed book all night,  
 All suddenly three leavès have I plight<sup>12</sup>  
 Out of his book right as he read, and eke  
 I with my fist so took him on the cheek  
 That in our fire he fell backward adown.  
 And he up stert<sup>13</sup> as doth a wood lioun,<sup>14</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Hieronymus contra Jovinianum.*<sup>2</sup> Women.<sup>3</sup> Except.<sup>4</sup> More.<sup>5</sup> Had.<sup>6</sup> Image of Adam, mankind.<sup>7</sup> My husband.<sup>8</sup> Better.<sup>9</sup> Who is used.<sup>10</sup> The thing which.<sup>11</sup> Finish.<sup>12</sup> Torn out.<sup>13</sup> Started.<sup>14</sup> Mad lion.

And with his fist he smote me on the head  
That in the floor I lay as I were dead. . . .

But at the last, with muchel care and wo,  
We fell accorded by ourselven two.  
He gave me all the bridle in mine hand,  
To have the governance of house and land,  
And of his tongue and of his hand also :  
I made him burn his book anon right tho.

## FROM THE WIFE OF BATH'S TALE.

### THE FAIRIES AND THE FRIARS.

In the oldè dayès of the king Artour,  
Of which that Britons speken great honour  
All was this land fulfilled<sup>1</sup> of faerie ;  
The Elf-queen, with her jolly company,  
Dancèd full oft in many a green mead.  
This was the old opinion, as I read.  
I speak of many hundred years ago ;  
For now can no man see none elvès mo ;<sup>2</sup>  
For now the charity and the prayères  
Of limitours,<sup>3</sup> and other holy freres,  
That searchen every land and every stream,  
As thick as motès in the sunnè-beam,  
Blessing hallès, chambers, kitchenès, bowers,  
Cities, burghs, castles, highè towers,  
Thorpès,<sup>4</sup> barnès, sheep-pens, dairies,  
This maketh that there been no fairies.  
For there-as<sup>5</sup> wont to walken was an elf,  
There walketh now the limitour himself,  
In undermealès<sup>6</sup> and in morwenings,  
And saith his matins and his holy things,  
As he goeth in his limitatioun.<sup>7</sup>  
Women may go now safely up and down ;  
In every bush and under every tree  
There is none other incubus but he.

### TRUE GENTILESSE.

But for ye speaken of such gentilesse  
As is descended out of old richesse :

<sup>1</sup> Filled full.  
<sup>5</sup> Where.

<sup>2</sup> More.

<sup>3</sup> Begging friars.  
<sup>6</sup> Afternoons.

<sup>4</sup> Little villagers.  
<sup>7</sup> District.

That therefore shoulde ye be gentlemen,  
 Such arrogance is not worthy an hen.  
 Look whoso is most virtuous alway,  
 Prive and apert,<sup>1</sup> and most intendeth aye  
 To do the gentle deedès that he can ;  
 And take *him* for the greatest gentleman.  
 Christ, will we claim of him our gentillesse ;  
 Not of our elders for their old richesse ;  
 For, though they gave us all our heritage,  
 For which we claim to been of high parage,<sup>2</sup>  
 Yet may they not bequeathè for no thing  
 To none of us their virtuous living,  
 That made them gentlemen y-called be.

## FROM THE SQUIRE'S TALE.

## THE HORSE OF BRASS.

And, when this knight hath thus his tale y-told,  
 He rideth out of hall, and down he light.  
 His steedè, which that shone as sunnè bright,  
 Stant in the courtè still as any stone.  
 This knight is to his chamber led anon,  
 And is unarmèd and to meat y-set.  
 These presents been full royally y-fet,<sup>3</sup>  
 That is to sayn the sword and the mirrour,  
 And borne anon into the highè tower,  
 With certain officers ordained thereforè.  
 And unto Canace the ring is bore  
 Solempnely,<sup>4</sup> there she sat at the table.  
 But sikerly,<sup>5</sup> withouten any fable,  
 The Horse of Brass, that may not be remued,<sup>6</sup>  
 It stant as it were to the ground y-glued ;  
 There may no man out of the place it drive,  
 For none engine of windas or polive ;<sup>7</sup>  
 And causè why, for they ken not the craft,  
 And therefore in the place they have it laft,  
 Till that the knight hath taught them the manere  
 To voiden<sup>8</sup> him, as ye shall after hear.  
 Great was the press that swarmèd to and fro  
 To gowren<sup>9</sup> on this horse that standeth so :

<sup>1</sup> Secretly and openly.<sup>2</sup> Certainly.<sup>3</sup> Kindred.<sup>4</sup> Removed.<sup>5</sup> Fetched.<sup>6</sup> Windlass or pulley.<sup>7</sup> Stare.<sup>8</sup> Borne with ceremony.<sup>9</sup> Remove.

For it so high was, and so broad and long,  
 So well proportionèd for to be strong,  
 Right as it were a steed of Lombardy;  
 Therewith so horsely, and so quick of eye,  
 As it a gentle Poilais<sup>1</sup> courser were;  
 For, certes, from his tail unto his ear,  
 Nature ne art ne could him not amend  
 In no degree, as all the people wend.<sup>2</sup>  
 But evermore their mostè wonder was  
 How that it couldè go and was of brass:  
 It was of faerie, as the people seemed.  
 Divers folk diversèly they deemed;  
 As many heads as many wits there been;<sup>3</sup>  
 They murmurden as doth a swarm of been,<sup>4</sup>  
 And maden skills<sup>5</sup> after their fantasies,  
 Rehearsing of the oldè poetries;  
 And saiden it was like the Pegasee,  
 The horse that haddè wingès for to flee;  
 Or else it was the Greekès horse, Sinon,  
 That broughtè Troyè to destruction,  
 As men may in these oldè gestès<sup>6</sup> read.  
 "Mine heart," quoth one, "is evermore in dread;  
 I trow some men-of-armès been therein,  
 That shapen<sup>7</sup> them this city for to win:  
 It were right good that all such thing were know."<sup>8</sup>  
 Another rouned<sup>9</sup> to his fellow low,  
 And said, "He lieth; for it is rather like  
 An apparance y-made by some magike,  
 As jugglers playen at these feastès great."  
 Of sundry doubtès thus they jangle and treat,  
 As lewèd<sup>10</sup> people deemen<sup>11</sup> commonly,  
 Of thingès that been made more subtilly  
 Than they can in their lewdness comprehend,  
 They deemen gladly to the badder end.<sup>12</sup>

## FROM THE FRANKLIN'S TALE.

## AN ABDICATION.

In Armorik that callèd is Bretaine<sup>13</sup>  
 There was a knight that loved, and did his pain

<sup>1</sup> Apulian courser.    <sup>2</sup> Conjectured.    <sup>3</sup> Were.    <sup>4</sup> Bees.    <sup>5</sup> Reasons.  
<sup>6</sup> Stories.    <sup>7</sup> Prepare.    <sup>8</sup> Known.    <sup>9</sup> Whispered.    <sup>10</sup> Unlearned.  
<sup>11</sup> Judge.    <sup>12</sup> Are glad to make the worst of it.    <sup>13</sup> Brittany.

To serve a lady in his bestè wise;  
 And many a labour, many a great emprise,<sup>1</sup>  
 He for his lady wrought ere she were won.  
 For she was one the fairest under sun,  
 And eke thereto come of so high kindred  
 That well unnethès<sup>2</sup> durst this knight for dread  
 Tell her his woe, his pain, and his distress.  
 But at the last she, for his worthiness,  
 And namely<sup>3</sup> for his meek obeisance,  
 Had such a pity caught for his penance  
 That privily she fell of his accord  
 To take him for her husband and her lord,  
 Of such lordship as men have over their wives.  
 And, for to lead the more in bliss their lives,  
 Of his free will he swore her as a knight  
 That never in his will, by day ne night,  
 Ne should he upon him take no maistrie  
 Against her will, ne kithe<sup>4</sup> her jealousie,  
 But her obey, and follow her will in all,  
 As any lover to his lady shall;  
 Save that the name of soverèignètee  
 That would he have for shame of his degree.  
 She thanked him; and with full great humblesse  
 She saidè, "Sir, sith of your gentillesse  
 Ye proffer me to have so great a reign,—  
 Ne woldè never God betwixt us twain  
 As in my guilt<sup>5</sup> were either war or strife!—  
 Sir, I will be your humble truè wife:  
 Have here my troth till that mine heartè brest."<sup>6</sup>  
 Thus be they both in quiet and in rest.  
 For one thing, sirès, safely dare I say,  
 That friendès ever each other must obey  
 If they will longè holden company.  
 Love will not be constrainèd by maistrie.  
 When maistrie comth, the god of love anon  
 Beateth his wings, and, farewell! he is gone.  
 Love is a thing as any spirit free:  
 Women of kind<sup>7</sup> desiren liberty,  
 And not to be constrainèd as a thrall;<sup>8</sup>  
 And so do men, if I the sooth<sup>9</sup> say shall.

<sup>1</sup> Undertaking.<sup>2</sup> Scarcely.<sup>3</sup> Especially.<sup>4</sup> Show.<sup>5</sup> That, for fault of mine.<sup>6</sup> Burst.<sup>7</sup> By nature.<sup>8</sup> Slave.<sup>9</sup> Truth.

## FROM THE NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE.

## THE POOR WIDOW AND HER COCK CHAUNTICLEER.

A poor widow, somedeal stoopen in age,  
 Was whilom<sup>1</sup> dwelling in a narrow cottage,  
 Beside a grovè standing in a dale.  
 This widow of which I tellè you my tale,  
 Sithence thilk day that she was last a wife,  
 In patience led a full simple life.  
 For little was her cattle and her rent.  
 By husbandry of such as God her sent,  
 She found<sup>2</sup> herself and eke her daughtren two.  
 Three largè sowès had she, and no mo,  
 Three kine, and eke a sheep that hightè<sup>3</sup> Mall.  
 Full sooty was her bower and eke her hall,  
 In which she ate full many a slender meal;  
 Of poignant sauce her needed never a deal.  
 No dainty morsel passèd through her throat;  
 Her diet was accordant to her coat.  
 Repletion<sup>4</sup> ne made her never sick;  
 Attemper<sup>5</sup> diet was all her physic,  
 And exercise and heartès suffisance.  
 The goutè let<sup>6</sup> her nothing for to dance,  
 Ne apoplexy shentè<sup>7</sup> not her head.  
 No wine ne drank she, neither white ne red;  
 Her board was servèd most with white and black,  
 Milk and brown bread, in which she found no lack,  
 Seind<sup>8</sup> bacon, and sometime an ey or tway;<sup>9</sup>  
 For she was, as it were, a manner day.<sup>10</sup>  
 A yard she had, enclosed all about  
 With stickès, and a dryè ditch without,  
 In which she had a cock, hight Chaunticleer.  
 In all the land of<sup>11</sup> crowing n'as his peer;  
 His voice was merrier than the merry orgón,  
 On massè-dayes that in the churchè gon.  
 Well sikerer<sup>12</sup> was his crowing in his lodge  
 Than is a clock, or an abbèy orloge.  
 By nature he knew each ascensioun  
 Of equinoctial in thilkè town;  
 For, when degrees fifteenè were ascènded,  
 Then knew he that it might not be amended.

<sup>1</sup> Once on a time.<sup>2</sup> Maintained.<sup>3</sup> Was called.<sup>4</sup> Superfluity.<sup>5</sup> Moderate.<sup>6</sup> Hindered.<sup>7</sup> Injured.<sup>8</sup> Singed.<sup>9</sup> An egg or two.<sup>10</sup> A kind of dairy-woman.<sup>11</sup> For.<sup>12</sup> More correct: North English, *sicker*, sure.

His comb was redder than the fine corall,  
 And battled as it were a castel wall ;  
 His bill was black, and as the jet it shone ;  
 Like azure were his legges and his toen,<sup>1</sup>  
 His nailès whiter than the lily flower ;  
 And like the burnished gold was his colour.  
 This gentle cock had in his governaunce  
 Seven hennès for to done all his pleasaunce,  
 Which were his susters<sup>2</sup> and his paramours,  
 And wonder like to him as of colours ;  
 Of which the fairest-huèd on her throat  
 Was clepèd fair damoiselle Pertelote.

## THE PROLOGUE TO "SIR THOPAS."

## CHAUCER AMONG THE PILGRIMS.

When said was all this miracle,<sup>3</sup> every man  
 As sober was, that wonder was to see :  
 Till that our Host to jape<sup>4</sup> he began ;  
 And then, at erst,<sup>5</sup> he lookèd upon me,  
 And saidè thus ; "What man art *thou*?" quoth he :  
 "Thou lookest as thou wouldest find an hare ;  
 For ever upon the ground I see thee stare.

"Approchè near, and look up merrily ;  
 Now ware you, sirs, and let this man have place.  
 He in the waist is shapen as well as I ;  
 This were a puppet in an arm to embrace  
 For any woman ; small and fair of face ;  
 He seemeth elvish by his countenance,  
 For unto no wight doth he dalliance.

"Say now somewhat, since other folk have said ;  
 Tell us a tale of mirth, and that anon."  
 "Hostè," quoth I, "ne be not evil apaid,<sup>6</sup>  
 For other talè, certes, can I none,  
 But of a Rhyme I learnèd long ago."  
 "Yea, that is good," quoth he : "now shall we hear  
 Some dainty thing, methinketh, by his cheer."<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Toes.<sup>2</sup> This was the Prioress's Tale of the little Christian Martyr.<sup>3</sup> For the first time.<sup>4</sup> Ill satisfied.<sup>5</sup> Sisters.<sup>6</sup> Jest.<sup>7</sup> Countenance.

## WILLIAM LANGLAND.

(—1377—.)

THE personal life of this poet can be but very dimly ascertained, and only by a close and patient scrutiny of his own writings. His name does not occur in the public records, nor in the works of his literary contemporaries. He appears to have been born in the west of England, probably in Shropshire, and to have spent his life in the calling of a "clerk," or member of an inferior order of the clergy, partly in his native district, partly in London, and to have associated chiefly with the classes of the lay poor, whose characters and habits he has vividly described. He was the author of only one work, the old and full title of which was *Liber de Petro Plowman*, or Book concerning Piers the Plowman. This poem was a large undertaking, and required great literary industry. Of the forty-three manuscripts of the poem which are extant, Mr. Skeat ascribes three to the author's own hand. "It is certain," says Mr. Skeat, "that he altered, added to, and re-wrote the whole poem, not once only, but twice. It was the great work of his life, and may have occupied him, though not continuously, during nearly thirty years." The oldest text is of the date 1362, and is, as compared with the others, but a first rough sketch. The poem, in its complete form, comprises in reality two sets of *Visions*, namely, 1st, that of Piers Plowman, and 2d, that of Do-wel, Do-bet, and Do-best,—the former consisting of a Prologue and seven Passus, the latter of three Prologues and ten Passus. The usual custom in transcribing appears, however, to have been to arrange the whole of the parts consecutively, without distinction of the *Visions*, into one Prologue and twenty Passus. The metre and language of Langland's poem are uncouth and archaic. The dialect in which he wrote was a mixture of the midland and southern dialects, with many traces in it of western provincialisms and a few also of northern. This was probably a kind of English perfectly familiar to the uneducated and middle classes in London, and in the rural districts of western and southern



England, where Langland lived, but which has since become considerably more obsolete than the English of Chaucer and Gower, or that of the Aberdonian Barbour. The metre of the *Vision* is alliterative and unrhymed, such as prevailed in Anglo-Saxon poetry until the Conquest, and was perhaps more popular, even in the life-time of Chaucer and Gower, among masses of the English than were the rhymed metres which they adopted, in common with other writers, from the French and Italian poets. If we examine a passage of Langland's verse, we shall find that what is called an alliterative line breaks up naturally into two parts or shorter lines. The break, suggesting a slight pause in the voice, is marked in the old manuscripts by various symbols, and in Mr. Skeat's edition by an inverted full stop, thus :—

In a somer seson · whan soft was the sonne,  
 I shope me in shroudes · as I a shepe were,  
 In habite as an heremite · vnholý of workes,  
 Went wyde in this world · wondres to here.  
 Ac on a May mornynge · on Maluerne hulles  
 Me byfel a ferly · of fairy me thoughte ;  
 I was wery forwandred · and went me to reste  
 Vnder a brode banke · bi a bornes side,  
 And as I lay and lened · and loked in the wateres  
 I slombred in a slepyng · it sweyued so merye.  
 Thanne gan I to meten · a merueilouse sweuene,  
 That I was in a wildernesse · wist I neuer where.

In each half-line are two or more, but usually two, strong accents, and it is here that the alliteration occurs. The *rime-letter*, or similar first sound, will be found in the two strong accents of the first half-line, and the first of the two strong accents in the second half-line. Langland by no means adhered rigidly to these rules. Some of his lines are wanting in alliteration, while others have it in superabundance; and his emphasis, though vigorous, is consequently irregular. But the metre is not devoid of music. A certain anapæstic swing may be heard in it frequently or prevailingly, underlying the alliterative beat, like an *obligato* accompaniment to a melody. The final mute *e* was probably sounded in Langland's verse,

so as to form a weak syllable at the close of lines. This custom is, however, opposed to modern English taste; and, when the weak final syllable, which is almost invariable, is represented by a mute *e*, it may be omitted without injury to the poem as a literary work. At the same time, one should occasionally read aloud a few of Langland's lines with as nearly as can be ascertained his own rhythmical cadence, in order to realise, if possible, the peculiar dreamy sing-song, the measured musical sway, of the old English alliterative verse.

The purpose of the *Vision* was not a purely literary one. It was a keen and daring satire upon the state of society and religion, embodied in the form of a dream-allegory. There is little or no consecutiveness in the story. The characters are all allegorical, with such names as Conscience, Reason, Thought, Nature, Death, Envy, Mercy, etc.; except the author, whose allusions to himself appear to be literal, and in some sense autobiographic. Piers the Plowman, who is the principal character in the allegory, is described as what we should call in these days a working farmer; he employs labourers on his land, but labours also himself. And in this poor Englishman,—honest, hardworking, much-suffering, and deeply religious,—Langland shadowed forth his own ideal of human virtue. Nay, he ventured a step farther; and, in some parts, the rustic Piers is made to symbolise the divine life and character of the Saviour. The period in which this poem was written immediately preceded that of the great Wickliffe reform in religion, and of the political revolt of the peasantry under Wat Tyler (1381); and the class in society to which Piers belonged was precisely that in which the need of these reforms was most urgent. Piers was therefore at once a popular character, and his pure life and severe precepts went home to the hearts of the voiceless multitude, almost, we may believe, with the force of another Gospel.

But although, as a literary work, the *Vision* is more curious than admirable, constructed with but little method, and executed with very rough art, there are some of Langland's allegorical persons which are real creations, and may,

in spite of his quaint style and untuneable English, stand side by side with the most renowned of Chaucer's Pilgrims, as representative English characters. For knowledge of human nature at its ugliest, and for powerful grotesque description, Langland can scarcely be surpassed. His forte is in showing up the vices, weakness, and misery of mankind. He can paint a drunken glutton, or a poor wretch deformed by the buffetings of old age; and he will hack and hammer at his image until it becomes under his hand a thing full of life and meaning. But he has no eyes for such beings, wise and beautiful in their generation, as Chaucer's "parfit Knight," his hospitable Franklin, with beard white as a daisy, the curly-headed Squire, or the gentle, well-behaved Prioress, whose mystic motto is *Amor vincit omnia*. Langland's one exemplary character, his daringly idealised *Piers*, is after all not so artistically executed, nor so startlingly real, as his *Hawkin, the Active Man*, with his dirty coat and many sins.

## FROM THE VISION OF WILLIAM CONCERNING PIERS THE PLOWMAN.

### THE FAIR FIELD FULL OF FOLK.

In a summer season when soft was the sunne,  
I shope<sup>1</sup> me in shroudes<sup>2</sup> as I a shepe<sup>3</sup> were;  
In habit as an hermit unholy of workes,  
Went wide in this world wonders to heare.  
And on a May morning on Malvern hilles  
Me befell a ferly,<sup>4</sup> of fairy me thoughte.  
I was weary for-wandered<sup>5</sup> and went me to rest  
Under a broad bank by a burn's side.  
And, as I lay and leaned and looked in the waters,  
I slumbered in a sleeping, it sweyved<sup>6</sup> so merry.  
Then gan I to meten<sup>7</sup> a merveillous sweven,<sup>8</sup>  
That I was in a wilderness, wist I never where.  
As I beheld into the east on high to the sunne,

<sup>1</sup> Clothed.

<sup>2</sup> Coarse garments.

<sup>3</sup> Shepherd.

<sup>4</sup> Wonder.

<sup>5</sup> Tired out with wandering.

<sup>6</sup> Sounded.

<sup>7</sup> Dream.

<sup>8</sup> A marvellous dream.

I saw a tower on a toft, trylike<sup>1</sup> y-maked ;  
 A deep dale beneath, a dungeon therein,  
 With deep ditches and dark and dreadful of sight.  
 A fair field full of folk found I there betweene,  
 Of all manner of men, the mean and the rich,  
 Working and wandering as the world asketh.<sup>2</sup>

*Prologue.*

REASON'S SERMON.

Of this matter I might mamely<sup>3</sup> full longe,  
 But I shall say as I saw, or me God helpe !  
 How pertly afore the people Reason gan to preach.  
 He bade Wastour go work what he best couthe,<sup>4</sup>  
 And winnen his wasting with some manner crafte ;  
 And prayèd Peronell her purfile<sup>5</sup> to lete,<sup>6</sup>  
 And keep it in her coffer for catel<sup>7</sup> at her neede.  
 Tom Stow he taughte to take two staves,  
 And fetch Felice home from the wiven-pine.<sup>8</sup>  
 He warnèd Wat his wife was to blame,  
 That her head was worth half a mark, his hood not worth a  
 groate ;  
 And bade Bette cut a bough other twaine,<sup>9</sup>  
 And beat Betoun therewith but<sup>10</sup> if she would work.  
 And then he charged chapmen<sup>11</sup> to chasten their children ;  
 " Let no winning them forweny<sup>12</sup> while they be younge,  
 Ne for no pouste<sup>13</sup> of pestilence please them not out of  
 reason :  
 My sire said so to me and so did my dame,  
 That the lever child the more lore behoveth."<sup>14</sup>

*Passus V.*

ENVY.

Envy, with heavy heart, asked after shrift,<sup>15</sup>  
 And carefully *mea culpa*<sup>16</sup> he comsed<sup>17</sup> to show.  
 He was as pale as a pellet,<sup>18</sup> in the palsy he seemed ;  
 And clothed in a caurimaury<sup>19</sup>—I could it not describe<sup>20</sup>—

<sup>1</sup> Carefully.

<sup>2</sup> Requireth.

<sup>3</sup> Prate.

<sup>4</sup> Knew.

<sup>5</sup> Embroidery.

<sup>6</sup> Forgo.

<sup>7</sup> Chattel, goods.

<sup>8</sup> Cucking-stool.

<sup>9</sup> A bough or two.

<sup>10</sup> Except.

<sup>11</sup> Tradesmen.

<sup>12</sup> Spoil.

<sup>13</sup> Power (dread of their dying of the Plague).

<sup>14</sup> To the dearer child the more teaching is necessary.

<sup>15</sup> Absolution.

<sup>16</sup> These words occur in the form of confession.

<sup>17</sup> Commenced.

<sup>18</sup> A stone ball used in war.

<sup>19</sup> A coarse material.

<sup>20</sup> Describe.

In kirtle and in courtepy,<sup>1</sup> and a knife by his side ;  
 Of a friar's frock were the fore-sleeves.  
 And as a leek had y-lain long in the sunne,  
 So looked he with lean cheeks, louring foule.  
 His body was to-bolle<sup>2</sup> for wrath, that he bit his lippes ;  
 And wringing he gede<sup>3</sup> with the fist ; to wreak himself he  
 thoughte,

With works or with words when he seigh<sup>4</sup> his time.  
 Each a word that he warpe<sup>5</sup> was of an adder's tongue ;  
 Of chiding and of challenging was his chief lifelode,<sup>6</sup>  
 With back-biting and bismer<sup>7</sup> and bearing of false witness :  
 This was all his courtesy where that ever he shewed him.

"I would be y-shrive," quoth this shrew,<sup>8</sup> "and I for shame  
 durst.

I would<sup>9</sup> ben gladder, by God, that Gib had mischance  
 Than though I had this week y-won a weigh of Essex cheese.  
 I have a neighbour nigh me, I have envied him ofte,  
 And lowen<sup>10</sup> on him to lordes to don<sup>11</sup> him lose his silver,  
 And made his friends be his foen<sup>12</sup> through my false tongue :  
 His grace and his good happes<sup>13</sup> grieveth me full sore.  
 Between many and many I make debate ofte,  
 That both life and limb is lost through my speech.  
 And, when I meet him in market that I most hate,  
 I halse<sup>14</sup> him hendeliche,<sup>15</sup> as I his friend were ;  
 For he is doughtier than I ; I dare do none other.  
 But, had I maistrie and mighte, God wot my wille !  
 And, when I come to the kirk, and should kneel to the Rode,<sup>16</sup>  
 And pray for the people as the priest teacheth,  
 For pilgrims and for palmers, for all the people after,  
 Then I cry on my knees that Christ give them sorrow  
 That baren away my bowl and my broke sheete.<sup>17</sup>  
 Away from the altar then turn I mine eyen,  
 And behold how Eleyne hath a new coate ;  
 I wish then it were mine, and all the web<sup>18</sup> after.  
 And of men's losing I laugh ; that liketh my heart ;  
 And for their winning I weep, and wail the time ;  
 And deem that they done ill where I do well worse.  
 Whoso undernymeth me<sup>19</sup> hereof, I hate him deadly after.  
 I would that every wight were my knave,<sup>20</sup>  
 For whoso hath more than I, that angreth me sore.  
 And thus I live loveless, like a luther<sup>21</sup> dog."

*Passus V.*

1 Shirt and jacket. 2 Swollen. 3 Go-ed, went. 4 Saw. 5 Uttered.  
 6 Sustenance. 7 Calumny, besmearing. 8 Sinner. 9 Should be.  
 10 Told lies. 11 Do, make. 12 Foes. 13 Fortune. 14 Embrace.  
 15 Courteously. 16 Cross. 17 My torn garment. 18 Piece of cloth.  
 19 Findeth fault with me. 20 Servant. 21 Unfriendly.

## GLUTTONY.

Now beginneth Gluttoun for to go to shrifte,  
 And carries him to-kirk-ward his coupe<sup>1</sup> to showe;  
 But Beton, the brewster,<sup>2</sup> bade him good morrow,  
 And axed of him, with that, whitherward he wolde?  
 "To holy church," quoth he, "for to hear masse,  
 And sithen<sup>3</sup> I will be shriven and sin no more."  
 "I have good ale, gossip," quoth she; "Gluttoun, wilt thou  
 assay?"

"Hast thou in thy purse<sup>4</sup> any hot spices?"  
 "I have pepper and pæonies," quoth she, "and a pound of  
 garlicke,

A farthing's-worth of fennel-seed for fasting-dayes."

Then goeth Gluttoun in, and great oaths after.

Cess the souteress<sup>5</sup> sat on the benche;

Wat the warner,<sup>6</sup> and his wife bothe;

Tim the tinker, and twain of his prentis;<sup>7</sup>

Hick the hackney-man, and Hugh the needler;<sup>8</sup>

Clarice of Cocks-lane, and the Clerk of the church;

Daw the dyker, and a dozen other;

Sir Piers of Pridie, and Peronell of Flanders;

A ribibour,<sup>9</sup> a ratoner,<sup>10</sup> a raker of Chepe;<sup>11</sup>

A roper, a redinking,<sup>12</sup> and Rose the disheress;<sup>13</sup>

Godfrey of Garlickhithe, and Griffin the Welshe,<sup>14</sup>

And upholders<sup>15</sup> an heap, early by the morrow;<sup>16</sup>

Given Gluttoun with glad cheer good ale to hanel.<sup>17</sup> . . .

There was laughing and louting, and "let go the cuppe;"

And seten so till evensong and songen umwhile,<sup>18</sup>

Till Gluttoun had y-globbèd a gallon and a gill.

He might neither step ne stonde ere he his staff hadde;

And then gan he go like a gleeman's bitch,

Some time aside and some time areare,

As who-so layeth lines for to latch<sup>19</sup> fowles.

And when he drew to the doore then dimmed his eyen;

He stumbled on the threshold and threw to the earthe;

Clement the cobbler caught him by the middle,

For to lift him aloft, and laid him on his knees;

But Gluttoun was a great churl, and grim in the lifting. . . .

With all the woe of this world his wife and his wench<sup>20</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Fault.

<sup>2</sup> Woman-brewer.

<sup>3</sup> After that.

<sup>4</sup> Bag.

<sup>5</sup> Woman-shoemaker.

<sup>6</sup> Keeper of a warren.

<sup>7</sup> Two of his apprentices.

<sup>8</sup> Maker of needles.

<sup>9</sup> Player on the ribbe or rebeck, a kind of fiddle.

<sup>10</sup> Rat-catcher.

<sup>11</sup> A street-sweeper of Cheapside.

<sup>12</sup> A horse-soldier.

<sup>13</sup> Maker or retailer of metal dishes.

<sup>14</sup> Griffith the Welshman.

<sup>15</sup> Old clothes, or second-hand goods, man.

<sup>16</sup> Morning.

<sup>17</sup> In gift or on trial.

<sup>18</sup> For a while.

<sup>19</sup> Catch birds.

<sup>20</sup> Daughter.

Baren him home to his bed, and brought him therein.  
 And after all this excess he had an accidie,<sup>1</sup>  
 That he slept Saturday and Sunday till sun gede<sup>2</sup> to reste :  
 Then waked he of his winking, and wiped his eyen ;  
 The first word that he warpe<sup>3</sup> was, "Where is the bowl?"

*Passus V.*

PIERS AND HIS LABOURERS.

Now is Perkin<sup>4</sup> and his pilgrims to the plough faren ;<sup>5</sup>  
 To erie<sup>6</sup> this half-acre holpen<sup>7</sup> him many.  
 Dikers and delvers<sup>8</sup> digged up the balkes ;<sup>9</sup>  
 Therewith was Perkin apayed<sup>10</sup> and praised them faste.  
 Other workmen there were that wroughten full yearne ;<sup>11</sup>  
 Each man in his manner made himself to done ;<sup>12</sup>  
 And some, to please Perkyn, picked up the weedes.  
 At high prime Piers let the plough stonde,  
 To overseen them himself ; and whoso best wroughte,  
 He should be hired thereafter when harvest-time come.  
 And then seten<sup>13</sup> some and songen atten ale,<sup>14</sup>  
 And holpen erie his half-acre with "how ! trolli-lolli !" <sup>15</sup>  
 "Now, by the peril of my soul !" quoth Piers, all in pure  
 teene,<sup>16</sup>  
 "But<sup>17</sup> ye arise the rather<sup>18</sup> and rape<sup>19</sup> you to worke,  
 Shall no grain that groweth glad you at neede ;  
 And, though ye die for dole,<sup>20</sup> the devil have that recketh !"  
 Then were faitoures<sup>21</sup> afeared,<sup>22</sup> and feigned them blinde :  
 Some laid their legs aliri,<sup>23</sup> as such loseles<sup>24</sup> conneth,<sup>25</sup>  
 And made their moan to Piers and prayed him for grace.  
 "For we have no limbs to labour with, Lord y-graced be ye !  
 But we pray for you, Piers, and for your plough bothe,  
 That God of his grace your grain multiply,  
 And yield you of your almesse that ye give us here ;  
 For we may nought swink ne sweat, such sickness us aileth."  
 "If it be soth,"<sup>26</sup> quoth Piers, "that ye sayn, I shall it  
 soon aspye !  
 Ye been wasters, I wot well, and Truth wot the sothe ! . . .  
 And then gan a waster to wrath him, and wold have y-fought,  
 And to Piers the Plowman he proffered his glove ;  
 A Britoner,<sup>27</sup> a bragger, a-bosted<sup>28</sup> Piers also. . . .

<sup>1</sup> A fit of drowsiness.

<sup>5</sup> Gone.

<sup>6</sup> Plough.

<sup>2</sup> Went.

<sup>7</sup> Help.

<sup>3</sup> Uttered.

<sup>4</sup> Piers.

<sup>9</sup> Ridges separating ploughed lands.

<sup>8</sup> Ditchers and diggers.

<sup>20</sup> Set himself to work.

<sup>13</sup> Sat.

<sup>10</sup> Pleased.

<sup>11</sup> Eagerly.

<sup>16</sup> Except.

<sup>17</sup> Earlier.

<sup>18</sup> Hasten.

<sup>14</sup> Sang at the ale.

<sup>15</sup> Anger.

<sup>21</sup> Frightened.

<sup>22</sup> Crooked.

<sup>23</sup> Rascals.

<sup>19</sup> Grief.

<sup>20</sup> Lying beggars.

<sup>26</sup> A native of Brittany, a Frenchman.

<sup>24</sup> Know how.

<sup>25</sup> True.

<sup>27</sup> Defied.

"Wilt thou or nilt thou, we will have our wille  
Of thy flour, and of thy flesh fetch<sup>1</sup> when us liketh,  
And make us merry there-with, maugre thy cheekes!"<sup>2</sup>

Then Piers the Plowman plained<sup>3</sup> him to the Knighte,  
To keep him, as covenant was, from cursed shrewes,<sup>4</sup>  
And fro these wasters, wolves kin, that maketh the world  
dere:<sup>5</sup>

"For they waste and winnen nought; and that ilke<sup>6</sup> while  
Worth<sup>7</sup> never plenty among the people, therewhile my plough  
lieth."

Courteously the Knighte then, as his kind<sup>8</sup> wolde,  
Warned Wastour and wissed<sup>9</sup> him better,

"Or thou shalt aby<sup>10</sup> by the law, by the order that I bear!"

"I was not wont to work," quoth Wastour, "and now will I  
not beginne!"—

And let light<sup>11</sup> of the law and less of the Knighte,  
And set Piers at a pease<sup>12</sup> and his plough bothe,  
And menaced Piers and his men gif they met eft-soone.<sup>13</sup>

"Now, by the peril of my soul!" quoth Piers, "I shall  
appaire<sup>14</sup> you alle!"

And whooped after Hunger, that heard him atte firste;  
"Awreak<sup>15</sup> me of these wasters," quoth he, "that this world  
shendeth!"<sup>16</sup>

Hunger in haste then hent<sup>17</sup> Wastour by the maw,  
And wrung him so by the womb<sup>18</sup> that both his eyen watered;  
He buffeted the Britoner aboute the cheekes,  
That he looked like a lantern all his life after.

*Passus VI.*

DO-WELL, DO-BET, AND DO-BEST.

A much<sup>19</sup> man, as me thought, and like to myself,  
Come and called me by my kind<sup>20</sup> name.

"What art thou," quoth I then, "that thou my name knowest?"

"That thou wotst well" quoth he, "and no wight better."

"Wot I what thou art?" "Thought," said he then:

"I have sued thee this seven year; sey thou me no rather?"<sup>21</sup>

"Art thou Thought?" quoth I then; "thou couldest me wiss<sup>22</sup>

Where that Do-well dwelleth, and do me that to know."

<sup>1</sup> Seize.

<sup>2</sup> In spite of you.

<sup>3</sup> Complained

<sup>4</sup> Sinners.

<sup>5</sup> Harm; A.S. *derian*, to harm.

<sup>6</sup> Same.

<sup>7</sup> Is: Ger. *werden*, to become.

<sup>8</sup> Nature.

<sup>9</sup> Counselling.

<sup>10</sup> Pay penalty: A.S. *abigan*.

<sup>11</sup> Held light.

<sup>12</sup> Valued Piers at a pea.

<sup>13</sup> If they met soon after.

<sup>14</sup> Make it worse for you all.

<sup>15</sup> Avenge.

<sup>16</sup> Disgrace.

<sup>17</sup> Seized.

<sup>18</sup> Stomach.

<sup>19</sup> Much, big.

<sup>20</sup> Natural.

<sup>21</sup> Have you not seen me before?

<sup>22</sup> Acquaint.



"Do-well and Do-bet and Do-best the third," quoth he,  
 "Are three fair virtues and be not far to find.  
 Whoso is true of his tongue and of his two handes,  
 And through his labour or through his land his lifelode<sup>1</sup>  
 winneth,

And is trusty of his taling, taketh but his owne,  
 And is not drunkenlew ne dedeignous, Do-well him followeth.  
 Do-bet doth right thus, but he doth much more ;  
 He is as low as a lamb, and lovely of speech,  
 And helpeth all men after that<sup>2</sup> them needeth. . . .  
 Do-best is above both, and beareth a bishop's cross,  
 Is hooked on that one end, to hale men fro helle." . . .

I thankèd Thought then, that he me thus taught :  
 "But yet savoureth me nought thy saying ; I covet to learn  
 How Do-well, Do-bet, and Do-best done amongst the people."  
 "But<sup>3</sup> Wit<sup>4</sup> can wiss thee," quoth Thought, "where tho  
 three dwell ;

Else wot I none that can that now is alive."  
 Thought and I thus three days we geden<sup>5</sup>  
 Disputing upon Do-well day after other ;<sup>6</sup>  
 And, ere we were aware, with Wit gan we meet.  
 He was long and lean, like to none other ;  
 Was no pride on his apparel, ne poverty neither ;  
 Sad of his semblaunt and of soft cheere.<sup>7</sup>

I durst move no matter to make him to jangle,  
 But as I bade Thought then be mean betweene,  
 And put forth some purpose to proven his wittes.<sup>8</sup> . . .

Then Thought in that time saide these wordes :—  
 "Where Do-well, Do-bet, and Do-best been in londe,<sup>9</sup>  
 Here is Will<sup>10</sup> would y-wit,<sup>11</sup> if Wit couthe teach him ;  
 And whether he be man or no man, this man fain would  
 aspye,<sup>12</sup>

And worken as they three would ; this is his intent."

*Passus VIII.*

<sup>1</sup> Livelihood.

<sup>2</sup> According to their needs.

<sup>3</sup> Except or only.

<sup>4</sup> Knowledge.

<sup>5</sup> Went.

<sup>6</sup> Day after day.

<sup>7</sup> Countenance.

<sup>8</sup> To prove his knowledge.

<sup>9</sup> Dwell in the land.

<sup>10</sup> The poet.

<sup>11</sup> Would know.

<sup>12</sup> Discover.

JEWS ARE MORE CHARITABLE TO ONE ANOTHER THAN  
CHRISTIANS.

Should no Christian creature crie at the gate,  
Ne fail pain<sup>1</sup> ne potage, and prelates did as they shoulde.  
A Jew would not see a Jew go jangling for defaute<sup>2</sup>  
For all the meubles on this mould,<sup>3</sup> and he amend it mighte.  
Alas, that a Christian creature shall be unkind till<sup>4</sup> another,  
Sithen<sup>5</sup> Jews, that we judge Judas' fellows,  
Either of them helpeth other of that that him needeth.  
Why ne will we Christian of Christ's good be as kind  
As Jews that been our lores-men<sup>6</sup> ! Shame to us alle !  
The commune<sup>7</sup> for their unkindness, I dread<sup>8</sup> me, shall aby;<sup>9</sup>  
Bishops shall be blamed for beggars' sake.  
He is worse than Judas that giveth a japer<sup>10</sup> silver,  
And biddeth the beggar go for his broke clothes.

*Passus IX.*

THE TRUEST CHARITY IS FOUND AMONG THE POOR.

But mirth and minstrelsy amongst men is nought :  
Lecherie, losengerie, and loseles tales,<sup>11</sup>  
Gluttony and great oathes, this mirth they loveth ;  
And, if they carpen of Christ, these clerks<sup>12</sup> and these lewed,<sup>13</sup>  
Atte meat in their mirthes when minstrels been stille,  
Then telleth they of the Trinity a tale other<sup>14</sup> twain,  
And bringeth forth a bald reason and taken Bernard<sup>15</sup> to  
witness,  
And putten forth a presumption to prove the sothe.<sup>16</sup>  
Thus they drivell at their dais the Deity to know,  
And gnawen God with the-gorge when their gut is full.  
And the careful<sup>17</sup> may cry and carpen at the gate,  
Both a-hungred and a-thirst, and for chill quake.  
Is<sup>18</sup> none to nimmen<sup>19</sup> him near, his annoy to amend ;  
But howlen on him as an hound and hoten him go hence.  
Little loveth he that Lord that lent him all that bliss  
That thus parteth<sup>20</sup> with the poor a parcel<sup>21</sup> when him needeth.  
Ne were mercy in mean<sup>22</sup> men more than in riche,  
Mendicants meatless might go to bed.

1 Bread.	2 Want.	3 Goods, or moveables, on his ground (Fr. <i>meubles</i> ).
4 To.	5 Since.	6 Instructors.
9 Suffer penalty.	10 Jester.	7 The people.
12 Learned or churchmen.	13 Unlearned men or laity.	8 Fear.
15 St. Bernard.	16 Truth.	11 Rascally stories.
18 There is.	19 Call.	14 Or.
	20 Shareth.	17 Full of care, i.e. the poor.
		21 Scrap.
		22 Poor.

God is much in the gorge of these great masters ;  
But amongst mean men His mercy and His works.

*Passus X.*

HAWKIN, THE ACTIVE MAN.

And, as they<sup>1</sup> went by the way, of Do-well they carped.<sup>2</sup>  
They met with a minstrel,<sup>3</sup> as me then thought.  
Patience opposed him first, and prayed him he should them  
tell

To Conscience what craft he couth<sup>4</sup> and to what country he  
wold.<sup>5</sup>

"I am a minstrel," quoth that man: "my name is  
*Activa Vita* :

All idle<sup>6</sup> I hate, for of Active is my name :

A waferer,<sup>7</sup> will ye wit, and serve many lordes,

And few robes I fonge,<sup>8</sup> or furred gowns.

Couth I lie<sup>9</sup> to do men laugh, then latches<sup>10</sup> I should

Other mantel or money amongst lordes minstrels ;

But, for I can neither tabor ne trump<sup>11</sup> ne tell none  
gestes,<sup>12</sup> . . .

Ne neither sailly ne saute<sup>13</sup> ne sing with the ghiterne,

I have none good giftes of these great lordes

For no bread that I bring forth, save a benison on the  
Sunday. . . .

I find pain<sup>14</sup> for the Pope, and provender for his palfrey ;

And I had never of him,—have God my truth !—

Neither provender ne parsonage yet of the Pope's gift,

Save a pardon with a peise of lead and two pollis<sup>15</sup> amid !

Had I a clerk that could write, I would cast him a bill<sup>16</sup>

That he sent me under his seal a salve for the pestilence,

And that his blessing and his bulls botches might destroy.

And then would I be priest to the people, paste for to make,

And buxom and busy about bread and drink." . . .

I took good keep, by Christ, and Conscience bothe,

Of Hawkin, the Active Man, and how he was y-clothed.

He had a coat of Christendom, as Holy Kirk believeth ;<sup>17</sup>

But it was moled<sup>18</sup> in many places with many sundry plottes,<sup>19</sup>

Of pride here a plot, and here a plot of unbuxom speeche,

Of scorning and of scoffing and of unskilful bearing ;

<sup>1</sup> Conscience and Patience, who have set out as pilgrims to reform the world.

<sup>2</sup> Talked. <sup>3</sup> Serving-man. <sup>4</sup> Knew. <sup>5</sup> Would go. <sup>6</sup> Idleness.

<sup>7</sup> Baker. <sup>8</sup> Get, acquire. <sup>9</sup> If I knew how to tell lies to make men laugh.

<sup>10</sup> I should get either clothes or money, etc. <sup>11</sup> Play on the tabor or horn.

<sup>12</sup> Stories. <sup>13</sup> Leap and jump. <sup>14</sup> Bread.

<sup>15</sup> A pardon with the Pope's seal appended. <sup>16</sup> Send him a letter requesting.

<sup>17</sup> Respectably fashioned originally. <sup>18</sup> Stained. <sup>19</sup> Blots.

As in apparel and in port proud amongst the people,  
 Otherwise than he hath with heart or sight shewing ;  
 Him willing that all men weened he were that he is not,  
 For-why he boasteth and braggeth with many bold oathes. . . .  
 And, if he giveth ought to poor gomes,<sup>1</sup> tell what he dealeth ;  
 Poor of possession in purse and in coffer,  
 And as a lion on to look, and lordly of speech,  
 Boldest of beggars, a boaster that nought hath,  
 In town and in taverns tales to telle,  
 And say things that he never saw and forsooth swearnen it ;  
 Of deeds that he never did deemen and boasten,  
 And of works that he well did witness and seggen—  
 "Lo ! If ye lieve<sup>2</sup> me not, or that I lie weenen,<sup>3</sup>  
 Axeth at him, or at him, and he you can telle  
 What I suffered and seighe,<sup>4</sup> and sometimes hadde,  
 And what I couthe<sup>5</sup> and knew, and what kin I come of."

All he would that men wist of works and of wordes  
 Which might please the people and praisen<sup>6</sup> himselven.  
 "By Christ !" quoth Conscience then, "thy best coat, Hawkin,  
 Hath many moles and spottes : it must ben y-washed."

"Yea, who so took heed," quoth Hawkin, "behind and  
 before,  
 What on back, and what on body-half, and by the two sides,  
 Men should find many frounces and many foul plots."

And he turned him as tite,<sup>7</sup> and then took I heed  
 It was fouler by felefold<sup>8</sup> than it first seemed.  
 It was be-dropped with wrathe and wicked will,  
 With envy, and evil speech enticing to fight,  
 Lying and laughing and leve tongue to chide ;  
 All that he wist<sup>9</sup> wicked by<sup>10</sup> any wight, tellen it,  
 And blame men behind their back, and bidden them  
 mischance ;<sup>11</sup>

And that he wist by Will, tellen it Wat ;<sup>12</sup>  
 And that Wat wist, Will wist it after ;  
 And made of friends foes through a false tongue. . . .

Thus Hawkin, the Active Man, had y-soiled his coat,  
 Till Conscience acouped<sup>13</sup> him thereof in a curteis manner,  
 Why he ne had washen it, or wiped it with a brush ?

"I have but one suit," quoth Hawkin : "I am the less to  
 blame  
 Though it be soiled and selde<sup>14</sup> clean. I sleep therein on  
 nights ;

<sup>1</sup> Men.<sup>2</sup> Believe.<sup>3</sup> Think that I lie.<sup>4</sup> Saw.<sup>5</sup> Was able to do.<sup>6</sup> And do himself credit.<sup>7</sup> Quickly.<sup>8</sup> Manifold.<sup>9</sup> Knew.<sup>10</sup> Concerning.<sup>11</sup> Wish them ill-luck.<sup>12</sup> What he knew of Will tell it to Wat.<sup>13</sup> Asked.<sup>14</sup> Seldom.

And also I have an houswife, hewen,<sup>1</sup> and children,  
 That wollen bimolen<sup>2</sup> it many time maugre my cheekes <sup>13</sup>  
 It hath been laved,<sup>4</sup> in Lent and out of Lent both,  
 With the soap of sickness that seeketh wonder deepe,  
 And with the loss of chattel<sup>6</sup> . . .  
 And couth I never, by Christ, keepen it clean an hour,  
 That I ne soiled it with sight or some idle speeche,  
 Or through work, or through word, or will of mine heart,  
 That I ne flobber it foule, fro morrow<sup>8</sup> till eve."

"And I shall ken<sup>7</sup> thee," quoth Conscience, "of contrition  
 to make

That shall claw thy coat of alkinnes<sup>8</sup> filth ;  
 Dowell shall washen it and wringen it through a wise con-  
 fessor ;

Dobet shall beaten it and bouken<sup>9</sup> it as bright as any scarlet,  
 And ingrainen it with good will and God's grace to amend  
 thee,

And sithen<sup>10</sup> send thee to Satisfaction for to sewen it after :  
 Shall never mist bimolen<sup>11</sup> it, ne moth after biten it,  
 Ne fiend ne false man defoulen it in thy life ;  
 Shall none herald ne harper have a fairer garment  
 Than Hawkin, the Active Man, and thou do my teaching ;  
 Ne no minstrel be more worth amongst poor and rich,  
 Than Hawkin's wife, the waferer, which is *Activa Vita*."

*Passus XIII. and XIV.*

#### GOD'S MINSTRELS.

Clerkes and knightes welcometh<sup>12</sup> kings' minstrels,  
 And for love of the lord litheth<sup>13</sup> them at feastes.  
 Much more, methinketh, riche men shoulde  
 Have beggars before them, the which been God's minstrels. . .  
 Forthy,<sup>14</sup> I rede you rich,<sup>15</sup> revels when ye maketh  
 For to solace your souls, such minstrels to have :  
 The poor for a fol-sage<sup>16</sup> sitting at the high table,  
 And a leared man to lear thee<sup>17</sup> what our Lord suffered,  
 For to save thy soul from Satan thine enemy,  
 And fithel<sup>18</sup> thee, without flattering, of Good Friday the  
 story ;

<sup>1</sup> Servants.

<sup>2</sup> Soil.

<sup>3</sup> In spite of me.

<sup>4</sup> Washed.

<sup>5</sup> Wealth.

<sup>6</sup> Morning.

<sup>7</sup> Teach.

<sup>8</sup> All kind of.

<sup>9</sup> Beat and dye.

<sup>10</sup> Afterwards.

<sup>11</sup> Stain.

<sup>12</sup> They welcome (old south-English plural ending).

<sup>13</sup> Entertain.

<sup>14</sup> Therefore.

<sup>15</sup> I counsel you rich folk.

<sup>16</sup> Fr. *Fol sage*, wise fool.

<sup>17</sup> And a learned man to instruct thee.

<sup>18</sup> Fiddle.

And a blind man for a bourdeoure,<sup>1</sup> or a bed-rid woman  
 To cry a largess<sup>2</sup> before our Lord, your good los<sup>3</sup> to show !  
 These three manner minstrels maketh a man to laugh ;  
 And in his death-dying they done him great comfort,  
 That by his life lithed them and loved them to hear.

*Passus XIII.*

## THE POOR MAN'S PRAYER FOR JOY.

Though men rede<sup>4</sup> of riches right to the world's ende,  
 I wist never renk<sup>5</sup> that rich was, that when he reckon sholde,  
 When it drew to his death-day, that he ne dread him sore,  
 And that, at reckoning, in arrearage<sup>6</sup> fell, rather than out of  
 debt.

There the poor dare plead, and prove by pure reason  
 To have allowance of his Lord,—by the law he it claimeth.  
 Joy, that never joy had, of rightful Judge he asketh :  
 And saith, " Lo, birds and beasts, that no bliss ne knoweth,  
 And wild worms in woods ; through winter Thou them  
 grievest,

And makest them well-nigh meek and mild for defaute ;<sup>7</sup>  
 And after, Thou sendest them summer, that is their sovereign  
 joy,

And bliss to all that been, both wild and tame.  
 Then may beggars, as beastes, after bote<sup>8</sup> waiten,  
 That all their life han<sup>9</sup> lived in languour and in defaute.  
 But<sup>10</sup> God sent them some time some manner joy,  
 Other<sup>11</sup> here or elsewhere, Kind<sup>12</sup> would it never.

*Passus XIV.*

## CHARITY.

" Charity," quoth he, " ne chaffereth<sup>13</sup> not, ne challengeth,<sup>14</sup>  
 ne craveth,<sup>15</sup>

As proud of a penny as of a pound of gold,  
 And is as glad of a gown of a gray russet  
 As of a tunicle of Tarse or of Tyre scarlet.  
 He is glad with all glad, and good till<sup>16</sup> all wicked,  
 And lieveth<sup>17</sup> and loveth all that our Lord made.  
 Curseth he no creature, ne he can bear no wrath,  
 Ne no liking hath to lie, ne laugh men to scorn.

<sup>1</sup> Jester.<sup>2</sup> Bounty.<sup>3</sup> Praise.<sup>4</sup> Prate.<sup>5</sup> Man.<sup>6</sup> In arrears.<sup>7</sup> From want.<sup>8</sup> Remedy.<sup>9</sup> Have.<sup>10</sup> Except.<sup>11</sup> Either.<sup>12</sup> Nature.<sup>13</sup> Trades.<sup>14</sup> Makes claim.<sup>15</sup> Bega.<sup>16</sup> Towards.<sup>17</sup> Believeth.

All that men saith he let it soth<sup>1</sup> and in solace taketh,  
 And all manner mischiefs in mildness he suffereth :  
 Coveteth he none earthly good, but heaven-riche<sup>2</sup> blisse." . . .  
 For Charity is God's champion, and as a good child hende,<sup>3</sup>  
 And the merriest of mouth at meat where he sitteth.  
 The love that lieth in his heart maketh him light of speech,  
 And is companable and confortative as Christ beeth himselve ;  
 For I have seen him in silk and sometime in russet,  
 Both in grey and in gris and in gilt harness ;  
 And as gladly he it gave to gomes<sup>4</sup> that it needed. . . .  
 I have seen Charity also singen and readen,  
 Riden and runnen in ragged weedes ;  
 But bidding<sup>5</sup> as beggars beheld I him never. . . .  
 And in a friar's frock he was y-found ones,<sup>6</sup>  
 But it is far ago in Saint Francis' time ;  
 In that sect sithe<sup>7</sup> too seld<sup>8</sup> hath he be knowen.

*Passus XV.*

CONSUMMATUM EST.

Then came Pilatus with much people, *sedens pro tribunali* . . . .  
 The Jews and the Justice against Jesu both were,  
 And all their Court on him cried *Crucifige* sharp.  
 Tho put him forth a pilour<sup>9</sup> before Pilate and said :—  
 " This Jesus of our Jews' Temple japed<sup>10</sup> and despised,  
 To fordone it in one day, and in three days after  
 Edify it eft new (here he stant that said it !),  
 And yet maken it as much in all manner points,  
 Both as long and as large, beloft and beground."  
 "*Crucifige*," quoth a catchpole : " I warrant him a witch !"  
 "*Tolle, tolle* !" quoth another, and took of keen thorns,  
 And began of keen thorn a garland to make,  
 And set it sore on his head, and said in envy :  
 "*Ave, Rabbi*," quoth that Ribald, and threw reeds at him.  
 Nailed him with three nails naked on the rood ;  
 And poison on a pole they put up to his lips,  
 And bade him drink his death-eisel,<sup>11</sup> his days were ydone.  
 " And, gif that thou subtle be, help now thyselfen ;  
 If thou be Christ and King's Son, came down of the Rood :  
 Then shall we lieve<sup>12</sup> that life thee loveth and will not let  
 thee die !"

<sup>1</sup> He takes for truth, he believes to be true.

<sup>4</sup> Men.

<sup>5</sup> Beseeching.

<sup>6</sup> Once.

<sup>2</sup> Heavenly.

<sup>3</sup> Courteous.

<sup>9</sup> Thief.

<sup>10</sup> Scoffed.

<sup>11</sup> Vinegar.

<sup>7</sup> Since.

<sup>8</sup> Seldom.

<sup>12</sup> Believe.

"*Consummatum est!*" quoth Christ, and comsed<sup>1</sup> for to  
swow,<sup>2</sup>

Piteously and pale, as a prisoner that dieth;  
The Lord of life and of light tho<sup>3</sup> laid his eyen together;  
The day for dread withdrew, and dark became the sun;  
The vail wagged and cleft, and all the world quaved;<sup>4</sup>  
Dead men for that din came out of deep graves  
And told why that tempest so large time dured.  
"For a bitter battle," the dead body said,  
"Life and Death in this darkness the one fordoth<sup>5</sup> the other;  
Shall no wight wit witterly<sup>6</sup> who shall have the maistery  
Ere Sunday about sun-rising:" and sank with that till earth.

*Passus XVIII.*

#### GIFTS OF GRACE.

"Forthy,"<sup>7</sup> quoth Grace, "ere I go, I will give you treasure,  
And weapons to fight with when Anti-christ you assaileth;"  
And gave each man a grace to gye<sup>8</sup> with himselven,  
That idleness encumber him not, envy ne pride.  
Some he gave wit<sup>9</sup> with wordes to shewe,  
Wit to win their liflode<sup>10</sup> with, as the world asketh,  
As preachers and priestes and prentices of lawe,  
They leally<sup>11</sup> to live by labour of tongue,  
And by wit to wissen<sup>12</sup> other as Grace them would teach;  
And some he kenned<sup>13</sup> crafte and cunning of sight  
With selling and buying their by-life to winne;  
And some he leared to labour<sup>14</sup> a leal<sup>15</sup> life and a true;  
And some he taught to tille, to dike, and to thatche,  
To win with their liflode by lore of his teaching;  
And some to divine and divide, numbers<sup>16</sup> to kenne,  
And some to compass craftily and colours<sup>17</sup> to make;  
And some to see and to say<sup>18</sup> what should befall  
Both of weal and of wo, tell it or<sup>19</sup> it fell,  
As astronomians through astronomy, and philosophers wise;  
And some to ride, and to recover<sup>20</sup> that unrightfully was wonne;  
He wised<sup>21</sup> them win it again through wightness of handes,  
And fetchen it fro false men with foluyles<sup>22</sup> laws;  
And some he leared to live in longing to been hence,<sup>23</sup>  
In poverty and in penance to pray for all Cristene:

<sup>1</sup> Began.

<sup>2</sup> Swoon.

<sup>3</sup> Then.

<sup>4</sup> Trembled.

<sup>5</sup> Overcomes.

<sup>6</sup> No one know with certainty.

<sup>7</sup> Therefore.

<sup>8</sup> Guide.

<sup>9</sup> Knowledge and eloquence.

<sup>10</sup> Livelihood.

<sup>11</sup> Loyally, honestly.

<sup>12</sup> Instruct.

<sup>13</sup> Taught merchandise.

<sup>14</sup> Taught handicrafts.

<sup>15</sup> Honest.

<sup>16</sup> Mathematics.

<sup>17</sup> Painting and designing.

<sup>18</sup> To foretell events.

<sup>19</sup> Before it happened.

<sup>20</sup> Knighthood and chivalry.

<sup>21</sup> Counsellor.

<sup>22</sup> Reading uncertain.

<sup>23</sup> The monastic life.



And all he leared to be leal,<sup>1</sup> and eache craft love other,  
 And forbade them all debate, that none were among them.  
 "Though some be cleaner than some, ye see well," quoth  
 Grace,  
 "That he that useth the fairest craft to the foulest I could  
 have put him.  
 Thinketh all," quoth Grace, "that grace cometh of my gift ;  
 Look that none lacke<sup>2</sup> other, but loveth all as brethren ;  
 And who that most maistries can,<sup>3</sup> be mildest of bearing ;  
 And crowneth Conscience king, and maketh Craft<sup>4</sup> your  
 steward ;  
 And, after Craftes counsel, clotheth you and feed.

*Passus XIX. .*

THE MARCH OF DEATH.

Elde<sup>5</sup> the hoar, he was in the vauntward,  
 And bare the banner before Death : by right he it claimed.  
 Kind<sup>6</sup> came after with many keen sores,  
 As pocks and pestilences, and much people shent ;<sup>7</sup>  
 So Kind through corruptions killed full many.  
 Death came driving after, and all to dust pashed,—  
 Kinges and knightes, kaisers<sup>8</sup> and popes ;  
 Leared ne lewed<sup>9</sup> he let no man stonde,  
 That he hit even, that ever stirred after.  
 Many a lovely lady and lemans<sup>10</sup> of knightes  
 Swouned and swelled for sorrow of Death's dints.  
 Conscience of his courtesy to Kind he besought  
 To cease and suffer, and see where they wolde  
 Leave pride privily and be parfet Christen.  
 And Kind ceased then, to see the people amend.  
 Fortune gan flatteren then those few that were alive,  
 And behight<sup>11</sup> them long life ; and Lechery<sup>12</sup> he sent  
 Amongst all manner men, wedded and unwedded,  
 And gathered a great host all against Conscience.  
 This Lechery led on with a laughing cheere<sup>13</sup>  
 And with privy speech and painted wordes,  
 And armed him in idleness and in high bearing.  
 He bare a bow in his hand, and many bloody arrows  
 Weren feathered with fair behest<sup>14</sup> and many a false truth. .  
 And Eld anon after me, and over mine head gede,<sup>15</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Faithful, true.

<sup>4</sup> Prudence.

<sup>9</sup> Learned nor ignorant.

<sup>13</sup> Countenance.

<sup>2</sup> Find fault with.

<sup>5</sup> Old age.

<sup>10</sup> Sweethearts.

<sup>14</sup> Promise.

<sup>3</sup> And who knows most.

<sup>7</sup> Ruined.

<sup>11</sup> Vowed.

<sup>15</sup> Went.

<sup>8</sup> Emperors.

<sup>12</sup> Vice.

And made me bald before, and bare on the crowne ;  
So hard he gede over mine head it will be seen ever.

"Sir evil-ytaught Eld," quoth I, "unhend,<sup>1</sup> go with thee !  
Sith when was the way over men's heades ?  
Hadst thou been hend," quoth I, "thou wouldst have asked  
leave !"

"Yea ! leave lordane," quoth he, and laid on me with age,  
And hit me under the ear unæth<sup>2</sup> may I hear ;  
He buffeted me about the mouth, and beat out my teeth,  
And gyvèd me in gouts, I may not go at large.  
And of the woe that I was in my wife had ruth,  
And wished full bitterly that I were in heaven. . . .

And as I sate in this sorrow I saw how Kind passed ;  
And Death drew nigh me : for dread gan I quake,  
And cried to Kind out of care me to bring.

"Lo ! Elde the hoar hath me be-seye ;<sup>3</sup>  
Awreak<sup>4</sup> me, if your will be, for I would be hence."

"Gif<sup>5</sup> thou wilt been ywroken,<sup>6</sup> wend into Unity,<sup>7</sup>  
And hold thee there ever till I send for thee ;  
And look thou con some craft ere thou come hence."

"Counsel me, Kind," quoth I, "what craft is best to learn ?"

"Learn to love," quoth Kind, "and leave off all other."

"How shall I come to chattel<sup>8</sup> so, to clothe me and to  
feed ?"

"And thou love leally,"<sup>9</sup> quoth he, "lack shall thee never  
Meat ne worldly weed<sup>10</sup> while thy life lasteth."

*Passus XX.*

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## JOHN GOWER.

( ? -1408.)

GOWER, a wealthy "esquire" of Kent, was already known as the author of (1) a French poem, called *Speculum Meditantis* ("The Meditative Man's Glass"), and (2) a Latin poem called *Vox Clamantis*, on the subject of Wat Tyler's Insurrection ("The Voice of One Crying"), when at length in his old age he undertook, at the request of the young King Richard II., to write a third poem in his native tongue. This English poem had likewise a Latin title, *Confessio Amantis*

<sup>1</sup> Uncivil.    <sup>2</sup> Scarce.    <sup>3</sup> Beset.    <sup>4</sup> Avenge me.    <sup>5</sup> If.    <sup>6</sup> Avenged.  
<sup>7</sup> Go, dwell with Unity.    <sup>8</sup> Come to wealth.    <sup>9</sup> Faithfully.    <sup>10</sup> Clothing.

- ("The Lover's Confession"), and was written between the years 1386 and 1393, the period of Chaucer's greatest works. It consists of a Prologue and eight *Libri* or Books, is throughout in the octo-syllabic rhymed couplet, and has for its main subject the Confessions of a love-sick youth to a priest of Venus, whom he calls Genius. Within this framework of a narrative are interwoven a number of stories from the mediæval romances, the *Gesta Romanorum*, the Classic writers, and the Bible; and one whole Book is devoted to an exposition of Aristotelian philosophy.

Gower and Chaucer were associated in life as friends and fellow-poets; and we are still in the habit of linking their names, as if recognising some essential likeness in their writings. Nor is the custom altogether without reason. Both used the same courtly dialect of English and rhymed metre, and, in some cases, they borrowed their stories from the same source. Both had closely studied the vernacular literatures of France and Italy, and were especially familiar with the writings of Boccaccio. Also, the poetry of Gower and Chaucer was wholly ideal and artistic, their aim being to delight the world rather than to inform or to correct it; and they are, in this respect, to be distinguished both from Langland the Moralist, and from Barbour, whose *Bruce* may be said to represent the nearest approach in that age to our modern prose form, the historical romance.

The *Confessio Amantis* was a great favourite in its author's life-time; and, for two centuries after his death, Gower was held in high repute among our poets on account of his excellent English and rare erudition. He has, however, long since fallen out of his first popularity; and the name of "moral Gower," to whom Chaucer entrusted, as to his most able contemporary, the correction of his own verses, is become in these days almost a synonym for dulness. A few passages may be found in the dreary length of the *Confession* which are worth preserving, if not for their poetic merit, at least for a certain winning grace and innocent sentimentality, which are perhaps Gower's best characteristics.

## FROM CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

## THE OLD TIME AND THE NEW.

If I shall draw into my mind  
 The timè passèd, then I find  
 The world stood in all his<sup>1</sup> wealth.  
 Then was the life of man in health;  
 Then was plenty, then was riches;  
 Then was the fortune of prowess;  
 Then was knight-hood in pris<sup>2</sup> by name,  
 Whereof the widè worldès<sup>3</sup> fame,  
 Writ in croniques, is yet withhold.<sup>4</sup>  
 Justice of lawes then was hold;<sup>5</sup>  
 The privilege of regalie<sup>6</sup>  
 Was safe; and all the baronie<sup>7</sup>  
 Worshipped was in his<sup>1</sup> estate.  
 The cities knewen no debate;  
 The people stood in obeisance  
 Under the rule of governance;  
 And Peace, with Rightwisnessè kest,<sup>8</sup>  
 With Charity then stood in rest.  
 Of mannès heartè the courage  
 Was shewèd then in the visage;  
 The word was like to the conceit,<sup>9</sup>  
 Withoutè semblaunt of deceit.  
 Then was there unenvièd love;  
 Then was virtue set above,  
 And vice was put under foot.  
 Now stant<sup>10</sup> the crop<sup>11</sup> under the root;  
 The world is changèd over all,  
 And thereof most in special  
 That love is fallen into discord.

*Prologue.*

## THE VAINGLORIOUS LOVER.

*Confessor.* The proud vice of vainglory  
 Remembreth nought of purgatory;  
 His worldès joyes been so great  
 Him thinketh heaven no begete.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Its (old form).

<sup>5</sup> Maintained.

<sup>9</sup> Thought.

<sup>3</sup> Prized.

<sup>6</sup> Ruling.

<sup>10</sup> Standeth.

<sup>8</sup> World-wide.

<sup>7</sup> Nobility.

<sup>11</sup> Head or top of a plant.

<sup>4</sup> Retained.

<sup>8</sup> Kissed.

<sup>12</sup> Advantage.

This life's pomp is all his peace ;  
 Yet shall he die nevertheless ;  
 And thereof thinketh he but lite ;<sup>1</sup>  
 For all his lust is to delight  
 In newè thingès proud and vain,  
 As far forth as he may attain.  
 I trow, if that he mightè make  
 His body new, he woldè take  
 A newè form and leave his old :  
 For, what thing that he may behold,  
 The which to common use is strange,  
 Anon, his oldè guise to change  
 He woll, and fallè thereupon  
 Like unto the chameleon ;  
 Which, upon every sundry hue  
 That he beholt,<sup>2</sup> he mote renew  
 His colour, and thus unavised  
 Full oftè time he stant<sup>3</sup> disguised  
 More jolif than the bird in May.  
 He maketh him ever fresh and gay,  
 And doth all his array disguise,  
 So that of him the newè guise  
 Of lusty folk all other take.<sup>4</sup>  
 And ekè he can carols make,  
 Roundel, balad, and virelay.<sup>5</sup>  
 And with all this, if that he may  
 Of love get him the avauntage,<sup>6</sup>  
 Anon he wexth of his courage<sup>7</sup>  
 So over-glad that of his end  
 He thinketh there is no death comend.<sup>8</sup>  
 For he hath then at allè tide<sup>9</sup>  
 Of lovè such a manner pride<sup>10</sup>  
 Him thinketh his joy is endeleess.

*Book I.*

#### THE JEALOUS LOVER.

*Lover.* My Father, yea, a thousand sithe<sup>11</sup>  
 When I have seen another blithe  
 Of love, and had a goodly cheer,<sup>12</sup>  
 Etna, which burneth year by year,

<sup>1</sup> Little.

<sup>4</sup> All other lusty folk imitate his new fashions.

<sup>6</sup> Success in love.

<sup>9</sup> At all times.

<sup>2</sup> Beholdeth.

<sup>7</sup> Is waxed in spirit.

<sup>10</sup> So great pride.

<sup>3</sup> Standeth.

<sup>5</sup> Rounds and part songs.

<sup>8</sup> Coming.

<sup>11</sup> Times. <sup>12</sup> Countenance.

Was thennè not so hot as I  
 Of thilkè sore which privily  
 Mine heartès thought withinne brenneth.  
 The ship which on the wavès renneth,  
 And is forstormèd and forblowe,<sup>1</sup>  
 Is not more painèd for a throwe<sup>2</sup>  
 Than I am thennè when I see  
 Another which that passeth me  
 In that fortune of Lovès gift . . .  
 But this ye may right well believe,  
 Toward my lady that I serve,  
 Though that I wistè for to sterve,<sup>3</sup>  
 Mine heart is full of such folly  
 That I myself may nought chasty.<sup>4</sup>  
 When I the court see of Cupide  
 Approach unto my lady side  
 Of them that lusty been and fresh,  
 Though it avail them nought a resh,<sup>5</sup>  
 But only that they been of speech,<sup>6</sup>  
 My sorrow then is not to seech,<sup>6</sup>  
 But, when they rounen in her ear,  
 Then groweth all my mostè fear;  
 And, namely,<sup>7</sup> when they talen long,<sup>8</sup>  
 My sorrow thennè be so strong,  
 Of that<sup>9</sup> I see them well at ease,  
 I can nought tellè my disease.  
 But, sire, as of<sup>10</sup> my lady-selve,  
 Though she have woovers ten or twelve,  
 For no mistrust I have of her  
 Me grieveth nought.<sup>11</sup> . . .  
 But nethelless I am beknow<sup>12</sup>  
 That when I see at any throw,<sup>13</sup>  
 Or else if that I may it hear,  
 That she make any man good cheer,  
 Though I thereof have nought to doon,<sup>14</sup>  
 My thought woll entermete<sup>15</sup> him soon.  
 For, though I be myselfen strange,<sup>16</sup>  
 Envy maketh mine heart to change,  
 That I am sorrowfully bestad<sup>17</sup>  
 Of that I see another glad

<sup>1</sup> Storm-driven and blown about.<sup>3</sup> Though I knew I should die.<sup>6</sup> Seek.<sup>7</sup> Chiefly.<sup>8</sup> Tell long tales.<sup>11</sup> I do not grieve for mistrust of her.<sup>14</sup> Nothing to do with it.<sup>15</sup> Interpose.<sup>3</sup> For a time.<sup>4</sup> Chastise.<sup>9</sup> Because.<sup>13</sup> To confess.<sup>16</sup> Estranged.<sup>5</sup> Not a rush.<sup>10</sup> As regards.<sup>13</sup> Time.<sup>17</sup> Distressed.

With her ; but of other,<sup>1</sup> all  
Of love what-so may befall,  
Or that he fail, or that he speed,  
Thereof take I but little heed.

*Book II.*

## LOVE AND HATE.

*Confessor.* Now list, my son, and thou shalt hear.  
Hate is a wrathè nought shewend,<sup>2</sup>  
But of long time gatherend,<sup>3</sup>  
And dwelleth in the heartè locken<sup>4</sup>  
Till he see timè to be wroken.<sup>5</sup>  
And then he sheweth his tempest  
More sudden than the wildè beast,  
Which wot<sup>6</sup> nothing what mercy is.  
My son, art thou knowen<sup>7</sup> of this?

*Lover.* My good fater, as I ween,<sup>8</sup>  
Now wot I somedeal<sup>9</sup> what ye mean.  
But I dare safely make an oath  
My lady was me<sup>10</sup> never loath.<sup>11</sup>  
I woll nought swearè netheless  
That I of hate am guiltèless.  
For, when I to my lady ply  
From day to day, and mercy cry,  
And she no mercy on me laith,<sup>12</sup>  
But shortè wordès to me saith,  
Though I my lady love algate,<sup>13</sup>  
The wordès must I needès hate,  
And woldè they were all dispent,<sup>14</sup>  
Or so far out of londè<sup>15</sup> went  
That I never after should them hear ;  
And yet love I my lady dear.  
Thus is there hate, as ye may see,  
Between my lady's word and me :  
The word I hate, and her I love,  
Whatso<sup>16</sup> shall me betide of love !

*Book III.*<sup>1</sup> Of other men.<sup>2</sup> Showing.<sup>3</sup> Gathering.<sup>4</sup> Locked.<sup>5</sup> Avenged.<sup>6</sup> Knows.<sup>7</sup> Conscious of this sin ?<sup>8</sup> Guess.<sup>9</sup> Now know I something.<sup>10</sup> To me.<sup>11</sup> Hateful.<sup>12</sup> Layeth.<sup>13</sup> Always.<sup>14</sup> Disposed of.<sup>15</sup> The land.<sup>16</sup> Whatsoever

## THE STORY OF PHŒBUS AND DAPHNE.

A maiden whilom<sup>1</sup> there was one  
 Which Daphne hight ; <sup>2</sup> and such was none  
 Of beauty then, as it was said.  
 Phœbus his love hath on her laid ;  
 And thereupon to her he sought  
 In his fool-haste, and so besought  
 That she with him no restè had.  
 For ever upon her love he grad,<sup>3</sup>  
 And she said ever unto him "Nay."  
 So it befell upon a day,  
 Cupidè, which hath every chance  
 Of love under his governance,  
 Saw Phœbus hasten him so sore ;  
 And, for<sup>4</sup> he should him hasten more,  
 And yet not speeden at the last,  
 A dart throughout his heart he cast,  
 Which was of gold and all a-fire,  
 That made him many-fold desire  
 Of lovè morè than he did.  
 To Daphne eke in the same stead<sup>5</sup>  
 A dart of lead he cast, and smote,  
 Which was all cold and no-thing hot.  
 And thus Phœbus in lovè brenneth,  
 And in his haste aboutè renneth  
 To look if that he mightè win ;  
 But he was ever to begin.  
 For ever away fro him she fled,  
 So that he never his love sped.  
 And, for to make him full believe  
 That no fool-hastè might achieve  
 To gotten love in such degree,  
 This Daphne into a laurel tree  
 Was twined ; which is ever green,  
 In token, as yet it may be seen,  
 That she shall dwell a maiden still,  
 And Phœbus failen of his will.

Book III.

## THE DILIGENT LOVER.

*Confessor.* Now, son, tell me then so,  
 What hast thou done of busy-ship<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Formerly.<sup>2</sup> Was called.  
<sup>5</sup> Place.<sup>3</sup> Cried.  
<sup>6</sup> Serving.<sup>4</sup> In order that.



To Love, and to the ladyship  
Of her which thy lady is?

*Lover.* My father, ever yet ere this  
In every place, in every stead,<sup>1</sup>  
What so my lady hath me bid<sup>2</sup>  
With all my heart obedient  
I have thereto been diligent ;  
And, if so is that she bid nought,  
What thing that then into my thought  
Comth first of that I may suffice,  
I bow and proffer my service,  
Sometime in chamber, sometime in hall,  
Right as I see the timè fall.  
And, when she goth to hearè mass,  
That timè shall not overpass  
That I n'approach her lady-head,  
In aunter<sup>3</sup> if I may her lead  
Unto the chapel and again ;<sup>4</sup>  
Then is not all my way in vain. . . .  
But afterward it doth me harm  
Of pure imagination ;  
For thennè this collation<sup>5</sup>  
I make unto myselfen oft,  
And say : Ha, lord, how she is soft,  
How she is round, how she is small ;  
Now, woldè God, I had her all  
Withoutè daunger<sup>6</sup> at my will !  
And then I sigh and sittè still,  
Of that I see my busy thought  
Is turnèd idle into nought.  
But, for all that, let I ne may,<sup>7</sup>  
When I see time another day,  
That I ne do my busyness<sup>8</sup>  
Unto my lady's worthiness ;  
For I thereto my wit affaite<sup>9</sup>  
To see the timès and await  
What is to done<sup>10</sup> and what to leave.  
And so, when time is, by her leave,  
What thing she bid me done I do ;  
And where she bid me gone I go ;  
And, when her list to clepe,<sup>11</sup> I come.  
Thus hath she fully overcome

<sup>1</sup> Place.    <sup>2</sup> Bidden.    <sup>3</sup> To adventure.    <sup>4</sup> To the chapel and home again.

<sup>5</sup> Comparison.

<sup>6</sup> Fear.

<sup>7</sup> I cannot hinder.

<sup>8</sup> Service.

<sup>9</sup> Subdue.

<sup>10</sup> Do.

<sup>11</sup> Call.

Mine idlenessè till I sterve<sup>1</sup>  
 So that I must her needès serve ;  
 For, as men sayn,<sup>2</sup> "need hath no law ;"  
 Thus must I needly<sup>3</sup> to her draw.  
 I serve, I bow, I look, I lout ;  
 Mine eye followeth her about.  
 What so she wollè, so woll I ;  
 When she woll sit, I kneelè by ;  
 And, when she stont,<sup>4</sup> then woll I stond ;  
 And, when she taketh her work on hond  
 Of weaving, or of embroiderie,  
 Then can I nought but muse and pry  
 Upon her fingers long and small.  
 And now I think, and now I tale,<sup>5</sup>  
 And now I sing, and now I sike,<sup>6</sup>  
 And thus my countenance I pike.<sup>7</sup>  
 And, if it fall as for a timè  
 Her liketh nought abidè by me,  
 But busien her on other things,  
 Then make I other tarryings<sup>8</sup>  
 To dretchè<sup>9</sup> forth the longè day ;  
 For me is loth depart away.  
 And then I am so simple of port<sup>10</sup>  
 That, for to feignè some disport,<sup>11</sup>  
 I playè with her little hound,  
 Now on the bed, now on the ground,  
 Now with the birdès in the cage ;  
 For there is none so little page,  
 Ne yet so simple a chamberere,<sup>12</sup>  
 That I ne make them allè chere,  
 All for<sup>13</sup> they shouldè speakè well.  
 Thus may ye see my busy wheel,  
 That goth nought idelich<sup>14</sup> about.  
 And, if her list to riden out  
 On pelrinage<sup>15</sup> or other stead,<sup>16</sup>  
 I comè, though I be nought bid,<sup>17</sup>  
 And take her in mine arm aloft,  
 And set her in her saddle soft,  
 And so forth lead her by the bridle,—  
 For that I woldè not been idle.

*Book IV.*

1 Die.	2 Say.	3 Necessarily.	4 Standeth.	5 Tell stories.
6 Sigh.	7 Disfigure.	8 Excuses for delay.	9 Linger.	
10 Bearing.	11 Amusement.	12 House servant.	13 So that.	
14 Idly.	15 Pilgrimage.	16 Place.	17 Bidden.	

## GOWER IN HIS OLD AGE BIDS FAREWELL TO LOVE.

I made a likeness of myselve  
 Unto the sundry monthès twelve. . . .  
 For who the timès well recordeth,—  
 And then at March if he begin,  
 When that the lusty year comth in,  
 Till Augst be passèd and September,—  
 The mighty youth he may remember  
 In which the year hath his deduit<sup>1</sup>  
 Of grass, of leaf, of flower, of fruit,  
 Of corn and of the winey grape :  
 And afterward the time is shape  
 To frost, to snow, to wind, to rain,  
 Til eft<sup>2</sup> that March be come again.  
 The winter woll no summer know ;  
 The greenè leaf is overthrow<sup>3</sup> ;  
 The clothèd earth is thennè bare ;  
 Despoilèd is the summer fair. . . .  
 Venus beheld me then and lough,<sup>4</sup>  
 And axeth, as it were in game,  
 "What love was?" And I for shame  
 Ne wistè what I shoud answer. . . .  
 "Madame," I saidè, "by your leave,  
 Ye weten<sup>5</sup> well, and so wot I,  
 That I am unbehovèly<sup>6</sup>  
 Your court fro this day for to serve. . . .  
 And, for<sup>7</sup> I may no thank deserve,  
 And also for I am refused,  
 I praiè you to been excused.  
 And nethelless, as for to last,<sup>8</sup>  
 While that my wittès with me last,  
 Touchend my Confession,<sup>9</sup>  
 I ax<sup>10</sup> an absolution  
 Of Genius<sup>11</sup> ere that I go.  
 The priest anon was ready tho,<sup>12</sup>  
 And said, "Son, as of thy shrift,<sup>13</sup>  
 Thou hast full pardon and forgift :<sup>14</sup>  
 Forget it thou, and so will I."  
 "Mine holy father, grant mercy,"<sup>15</sup>  
 Quoth I to him ; and to the Queen<sup>16</sup>  
 I fell on knees upon the green,

<sup>1</sup> Pleasure.<sup>2</sup> After.<sup>3</sup> Overthrown.<sup>4</sup> Laughed.<sup>5</sup> Know.<sup>6</sup> Unprofitably.<sup>7</sup> Because.<sup>8</sup> To continue.<sup>9</sup> The *Confessio Amantis*.<sup>10</sup> Ask.<sup>11</sup> Genius is the "Father."<sup>12</sup> Then.<sup>13</sup> Confession.<sup>14</sup> Forgiveness.<sup>15</sup> For *grand-merci*.<sup>16</sup> Venus.

And took my leavè for to wend.  
 But she, that woldè make an end,  
 As thereto which I was most able,  
 A pair of beadès,<sup>1</sup> black as sable,  
 She took, and hung my neck about.  
 Upon the gaudès<sup>2</sup> all without  
 Was writ of gold *Pour reposer*.  
 "Lo," thus she saidè, "Johan Gower,  
 Now thou art at the lastè cast,  
 Thus have I for thine easè cast<sup>3</sup>  
 That thou no more of lovè seech.<sup>4</sup> . . .  
 But my will is that thou beseech  
 And pray hereafter for the peace,  
 And that thou make a plein<sup>5</sup> release  
 To Love, which taketh little heed  
 Of oldè men. . . .  
 And tarry thou in my court no more ;  
 But go where virtue moral dwelleth,  
 Where been thy bookès, as men telleth,  
 Which of long time thou hast y-writ . . .  
 And greet well Chaucer, when ye meet,  
 As my disciple and my poete.  
 For, in the flowers of his youth,  
 In sundry-wise as he well couth,<sup>6</sup>  
 Of ditties and of songès glad,  
 The which he for my sakè made,  
 The land fulfilled is over all ;  
 Wherof to him in special  
 Above all other I am most hold."<sup>7</sup> . . .  
 "Madame, I can me well accord,"  
 Quoth I, "to tell as ye me bid."  
 And with that word, all suddenly  
 Enclosed in a starred<sup>8</sup> sky,  
 Venus, which is the Queen of Love,  
 Was take into her place above.

*Book VIII.*

<sup>1</sup> Two strings of beads for prayer.    <sup>2</sup> The bigger beads.    <sup>3</sup> Ordained.  
<sup>4</sup> Seck.    <sup>5</sup> Full.    <sup>6</sup> Knew how.    <sup>7</sup> Beholden.    <sup>8</sup> Filled with stars

## JOHN BARBOUR.

(1316?-1395.)

THE period (1306-14) comprising the close of Edward I.'s reign and the first seven years of that of Edward II. must always be accounted one of the most eventful and romantic in Scottish history. Those were the years of the "War of Independence," during which Robert Bruce, grandson of one of the original claimants of the Scottish crown in 1290, carried on with wonderful ability and heroism the struggle with the English, which resulted, in 1314, in the Battle of Bannockburn, and in 1328, in the final recognition by England of the independence of the Scottish nation and of Robert Bruce as the Scottish king. The poet Barbour—born, it is believed, in the year 1316—grew up in the midst of these events. He was Archdeacon of Aberdeen during the reigns of David II., Robert II., and Robert III.; and in the year 1375, when the last of these Roberts had been king for five years, he was occupied in writing a metrical history of Robert I. This poem, called *The Bruce*, embodies in a continuous narrative the popular legends and traditions which had accumulated during half a century round the memories of Bruce and his heroic companions. It is written in the Northern English of the period, and in the octosyllabic rhymed couplet of the old romances. The characters and scenery of his story are necessarily Scottish and local, and its incidents consist almost entirely of rough battle and adventure. But in the poem itself, apart from what we know otherwise, there is ample evidence that the Scottish Barbour was a man of culture. No man living in this island, except Chaucer, knew so well as this venerable Archdeacon how to describe a true "gentleman"; and perhaps even Chaucer himself has not excelled the portrait which Barbour has handed down to us of the young James of Douglas. Barbour is notable also among his contemporaries for a certain pure and ingenuous habit of mind. He had an almost boyish reverence for the physical qualities of courage and strength, and he delighted in the picturesque narration

of manly and warlike feats. But it is when he is moved by the presence in his heroes of the higher moral qualities, such as loyalty, forbearance, and the love of freedom, that Barbour attains to his highest standard, and deserves unmistakably the name of "poet."

*The Bruce* exists in a valuable MS. of the date 1489.<sup>1</sup> An earlier poem of Barbour, called *The Brute*, a history of the Scottish kings from Brutus downwards, is lost; but some *Lives of Northern Saints* in verse, known to be his, have been lately discovered in MS.<sup>2</sup>

## FROM THE BRUCE.

## SCOTLAND IN THRALDOM.

When Sir Edward the mighty king  
 Had on this wise done his liking  
 Of John the Balliol, that sae soon  
 Was all defaultit<sup>3</sup> and undone,  
 To Scotland went he then in hie,<sup>4</sup>  
 And all the land gan occupy  
 Sae haill<sup>5</sup> that baith castell and toun  
 Were intill<sup>6</sup> his possessioun,  
 Frae Wick anent Orkenay  
 To Muller Snook<sup>7</sup> in Galloway,  
 And stuffit all with English men.  
 Sheriffs and bailies made he then,  
 And alkin<sup>8</sup> other officers,  
 That for to govern land affairs  
 He made of English natioun;  
 That worthit<sup>9</sup> then sae richt feloun<sup>10</sup>  
 And sae wicked and covetous,  
 And sae hautane<sup>11</sup> and dispitous,  
 That Scottish men nicht do naething  
 That e'er nicht please to their liking. . . .  
 Ah! what they dempt<sup>12</sup> them felonly!  
 For good knichtis that were worthy,

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Jamieson's edition, reprinted in 1869, is published from this MS., which is in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh. It is by the hand of a monk of Perth named Ramsay, who also, in 1488, transcribed the *Wallace* of Blind Henry.

<sup>2</sup> By Mr. Bradshaw of Cambridge. They are to be published by the E. E. Text Society. <sup>3</sup> Ruined. <sup>4</sup> Haste. <sup>5</sup> So wholly. <sup>6</sup> In.

<sup>7</sup> Mull of Galloway. <sup>8</sup> All kinds of. <sup>9</sup> Grew.

<sup>10</sup> Treacherous. <sup>11</sup> Haughty and pitiless. <sup>12</sup> Judged, doomed.

### THREE CENTURIES OF ENGLISH POETRY.

For little enchésoun<sup>1</sup> or than nane,  
 They hangit by the neck-bane.  
 Also that folk, that ever was free,  
 And in freedom wont for to be,  
 Through their great mischance and folly,  
 Were treated then sae wickedly,  
 That their faes their judges were :  
 What wretchedness may man have mair ?

Ah, Freedom is a noble thing !  
 Freedom makes man to have liking ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Freedom all solace to man gives ;  
 He lives at ease that freely lives !  
 A noble heart may have nane ease,  
 Ne ellis noch<sup>3</sup> that may him please,  
 Gif freedom faileth : for free liking  
 Is yearned<sup>4</sup> o'er all other thing ;  
 Nor he that aye has livèd free  
 May noch<sup>5</sup> know weell the property,<sup>6</sup>  
 The anger, ne the wretched doom,  
 That is couplit to foul thirldom.  
 But, gif he had assayed it,  
 Then all perquere<sup>7</sup> he should it wit,  
 And should think freedom mair to prize  
 Than all the gold in the world that is.

*Book I.*

JAMES OF DOUGLAS.

In Paris near three year dwellit he ;  
 And then come tidings o'er the sea  
 That his father was done to dead.<sup>7</sup>  
 Then was he wae, and will of rede,<sup>8</sup>  
 And thocht that he wald<sup>9</sup> hame again,  
 To look gif he through ony pain  
 Micht win again his heritage  
 And his men out of all thrillage.<sup>10</sup>  
 To Saint Andrews he come in hie<sup>11</sup>  
 Whare the Bishop full courteously  
 Receivit him : . . .  
 A weell great while there dwellit he.  
 All men lovit him for his bounty ;<sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Reason.

<sup>2</sup> Enjoyment.

<sup>3</sup> Nor anything else.

<sup>4</sup> Desired.

<sup>5</sup> Kind of existence.

<sup>6</sup> Exactly.

<sup>7</sup> William of Douglas was ejected from his lands in Cheviotdale by Edward and died a prisoner in England. The Douglas estates were given to the fords of Cumberland.

<sup>8</sup> At a loss for counsel.

<sup>9</sup> Would go home again.

<sup>10</sup> Bondage.

<sup>11</sup> Haste.

<sup>12</sup> Goodness.

For he was of full fair effere,<sup>1</sup>  
 Wise, courteous, and *debonair* :  
 Large<sup>2</sup> and loving als<sup>3</sup> was he,  
 And o'er all thing loved lealty.  
 Lealty to love is gretumly :<sup>4</sup>  
 Through lealty lives men righteously ;  
 With æ virtue and lealty  
 A man may yet sufficient be ;  
 And but<sup>5</sup> lealty may nane have price  
 Whether he be wicht<sup>6</sup> or he be wise.  
 For where it failès, nae virtue  
 May be of price, ne of value,  
 To mak a man sae good that he  
 May simply callit good man be.<sup>7</sup>  
 He was in all his deedès leal ;<sup>8</sup>  
 For him dedeignit<sup>9</sup> nocht to deal  
 With treachery ne with falset.<sup>10</sup>  
 His heart on high honour was set,  
 And him contentit<sup>11</sup> in sic mannere  
 That all him lovit that were him near.  
 But he was nocht so fair that we  
 Should speak greatly of his beauty.  
 In visage was he somedeal grey  
 And had black hair, as I heard say :  
 But of limmis<sup>12</sup> he was weell made,  
 With banès<sup>13</sup> great and shulders braid.<sup>14</sup>  
 His body was weell made, leanie,  
 As they that saw him said to me.  
 When he was blythe he was lovely,  
 And meek and sweet in company ;  
 But wha in battle micht him see  
 All other countenance had he.  
 In speech y-lispit he somedeal ;  
 But that sat him richt wonder weell.

*Book I.*

BRUCE KILLS THE THREE MACKINDROSSERS.

For twa brethir<sup>15</sup> were in that land  
 That were the hardiest of hand  
 That were intill all that countree ;  
 And they had sworn, gif they micht see

pearance.	2 Generous.	3 Also.	4 Loyalty is to be loved greatly.
thout.	5 Strong.	7 Be called a good man.	8 Honest, true.
igned.	10 Falsehood.	11 Behaved.	12 Limbs.
and shoulders.		15 Brothers.	13 Bones.



The Bruce, where they him micht o'ertae  
 That they should die or then him slay.  
 Their surname was *Mackindrosser*;  
 That is als meikle<sup>1</sup> to say here  
 As the *Door-ward's Sons*, per<sup>2</sup> fay.<sup>3</sup>  
 Of their cousin the third had they;  
 That was richt stout, ill, and feloun.  
 When they the king of good renown  
 Saw sae behind his meinie<sup>4</sup> ride,  
 And saw him turn sae mony tide,<sup>4</sup>  
 They abaid<sup>5</sup> till that he was  
 Entered in ane narrow place,  
 Betwixt a loch-side and a brae,<sup>6</sup>  
 That was sae strait,<sup>7</sup> I undertae  
 That he micht nocht weell turn his steed.

Then with a will till him they gaed;  
 And ane him by the bridle hint,<sup>8</sup>  
 But he raucht<sup>9</sup> till him sic a dint,<sup>10</sup>  
 That arm and shulder flaw him frae.  
 With that, ane other gan him tae  
 By the leg, and his hand gan shoot  
 Betwix the stirrup and his foot.  
 And, when the king felt there his hand,  
 In his stirrups stithly<sup>11</sup> gan he stand,  
 And strack with spurs the steed in hie;<sup>12</sup>  
 And he lansit forth deliverly,<sup>13</sup>  
 Sae that the tother failit feet;  
 And nocht forthy<sup>14</sup> his hand was yet  
 Under the stirrup, maugré his.  
 The third, with full great haste, with this,  
 Richt till the brae-side he gaed,  
 And stert<sup>15</sup> behind him on his steed.  
 The king was then in full great press . . .  
 And syne him that behind him was,  
 Despite his will him gan he rase<sup>16</sup>  
 Frae behind him; though he had sworn,  
 He laid him even him befor.  
 Syne with the sword sic dint him gave  
 That he the head till the harnis<sup>17</sup> clave.  
 He rushit down, of blood all red,  
 As he that stound felt of dead.<sup>18</sup>

<sup>1</sup> As much as to say "the sons of the doorkeeper." <sup>3</sup> From "*par-foi*" Fr.

<sup>2</sup> Attendants. <sup>4</sup> So many times. <sup>5</sup> Waited. <sup>6</sup> Hill.

<sup>7</sup> Narrow. <sup>8</sup> Seized. <sup>9</sup> Fetched him. <sup>10</sup> Blow.

<sup>11</sup> Stiffly. <sup>12</sup> Haste. <sup>13</sup> Nimble. <sup>14</sup> Nevertheless.

<sup>15</sup> Sprang. <sup>16</sup> Remove. <sup>17</sup> Brains. <sup>18</sup> Felt that blow of death.

And then the king in full great hy  
 Strack at the tother vigorously,  
 That he after his stirrup drew,  
 That at the first strak he him slew.  
 On this wise him delivered he  
 Of all those felon fayis<sup>1</sup> three.

*Book II.*

## : MEETING OF BRUCE AND LENNOX ON LOCH LOMOND.

The King, after that he was gane,  
 To Loch Lomond the way has tane,<sup>2</sup>  
 And come there on the third day.  
 But there-about nae boat fand they  
 That micht them o'er the water bear.  
 Then were they wae<sup>3</sup> on great manner ;  
 For it was far about to gae,  
 And they were into doubt alsae,  
 To meet their faes that spread were wide.  
 Therefore endlang the lochis side  
 Sae busily they socht and fast,  
 Till James of Douglas at the last  
 Fand a little sunken bate<sup>4</sup>  
 And to the land it drew full hate ;<sup>5</sup>  
 But it sae little was that it  
 Micht o'er the water but three-some flit.<sup>6</sup>  
 They send thereof word to the King,  
 That was joyful of that finding ;  
 And first into the boat is gane  
 With him Douglas. The third was ane  
 That rowit them o'er deliverly,<sup>7</sup>  
 And set them on the land all dry,  
 And rowit sae oft sythes<sup>8</sup> to and frae,  
 Fetchind aye ower twa and twa,  
 That in a nicht and in a day  
 Comin out o'er the loch are they ;  
 For some of them could swim full weell,  
 And on his back bear a fardele.<sup>9</sup>  
 Sae, with swimming and with rowing,  
 They brocht them o'er and all their thing.  
 The King, the whilès, merrily  
 Read, to them that were him by,

12.

2 Taken.

3 Sorry.

4 Boat.

5 Hastily.

ry across only three at one time.

7 Briskly, cleverly.

12a.

9 Burden.

Romance of worthy Ferambrace,  
 That worthily o'er-comin was  
 Through the richt douchty Oliver ;  
 And how the Dukes of Paris<sup>1</sup> were  
 Assiegit intill<sup>2</sup> Egremor,  
 Where king Lavine lay them before  
 With mae thousands than I can say. . . .  
 The good King upon this manèr  
 Comfort them that were him near,  
 And made them gamin<sup>3</sup> and solace  
 Till that his folk all passit was.

When they were passit the water braid,  
 Suppose they fele of fayis had,<sup>4</sup>  
 They made them merry and were blythe.  
 Nocht forthy full felè sythè<sup>5</sup>  
 They had full great defaute<sup>6</sup> of meat ;  
 And therefore, venisoun to get,  
 In twa parties are they gane.  
 The King himself was intill one,  
 And Sir James of Douglas  
 Into the other party was.

Then to the hicht they held their way,  
 And huntit lang while of the day,  
 And socht shawis,<sup>7</sup> and setis<sup>8</sup> set ;  
 But they gat little for to eat.  
 Then happenit at that time percase<sup>9</sup>  
 That the Earl of the Lennox was  
 Amang the hillis near thereby.  
 And, when he heard sae blaw and cry,  
 He had wonder what it micht be ;  
 And on sic manner speerit<sup>10</sup> he  
 That he knew that it was the King.  
 And then, for-outen<sup>11</sup> more dwelling,  
 With all them of his company  
 He went richt till the King in hie,  
 Sae blythe and sae joyfùl that he  
 Micht on nae manner blyther be.  
 For he the King weened<sup>12</sup> had been dead. . . .  
 Therefore into full great daintie  
 The king full humbly halsit<sup>13</sup> he ;  
 And he him welcomed richt blythely,  
 And askit him full tenderly.

<sup>1</sup> This is Pinkerton's reading : the MS. has *Duk Peris*.

<sup>2</sup> Amusement. <sup>4</sup> Although they had many foes.

<sup>5</sup> Nevertheless, full many times. <sup>6</sup> Want. <sup>7</sup> Groves.

<sup>8</sup> By chance. <sup>10</sup> Inquired. <sup>11</sup> Without. <sup>12</sup> Supposed.

<sup>9</sup> Besiege

<sup>13</sup> Saared.

<sup>14</sup> Embrace

And all the lordis that were there  
 Richt joyful of their meeting were,  
 And kissit him in great daintie.

It was great pity for till see  
 How they for joy and pity gret<sup>1</sup>  
 When that they with their fellow met,  
 That they weened had been dead ; forthy<sup>2</sup>  
 They welcomed him mair heartfully.  
 And he for pity gret again,  
 That never of meeting was so fain.<sup>3</sup>

Though I say that they gret, sothly<sup>4</sup>  
 It was nae greeting<sup>5</sup> properly :  
 For I trow traistly<sup>6</sup> that greeting  
 Comes to men for mis-liking ;  
 And that nane may but<sup>7</sup> angry greet,  
 But it be women, that can weet  
 Their cheekis when them list with tears,  
 Albeit weell oft them naething deres.<sup>8</sup>  
 But I wot weell, without lesing,  
 Whatever men say of such greeting,  
 That mickle joy, or yet pity,<sup>9</sup>  
 May gar men sae a-movit be  
 That water frae the heart will rise  
 And weet the een on sic a wise<sup>10</sup>  
 That it is like to be greeting,  
 Though it be nocht sae in all thing.  
 For, when men greetis enkrely,<sup>11</sup>  
 The heart is sorrowful or angry ;  
 But for pity, I trow, greeting  
 Be naething but ane opening  
 Of heart, that shaws the tenderness  
 Of ruth<sup>12</sup> that in it closit<sup>13</sup> is.

*Book II.*

BRUCE OVERCOMES TWO HUNDRED MEN OF GALLOWAY,  
 WHO PURSUE HIM WITH A SLEUTH-HOUND.

And, when the Galloways wist soothly<sup>14</sup>  
 That he was with sae few meinie<sup>15</sup>  
 They made a privy assembly  
 Of weell twa hundred men and mae,<sup>16</sup>  
 And sleuth-houndis with them gan tae.<sup>17</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Wept.      <sup>2</sup> Therefore.      <sup>3</sup> Glad.      <sup>4</sup> Truly.      <sup>5</sup> Weeping.  
<sup>6</sup> Verily.      <sup>7</sup> Except when angry.      <sup>8</sup> Harms : A.S. *Derian*, to injure.  
<sup>9</sup> That either great joy or pity.      <sup>10</sup> In such a way.      <sup>11</sup> Inwardly.  
<sup>12</sup> Pity.      <sup>13</sup> Enclosed.      <sup>14</sup> Knew truly.      <sup>15</sup> Attendants.      <sup>16</sup> More.      <sup>17</sup> Take.

For they thocht him for to surprise,  
 And, gif he fled on ony wise,  
 To follow him with the houndis sae  
 That he should nocht escape them frae.

They shup<sup>1</sup> them, in an evening,  
 To surprise suddenly the King,  
 And till him held they straucht their way.  
 But he, that had his watches<sup>2</sup> aye  
 On ilka side, of their coming,  
 Lang or they come, had wittering,<sup>3</sup>  
 And how fele<sup>4</sup> that they micht be.  
 Therefore he thocht with his meinie  
 To withdraw him out of the place,  
 For the nicht weell fallen was.  
 And for the nicht he thocht that they  
 Should not have sicht to hold the way  
 That he were past with his meinie.  
 And as he thocht richt so did he ;  
 And went him doun till a morass,  
 O'er a water that rinnand was ;  
 And in the bog he fand a place  
 Weell strait,<sup>5</sup> that weell twa bow-draucht<sup>6</sup> was  
 Frae the water they passit had.  
 He said, " Here may ye make abade,  
 And rest you all a while and lie.  
 I will gae watch all privily  
 Gif I hear aucht of their coming ;  
 And, gif I may hear ony thing,  
 I shall gar<sup>7</sup> warn you, sae that we  
 Shall aye at our advantage be."

The King now taks his gate<sup>8</sup> to gae,  
 And with him took he sergeants twa ;  
 And Sir Gilbert de la Hay left he  
 There, for to rest with his meinie.  
 To the water he come in hie,<sup>9</sup>  
 And listened full entently<sup>10</sup>  
 Gif he heard oucht of their coming ;  
 But yet micht he hear nae thing.  
 Endlang<sup>11</sup> the water then gaed he,  
 On either side a great quantity ;<sup>12</sup>  
 And saw the braes high standand,  
 The water whole through, slik rinnand,

<sup>1</sup> Prepared.<sup>2</sup> Watches, outlooks.<sup>3</sup> Warning.<sup>4</sup> Many.<sup>5</sup> Narrow.<sup>6</sup> Bow-draught, i.e. bow-shot.<sup>7</sup> Cause.<sup>8</sup> Way.<sup>9</sup> Haste.<sup>10</sup> Attentively.<sup>11</sup> Along.<sup>12</sup> A long way in each direction

And fand nae ford that men micht pass  
But where himselfen passit was.

And sae strait was the upcoming<sup>1</sup>  
That twa men micht nocht samyn thring,<sup>2</sup>  
Ne on nae manner press them sae  
That they together micht lang gae.

And, when he a lang while had been there,  
He hearkenit, and heard as it were  
A houndis questioning on far<sup>3</sup>

That aye come till him, near and near.<sup>4</sup>

He stood still for to hearken mair;  
And aye the langer he was there,  
He heard it near and near comand.  
But he thocht he there still would stand  
Till that he heard mair tokening;

Then, for ane houndis questioning,<sup>5</sup>

He would nocht wauken his meinie;

Therefore he would abide, and see

What folk they were; and whether they

Held to-ward him the richt way,

Or passit ane-other way far by.

The moon was shinand clearly.

Sae lang he stood that he micht hear

The noise of them that comand were.

Then his twa men in hie<sup>6</sup> sent he,

To warn and wauken his meinie.

And they are forth their wayès gane,

And he left there all him alane.

And swa<sup>7</sup> stood he, hearkenand;

Till that he saw come at his hand

The haill rout intill full great hie.

Then he bethocht him hastily,

Gif he held toward his meinie,

That, or he micht reparrit<sup>8</sup> be,

They should be past the ford ilkane.<sup>9</sup>

And then behovit<sup>10</sup> him choose ane

Of ther<sup>11</sup> twa, other<sup>12</sup> to flee or die;

But his heart, that was stout and hie,

Counsellit him him-alane to bide,

And keep them at the forde-side,

And defend weell the up-coming,

Since he was warnist<sup>13</sup> of arming,

ward path.

r off.

etc.

hoved.

<sup>2</sup> That two men could not squeeze through the same.

<sup>4</sup> Nearer and nearer.

<sup>7</sup> So. <sup>8</sup> Ere he returned.

<sup>11</sup> These.

<sup>5</sup> For one hound's barking.

<sup>9</sup> Every one of them.

<sup>12</sup> Either.

<sup>13</sup> Furnished.

That he their arrows' thurch<sup>1</sup> nochd dread ;  
 And, gif he were of great marhead,  
 He nicht stonay<sup>2</sup> them ever-ilkane,<sup>3</sup>  
 Sin<sup>4</sup> they ne nicht come but ane and ane.  
 He did richt as his heart him bade.  
 Strang, out-rageous courage he had,  
 When he sae stoutly him alane,  
 For little strength of earth,<sup>5</sup> has taen<sup>6</sup>  
 To fecht with twa hunder and mae.<sup>7</sup>  
 Therewith he to the ford gan gae ;  
 And they, upon the tother party,  
 That saw him stand there anerly,<sup>8</sup>  
 Thringand<sup>9</sup> intill the water rade ;  
 For of him little doubt they had,  
 And rade till him in full great hie.  
 He smat<sup>10</sup> the first sae vigorously  
 With his spear, that richt sharp shar,<sup>11</sup>  
 Till he down to the earth him bar.  
 The lave<sup>12</sup> come then in a randoun ;<sup>13</sup>  
 But his horse, that was borne down,  
 Cumbrit<sup>14</sup> them the up-gang<sup>15</sup> to tae ;  
 And, when the King saw it was sae,  
 He stickit the horse, and he gan fling,  
 And syne<sup>16</sup> fell at the up-coming.  
 The lave<sup>17</sup> with that come with a shout ;  
 And he, that stalwart was and stout,  
 Met them right stoutly at the brae ;<sup>17</sup>  
 And sae good payment gan them ma',<sup>18</sup>  
 That fivesome<sup>19</sup> in the ford he slew.  
 The lave<sup>12</sup> then somedeal them withdrew,  
 That dred his strakis<sup>20</sup> wonder sair ;  
 For he in naething them forbare.

Then said ane, " Certes, we are to blame :  
 What shall we say when we come hame,  
 When ae<sup>21</sup> man fechts again us all ?  
 Wha wist ever<sup>22</sup> men sae foully fall  
 As us, gif that we this gate<sup>23</sup> leave ? "  
 With that, all hail<sup>24</sup> a shout they give,  
 And cryit, " On him ! he may nochd last ! "  
 With that they pressit him sae fast,

<sup>1</sup> Force.<sup>2</sup> Astonish.<sup>3</sup> Every one.<sup>4</sup> Since.<sup>5</sup> With only a slight advantage of position.<sup>6</sup> Undertaken.<sup>7</sup> More.<sup>8</sup> Singly.<sup>9</sup> Thronging.<sup>10</sup> Smote.<sup>11</sup> That cut (shore) right sharp.<sup>12</sup> Remainder.<sup>13</sup> In a hurry.<sup>14</sup> Cumbed, impeded.<sup>15</sup> Hill-side.<sup>16</sup> Make.<sup>17</sup> Upward path to take.<sup>18</sup> Then.<sup>19</sup> Dreaded his strokes.<sup>20</sup> One.<sup>21</sup> Five at once.<sup>22</sup> In this way.<sup>23</sup> All together.<sup>24</sup> Who ever knew.

That, had he nocht the better been,  
 He had been dead, withouten ween.<sup>1</sup>  
 But he sae great defence gan mak,  
 That, where he hit ane even strak,  
 There micht nae thing again him stand.  
 In little space he left lyand<sup>2</sup>  
 Sae fele<sup>3</sup> that the upcoming was then  
 Dittit<sup>4</sup> with slain horse and men;  
 Sae that his faes for that stopping,<sup>5</sup>  
 Micht nocht come to the upcoming.  
 Ah! dear God! wha<sup>6</sup> had then been by,  
 And seen how he sae hardily  
 Addressit him again them all,  
 I wat weel that they should him call  
 The best that livit in his day.

*Book IV.*

BRUCE SLAYS AN ENGLISH KNIGHT ON THE EVE OF  
 BANNOCKBURN.

And, when the King wist that they were  
 In haill batail<sup>7</sup> coming sae near,  
 His batail<sup>8</sup> gert he weel array.  
 He rade upon a little palfrey,  
 Laucht<sup>9</sup> and jolly; arrayand  
 His bataill<sup>10</sup> with an axe in hand.  
 And on his bassinet<sup>11</sup> he bare  
 An hat of ture<sup>12</sup> about ay-where;<sup>13</sup>  
 And there-upon in tokening,  
 Ane high crown, that he was King.  
 And, when Gloster and Hereford were  
 With their batail approaching near,  
 Before them all there came ridand,  
 With helm on head and spear in hand,  
 Sir Henry de Bohun, the worthy,  
 That was a wicht<sup>14</sup> knight and hardy,  
 And to the Earl of Hereford cousin,  
 Armit in armis good and fine,  
 Come on a stead,<sup>15</sup> a bow-shot near,  
 Before all other that there were;  
 And knew the King, for that he saw  
 Him sae rank his men on raw<sup>16</sup>

ithout doubt.    <sup>2</sup> Lying.    <sup>3</sup> So many.    <sup>4</sup> Sprinkled.    <sup>5</sup> That hindrance.  
 hoever.    <sup>7</sup> In full force.    <sup>8</sup> His forces.    <sup>9</sup> Dressed and handsome.  
 raying his forces.    <sup>11</sup> Helmet.    <sup>12</sup> A tiara.    <sup>13</sup> All round.  
 ave.    <sup>15</sup> Place, station.    <sup>16</sup> In standing order (row).



And by the crownè that was set  
 Also upon his bassinet,  
 And to-ward him he went in hie.  
 And, when the King sae apertly<sup>1</sup>  
 Saw him come forouth all his feres,<sup>2</sup>  
 In haste till him his horse he steers.  
 And, when Sir Henry saw the King  
 Come on, forouten abasing<sup>3</sup>  
 Till him he'rade in full great hie.  
 He thoct that he should weel lichtly  
 Win him, and have him at his will,  
 Since he him horsit saw sae ill.  
 Sprent they samin intill a ling;<sup>4</sup>  
 Sir Henry missit the noble King.  
 And he, that in his stirrups stood,  
 With the axe that was hard and good,  
 With sae great main<sup>5</sup> raucht him a dint,<sup>6</sup>  
 That neither hat ne helm nicht stint<sup>7</sup>  
 The heavy dusch<sup>8</sup> that he him gave,  
 That near the head till the harnis<sup>9</sup> clave.  
 The hand-axe shaft fruschit<sup>10</sup> in twa;  
 And he down to the earth gan gae,  
 All flatlins;<sup>11</sup> for him failit nicht.<sup>12</sup>  
 This was the first stroke of the fight. . . .  
 When that the King reparrit<sup>13</sup> was, . . .  
 The lordis of his company  
 Blamit him, as they durst, greatly,<sup>14</sup>  
 That he him put in aventure<sup>15</sup>  
 To meet sae stith<sup>16</sup> a knicht and stour<sup>17</sup>  
 In sic point<sup>18</sup> as he was then seen.  
 "For," they said, "weell it micht have been  
 Cause of their tinesel<sup>19</sup> everilkane."<sup>20</sup>  
 The King answer has made them nane;  
 But meenit<sup>21</sup> his hand-axe shaft swa<sup>22</sup>  
 Was with the strak broken in twa.

*Book VIII.*<sup>1</sup> Plainly.<sup>2</sup> Beyond his companions.<sup>3</sup> Without hesitation.<sup>4</sup> They sprang forward together at a gallop.<sup>5</sup> Power.<sup>6</sup> Reached, or struck him a blow.<sup>7</sup> Withstand. <sup>8</sup> Smash.<sup>9</sup> Brains.<sup>10</sup> Broke.<sup>11</sup> Flatly.<sup>12</sup> Strength. <sup>13</sup> Gone back.<sup>14</sup> Greatly.<sup>15</sup> That he had put himself in danger.<sup>16</sup> Strong.<sup>17</sup> Sturdy.<sup>18</sup> In such condition.<sup>19</sup> Destruction (time, to lose).<sup>20</sup> Every one.<sup>21</sup> Lamented (bemoaned).<sup>22</sup> So.

## DEATH OF THE BRUCE.

When all this thing thus treatit was,<sup>1</sup>  
 And affirmit with sickerness,<sup>2</sup>  
 The King to Cardross went in hie ;  
 And there took him sae fellèly<sup>3</sup>  
 The Sickness, and him travaillèd sae  
 That he wist him behovit mae<sup>4</sup>  
 Of all his life the common end :  
 That is to dead,<sup>5</sup> when God will send.  
 Therefore his letters soon sent he  
 For the lordès of his countree ;  
 And they come as they bidding had. . . .  
 He said, " Lordings swa is it gane  
 With me that there is nocht but ane,<sup>6</sup>—  
 That is the dead, withouten drede,  
 That ilk man maun thole of need.<sup>7</sup>  
 And I thank God, that has me sent  
 Space in this life me to repent ;  
 For through me and my werraying<sup>8</sup>  
 Of blood has been richt great spilling  
 Where many sackless<sup>9</sup> men were slain :  
 Therefore this sickness and this pain  
 I tak in thank for my trespass.  
 And mine heart fixit sicklerly<sup>10</sup> was  
 When I was in prosperity,  
 Of my sinnès to savit be,  
 To travail upon Goddès faes,<sup>11</sup>  
 And, sin He now me till Him taes,<sup>12</sup>  
 Sae that the body may nae wise  
 Fulfil that the heart gan devise,  
 I would *the heart* were thither<sup>13</sup> sent  
 Wherein conceived was this intent.  
 Therefore I pray you ever ilkane,  
 That ye amang ye cheise<sup>14</sup> me ane  
 That be honest, wise, and wicht,  
 And of his hand a noble knicht,  
 On Goddès faes my heart to bear,  
 When saul and corse<sup>15</sup> dissevered are ;

<sup>1</sup> The peace with the English, and the marriage of Bruce's son, David, with the sister of Edward III.    <sup>2</sup> Sureness, certainty.    <sup>3</sup> Cruelly.    <sup>4</sup> Make.

<sup>5</sup> Death.

<sup>6</sup> Nought but one thing remaining.

<sup>7</sup> Which every man must necessarily suffer.

<sup>8</sup> War-making.

<sup>9</sup> Guiltless.

<sup>10</sup> Fixed surely.

<sup>11</sup> To labour or fight against God's foes (in an expedition to the Holy Land).

<sup>12</sup> Takes.    <sup>13</sup> To the Holy Land.    <sup>14</sup> Choose.    <sup>15</sup> Soul and body.

For I would it were worthily  
 Brocht there, sin God will nocht that I  
 Have power thitherward to gae." . . .

Then they went forth with dreary mood.  
 Among them they thocht it good  
 That the worthy Lord of Douglas  
 Best shapen for that travail was.  
 And, when the King heard that they sae  
 Had ordainit *him* his heart to tae  
 That he maist yearnit should it have,  
 He said, "Sae God Himself me save !  
 I hald<sup>1</sup> me richt weell payit that ye  
 Have chosen *him*; for his bountie,  
 And his worship, set my yearning,  
 Aye sin I thocht to do this thing,  
 That *he* it with him there should bear ;  
 And, sin ye all assentit are,  
 It is the mair likeand<sup>2</sup> to me.  
 Lat see now what theretill says *he*."

And, when the good Lord of Douglas  
 Wist that thing that spoken was,  
 He came and kneelit to the king,  
 And on this wise made him thanking :  
 "I thank you greatly, Lord," said he,  
 "Of many largesse and great bountie  
 That ye have done me felè sies<sup>3</sup>  
 Sin first I come to your service ;  
 But ower all thing I mak thanking  
 That ye sae dign and worthy thing<sup>4</sup>  
 As your heart, that enluminèd wes<sup>5</sup>  
 Of all bountie and all prowess,  
 Will that I in my yemsel<sup>6</sup> tak.  
 For you, sir, I will blythely mak  
 This travail, gif that God me give  
 Leisure and space so long to live."

The King him thankit tenderly.  
 Then was nane in that company  
 That they na weepit for pity. . . .  
 And the King's infirmity  
 Wox mair and mair, while at the last  
 The duleful dead<sup>7</sup> approachit fast ;  
 And, when he had gart<sup>8</sup> till him do  
 All that good Christen man fell to

<sup>1</sup> Hold.<sup>2</sup> Agreeable.<sup>3</sup> Many times.<sup>4</sup> Such an honourable (*dignus*) and worthy thing.<sup>5</sup> Was.<sup>6</sup> Keeping, guardianship.<sup>7</sup> Death.<sup>8</sup> Caused.

With very<sup>1</sup> repentance he gave  
 The ghaist, that God till heaven have  
 Among the chosen folk to be,  
 In joy, solace, and angel glee.  
 And frae his folk wist he was dead,  
 The sorrow rase frae stead to stead.  
 There nicht men see men rive their hair,  
 And commonly knichts greet<sup>2</sup> full sair,  
 And their nieves oft samin drive,<sup>3</sup>  
 And as wud<sup>4</sup> men their claithis<sup>5</sup> rive.  
 Regrettand his worthy bountie,  
 His art, his strength, his honesty,  
 And, ower all,<sup>6</sup> the great company  
 That he them made oft courteisly.  
 "All our defence," they said, "alas !  
 And he that all our comfort was,  
 Our art, and all our governing,  
 Alas ! is brought here till ending !" . . .  
 And when they lang thus sorrowit had,  
 They have had him to Dunfermline,  
 And him solemply erdit syne<sup>7</sup>  
 In a fair tomb intill the quire.

*Book XII.*

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 JOHN LYDGATE.

(1370 ?-1446.)

CHAUCER, for a hundred and eighty years after his death, continued pre-eminent among the poets of Britain. The most notable of his younger contemporaries and successors was John Lydgate, a voluminous writer of the reigns of Henry V. and Henry VI. After a period of study in the universities of Oxford, Paris, and in Italy, Lydgate established himself as a Benedictine monk at Bury St. Edmunds in Suffolk. In his youth he was a friend and disciple of the aged Chaucer ; and he was about thirty years old when Chaucer died. The most important of his poems, in point of size, were (1), *The Destruction of Troy*, and (2), *The Story of Thebes*, translated from two romances of Guido de Colonna, a Sicilian writer of

<sup>1</sup> True.

<sup>2</sup> Weep.

<sup>3</sup> Knock their fists together.

<sup>4</sup> Mad.

<sup>5</sup> Clothes.

<sup>6</sup> Over all, most of all.

<sup>7</sup> Solemnly buried (earthed) him then.

the preceding century, and (3), *The Fall of Princes*, a translation into English of the *De Casibus* of Boccaccio. This last work, consisting of a series of gloomy narrations, exerted, at a later date, a very remarkable influence on our literature. But Lydgate did not restrict himself to translating the works of foreign poets. Among his extant writings are poems upon every subject and in every style,—coronation poems, satirical ballads, moral and devotional verses, humorous tales, legends, and love-songs. Lydgate's fluency was unprecedented, and there was a popular element in some of his verses which is not found in the poetry of his English predecessors. The *Ballad of London Lackpenny*, relating the ill success of a poor countryman in the London Courts of Law, has been frequently reprinted. *Lydgate's Testament*, one of the pleasantest of his minor poems, is the narration, by an old man, of the follies of a mis-spent youth.

#### FROM THE BALLAD OF LONDON LACKPENNY.

To London once my steps I bent,  
Where truth in no wise should be faint ;  
To Westminster-ward<sup>1</sup> I forthwith went,  
To a Man of Law to make complaint.  
I said, "For Mary's love, that holy saint,  
Pity the poor that would proceed!"<sup>2</sup>  
But, for lack of money, I could not speed.

And, as I thrust the press<sup>3</sup> among,  
By froward chance my hood was gone ;  
Yet for all that I stayed not long  
Till to the King's Bench I was come.  
Before the Judge I kneeled anon,  
And prayed him for God's sake take heed ;—  
But, for lack of money, I might not speed.

Beneath them sat Clerks, a great rout,<sup>3</sup>  
Which fast did write by one assent ;  
There stood up one, and cried about  
"Richard, Robert, and John of Kent ;"  
I wist not well what this man meant,

<sup>1</sup> The four ancient Law-Courts of England, called the Court of Chancery, the Court of King's Bench, the Court of Common Pleas, and the Court of Exchequer, were held, after the year 1224, within Westminster Hall.

<sup>2</sup> Go to law.

<sup>3</sup> Crowd.

He crièd so thick there indeed ;—  
But he that lacked money might not speed.

To the Common Pleas I yode<sup>1</sup> tho,  
Where sat one with a silken hood :  
I gan him reverence for to do,  
And told my case as well as I could ;  
How my goods were defrauded me by falsehood ;  
I gat not a mum of his mouth for my meed ;—<sup>2</sup>  
And, for lack of money, I might not speed.

Unto the Rolls I gat me from thence,  
Before the Clerks of the Chancery ;  
Where many I found earning of pence ;  
But none at all once regarded me.  
I gave them my plaint upon my knee ;  
They liked it well when they had it read ;—  
But, lacking money, I could not be sped.

In Westminster Hall I found out one  
Which went in a long gown of ray ;<sup>3</sup>  
I crouched and knelt before him ; anon,  
For Mary's love, for help I him pray.  
"I wot not what thou mean'st," gan he say ;  
To get me thence he did me bid ;  
For lack of money I could not speed.

Within this Hall, neither rich nor yet poor  
Would do for me ought although I should die :  
Which seeing, I gat me out of the door ;  
Where Flemings began on me for to cry,—<sup>4</sup>  
"Master, what will you copen<sup>5</sup> or bay ?  
Fine felt hats, or spectacles to read ?  
Lay down your silver, and here you may speed."

To Westminster Gate I presently went,  
When the sun was at high prime ;  
Cooks to me they took good entent<sup>6</sup>  
And proffered me bread, with ale and wine,  
Ribs of beef both fat and full fine ;  
A fair cloth they 'gan for to spread ;—  
But, wanting money, I might not then speed.

<sup>1</sup> I went then.

<sup>2</sup> Reward.

<sup>3</sup> Gown of office.

<sup>4</sup> A part of Westminster Hall, near to the Law-Courts, was formerly taken  
up with little shops and stalls.

<sup>5</sup> Exchange.

<sup>6</sup> Notice.

Then unto London<sup>1</sup> I did me hie ;  
 Of all the land it beareth the prize ;  
 " Hot peascods ! " one began to cry ;  
 " Strawberries ripe ! " and " Cherries in the rise ! " <sup>2</sup>  
 One bade me come near and buy some spice ;  
 Pepper and saffron they gan me bid ;—  
 But, for lack of money, I might not speed.

Then to the Cheap<sup>3</sup> I gan me drawn,<sup>4</sup>  
 Where much people I saw for to stand ;  
 One offered me velvet, silk, and lawn ;  
 Another he taketh me by the hand,  
 " Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land ; "  
 I never was used to such things indeed ;—  
 And, wanting money, I might not speed.

Then went I forth by London Stone,<sup>5</sup>  
 Throughout all the Canwick Street ;<sup>6</sup>  
 Drapers much cloth me offered anon ;  
 Then comes me one cried, " Hot sheep's feet ! "  
 One cried, " Mackerel ! " " Rushes green ! " <sup>7</sup> another gan  
 greet ;  
 One bade me buy a hood to cover my head ;—  
 But, for want of money, I might not be sped

Then I hied me into East Cheap :  
 One cries, " Ribs of beef, and many a pie ! "  
 Pewter pots they clattered on a heap ;  
 There was harp, pipe, and minstrelsy :  
 " Yea, by cock ! " " Nay, by cock ! " some began cry ;  
 Some sung of " Jenkin and Julian " for their meed ;  
 But for lack of money I might not speed.

Then into Corn-hill<sup>8</sup> anon I yode,<sup>9</sup>  
 Where was much stolen gear among ;  
 I saw where hung mine ownè hood  
 That I had lost among the throng :  
 To buy my own hood I thought it wrong ;  
 I knew it as well as I did my creed ;—  
 But, for lack of money, I could not speed.

<sup>1</sup> London was formerly a distinct city, encompassed by a wall, which had seven gates.

<sup>2</sup> On the branch.

<sup>3</sup> Or Cheapside ; a busy thoroughfare between St. Paul's and the Poultry, originally a market-place.

<sup>4</sup> To draw.

<sup>5</sup> An ancient stone, still standing in Cannon St. City ; supposed by Camden to have been the central milestone from which the British highroads radiated and the distances on them were reckoned.

<sup>6</sup> Candlewick or Cannon Street.

<sup>7</sup> To lay on the floor.

<sup>8</sup> A crowded street between the Poultry and Leadenhall Street. It was originally a corn-market, and was inhabited in Lydgate's time by clothiers and drapers.

<sup>9</sup> Went

The Taverner took me by the sleeve ;  
 " Sir," saith he, " will you our wine assay ?"  
 I answered, " That cannot much me grieve ;  
 A penny can do no more than it may."  
 I drank a pint and for it did pay ;  
 Yet sore a-hungred from thence I yede ;—  
 And, wanting money, I could not speed.

Then hied I me to Billings-gate ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And one crièd, " Ho ! go we hence !"  
 I prayed a barge-man, for God's sake,  
 That he would spare me my expense.  
 " Thou 'scap'st not here," quoth he, " under two-pence ;  
 I list not yet bestow any alms-deed."  
 Thus, lacking money, I could not speed.

Then I conveyed me into Kent ;  
 For of the law would I meddle no more.  
 Because no man to me took entent,  
 I dight<sup>2</sup> me to do as I did before.  
 Now Jesus, that in Bethlem was bore,<sup>3</sup>  
 Save London, and send true lawyers their meed !<sup>4</sup>  
 For whoso wants money with them shall not speed.

## FROM LYDGATE'S TESTAMENT.

## A MÆDIEVAL SCHOOL-BOY.

Void of reason ; given to wilfulness ;  
 Froward to virtue ; of thrift gave little heed ;  
 Loth to learnè ; lovèd no busyness  
 Save play or mirthè ; strange to spell or read ;  
 Following all appetites 'longing to childhead ;  
 Lightly turning ; wild, and seldom sad ;  
 Weeping for nought, and anon after glad.

For little wroth, to strive with my fellow  
 As my passions did my bridle lead ;  
 Of the yardè<sup>5</sup> sometime I stood in awe  
 To be scorèd ;<sup>6</sup> for that was all my dread.  
 Loth toward school, I lost my time indeed,  
 Like a young colt that ran withoutè bridle ;  
 Made my friendès their good to spend in idle.<sup>7</sup> . . .

<sup>1</sup> A quay or water-gate on the Thames ; now a fish-market.<sup>2</sup> Born.<sup>4</sup> Payment.<sup>5</sup> Rod.<sup>6</sup> Whipt.<sup>2</sup> Set.<sup>7</sup> Uselessly



To my betters I did no reverence ;  
 Of my sovereigns <sup>1</sup> gave no fors <sup>2</sup> at all ;  
 Waxed obstinate by inobedience ;  
 Ran into gardens ; apples there I stall ; <sup>3</sup>  
 To gather fruitès spared hedge nor wall ;  
 To pluck grapès in other mènes <sup>4</sup> vines  
 Was more ready than for to say matines. . . .

Loth to rise ; lother to bed at eve ;  
 With unwashed handès ready to dinnère ;  
 My Pater-noster, my Creed, or my Believe,  
 Cast at the cook ; lo ! this was my mannère ;  
 Waved with each wind, as doth a reedè-spear ;  
 Snibbed <sup>5</sup> of my friends such taches <sup>6</sup> for to amend,  
 Made deaf earè list not to them attend.

### FROM THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY.<sup>7</sup>

#### SUNRISE.

When that the rowès <sup>8</sup> and the rayès red  
 Eastward to us full early ginnen spread,  
 Even at the twilight in the dawnèing ;  
 When that the lark of custom <sup>9</sup> ginneth sing,  
 For to salute in her heavenly lay  
 The lusty goddess of the morrow gray—  
 I mean Aurora—which afore the sun  
 Is wont to chase the blackè skyès dun,  
 And all the darkness of the dimmy night ;  
 And fresh Phœbus, with comfort of his light,  
 And with the brightness of his beamès sheen,  
 Hath overgilt the hugè hillès green ;  
 And flowers eke, again the morrow-tide,  
 Upon their stalkès playn <sup>10</sup> their leavès wide.

#### A GOTHIC CASTLE.

Through many a hall, and many a rich tower,  
 By many a turn and many a diverse way,  
 By many a gree <sup>11</sup> y-made of marble gray :  
 And in his chamber, englasèd <sup>12</sup> bright and clear,

<sup>1</sup> Governors.

<sup>4</sup> Men's.

<sup>7</sup> The two following passages are taken from Warton's *History of English Poetry*.

<sup>8</sup> Streaks of light.

<sup>11</sup> Stair.

<sup>2</sup> Force, heed.

<sup>5</sup> Rebuked.

<sup>12</sup> Windowed.

<sup>3</sup> Stole.

<sup>6</sup> Faults (Fr. *tache*).

<sup>10</sup> Open, display.

That shone full sheen with gold and with azure,  
 Of many image that there was in picture,  
 He hath commanded to his officers,  
 Duly in honour of them that were strangers,  
 Spices and wine.

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## THOMAS OCCLEVE.

(1370?-1454.)

ANOTHER young contemporary and disciple of Chaucer was Thomas Occleve, a lawyer in London, and, for twenty years of his life, a writer to the Privy Seal. His works, produced chiefly in the reign of Henry V. (1413-1422), included *La Male Regle* (the Mis-rule) *de T. Hoccleve*, some devotional and occasional verses, and an English version of a Latin treatise of Egidius, a Roman writer of 1250, called *De Regimine Principum* (on the Art of Governing). In the Prologue to this poem occur some pathetic verses upon the death of Chaucer, written probably soon after the event, and incorporated some years later in the poem. Upon the margin of one of the MSS. of the *De Regimine*, now in the British Museum, Occleve painted his famous little coloured portrait of Chaucer. Few of Occleve's works have found their way into print. Even the *De Regimine*, the most important of them, exists only in manuscript; but its author will always hold a place among our early poets on account of his graceful and reverent homage to Chaucer, his "dear master and father."

## FROM DE REGIMINE PRINCIPUM.

## OCCLEVE'S LAMENT FOR CHAUCER.

My dearè master—God his soul acquit!—  
 And father, Chaucer, fain would have me taught;  
 But I was dull, and learned lite<sup>1</sup> or naught.  
 Alas, my worthy master honorable,  
 This landès very treasure and riches,  
 Death, by thy death, hath harm irreparable  
 Unto us done: his vengeable duresse<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Little.<sup>2</sup> Revengeful cruelty.

Despoiled hath this land of the sweetness  
 Of rhetoric ; for unto Tullius<sup>1</sup>  
 Was never man so like amongst us.  
 Alas ! who was there in philosophy  
 To<sup>2</sup> Aristotle in our tongue, but thou ?  
 The steppes of Virgile in poesie  
 Thou suestest eke :<sup>3</sup> men knowè well enow  
 That cumber-world<sup>4</sup> that hath my master slow.<sup>5</sup>  
 Wold I slain were ! Death was too hastife<sup>6</sup>  
 To run on thee and reave<sup>7</sup> thee of thy life :  
 She might have tarried her vengeance a while  
 Till that some man had equal to thee be :  
 Nay, let that be : she knew well that this isle  
 May never man forth bring like unto thee ;  
 And her of office needès do mote she ;<sup>8</sup>  
 God bade her so, I trust for all the best.  
 O master, master, God thy soulè rest !

### JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

(1394-1437.)

THIS Scottish prince was educated as a royal prisoner in England through the reigns of Henry IV. and Henry V. During his captivity he was an enthusiastic student of poetry, and at length himself produced one of the most graceful poems that exist in old English. *The King's Quhair* (King's Book) is written in the seven-lined stanza of Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide*. The main incident of the *Quhair* is nearly identical with that of Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, where the captive youths discover Emilie walking in the prison garden. It may have been that Chaucer's story, which was in its turn a reproduction of the *Teseide* of Boccaccio, together with the similarity, in some points, of his own fate to that of *Palamon* and *Arcite*, suggested to the young king the plot of the *Quhair*. The common story is, however, that the Beauty of James's prison-garden was the Lady Jane Beaufort, first cousin of Henry V., who became eventually Queen of Scot-

<sup>1</sup> Cicero.

<sup>2</sup> Equal to.

<sup>3</sup> Followedst also.

<sup>4</sup> Encumbrance of the world, *i.e.* Death.

<sup>5</sup> Slain.

<sup>6</sup> Hasty.

<sup>7</sup> Bereave.

<sup>8</sup> Must needs do according to her office.

land and mother of the royal line of the subsequent Stuarts. James's death, by assassination in 1437, thirteen years after his return to Scotland, cut short a life of rare promise; and the *King's Quhair* is the only literary work attributed with certainty to his pen. Although this poem may be called a close imitation of Chaucer, there are in it marks of independent genius, and a beautiful freedom of fancy and of language not to be found in other Chaucerian poems of that period.

## FROM THE KING'S QUHAIR.

## THE CAPTIVE KING.

Whereas in ward<sup>1</sup> full oft I would bewail  
 My deadly life, full of pain and penance,  
 Saying right thus, "What have I guilt,<sup>2</sup> to fail  
 My freedom in this world, and my pleasance?  
 Sin every wight<sup>3</sup> has thereof suffisance  
 That I behold, and I a creature  
 Put from all this, hard is mine aventure !

The bird, the beast, the fish eke<sup>4</sup> in the sea,  
 They live in freedom, every<sup>5</sup> in his kind,  
 And I a man, and lacketh liberty;  
 What shall I sayn, what reason may I find,  
 That Fortune should do so?" Thus in my mind  
 My folk<sup>6</sup> I would argùe, but all for nought;  
 Was none that might that on my painès wrought.

## THE PRISON-GARDEN.

Bewailing in my chamber thus alone,  
 Despaired of all joy and remedy,  
 Fortired<sup>7</sup> of my thought, and wo-begone,  
 And to the window gan I walk in hie,<sup>8</sup>  
 To see the world and folk that went forby;<sup>9</sup>  
 As, for the time, though I of mirthès food  
 Might have no more, to look it did me good.

Now was there made, fast by the Tower's wall,  
 A garden fair, and in the corners set

<sup>1</sup> Prison.    <sup>2</sup> Done guilty.<sup>6</sup> My attendants.<sup>3</sup> Since every being.<sup>7</sup> Tired out.<sup>4</sup> Also.<sup>8</sup> Haste.<sup>5</sup> Each one.<sup>9</sup> Past.

An herbere<sup>1</sup> green, with wandès long and small  
 Railèd about ; and so with trèes set  
 Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,<sup>2</sup>  
 That life<sup>3</sup> was none walking therè forby,  
 That might within scarce any wight espy.<sup>4</sup>

So thick the boughès and the leavès green  
 Beshaded all the alleys that were there ;  
 And middis<sup>5</sup> every herbere might be seen  
 The sharpè, greenè, sweetè juniper,  
 Growing so fair, with branches here and there,  
 That, as it seemèd to a life without,  
 The boughès spread the herbere all about.

And on the smallè greenè twistis<sup>6</sup> sat  
 The little sweetè nightingale, and sung  
 So loud and clear the hymnès consecrat  
 Of Lovè's use ; now soft, now loud among ;  
 That all the gardens and the wallès rung  
 Right of their song. . . .

"Worship, ye that lovers been, this May,  
 For of your bliss the kalends are begun ;  
 And sing with us, 'Away, winter away !  
 Come, summer, come, the sweet season and sun !'  
 Awake, for shame, that have your heavens won,  
 And amorously lift up your headès all ; -  
 Thank Love, that list you to his mercy call."

When they this song had sung a little thraw,<sup>7</sup>  
 They stent<sup>8</sup> a while, and therewith, unaffrayed,  
 As I beheld and cast mine eyne alaw,<sup>9</sup>  
 From bough to bough they hippèd<sup>10</sup> and they played,  
 And freshly in their birdès kind arrayed  
 Their feathers new, and fret them in the sun,  
 And thankèd Love that had their matès won.

#### A FIRST LOVE.

Oft would I think, "O Lord, what may this be  
 That Love is : of so noble might and kind  
 Loving his folk? And such prosperity  
 Is it of him as we in bookès find?  
 May he our heartès setten and unbind?"

<sup>1</sup> Woody retreat, from *Herbarium*.

<sup>4</sup> Compare Chaucer, *ante*, p. 28.

<sup>8</sup> Rested quiet.

<sup>2</sup> Knitted close.

<sup>5</sup> Amid.

<sup>6</sup> Twigs.

<sup>9</sup> Below.

<sup>3</sup> Living person.

<sup>7</sup> A little time.

<sup>10</sup> Hopped.

Hath he upon our hearts such mastery,  
Or is all this but feigned phantasy?

"And, gif he be of so great excellence  
That he of every wight hath care and charge,  
What have I guilt to him, or done offence,  
That I am thrall and birdè gone at large,  
Sin him to serve he might set my courage?  
And, gif he be not so, then may I sayn,  
What makès folk to jangle of him in vain?" . . .

And therewith cast I down mine eye again,  
Where as I saw, walking under the Tower  
Full secretly, new comen her to playn,<sup>1</sup>  
The fairest and the freshest youngè flower  
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour:  
For which sudden abate<sup>2</sup> anon astart<sup>3</sup>  
The blood of all my body to my heart. . . .

And in my head I drew right hastily,  
And eft soones<sup>4</sup> I leaned it out again,  
And saw her walk that very womanly,  
With no wight<sup>5</sup> now, but only women twain.  
Then gan I study in myself, and sayn,  
"Ah, sweet! are ye a worldly creature,  
Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature?

"Gif<sup>6</sup> ye a goddess be, and that ye like  
To do me pain, I may not it astart;<sup>7</sup>  
Gif ye be worldly wight, that doth me sike,<sup>8</sup>  
Why list God make you so, my dearest heart,  
To do<sup>9</sup> a silly prisoner thus smart  
That loves you all, and wot<sup>10</sup> of nought but woe?  
And, therefore, mercy sweet! sin it is so!"

When I a little thraw<sup>11</sup> had made my moan,  
Bewailing my infortune and my chance,  
Unknowing how or what was best to done,<sup>12</sup>  
So far I fallen into love's dance  
That suddenly my wit, my countenance,  
My heart, my will, my nature, and my mind,  
Were changed clean right in ane other kind.

Of her array the form gif<sup>6</sup> I shall write,  
Toward her golden hair, and rich attire,

<sup>1</sup> Amuse.<sup>2</sup> Shock.<sup>3</sup> Rushed.<sup>4</sup> Soon after.<sup>5</sup> Creature.<sup>6</sup> If.<sup>7</sup> Shun.<sup>8</sup> Maketh me to sigh.<sup>9</sup> Make.<sup>10</sup> Knows.<sup>11</sup> While.<sup>12</sup> Do.

In fretwise couchèd all with pearlès white,  
 And greatè balais<sup>1</sup> gleaming as the fire,  
 With many an emeraunt and fair sapphire;  
 And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,  
 Of plumès parted red and white and blue;

All full of quaking spangles bright as gold,  
 Forgèd of shape like to the amorettes,<sup>2</sup>  
 So new, so fresh, so pleasant to behold;  
 The plumès eke like to the flower *jonettes*,  
 And other of shape like to the flower *jonettes*;  
 And, above all this, there was, well I wot,  
 Beauty enough to make a world to doat.

#### THE LOVER AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

Another while the little Nightingale  
 That sat upon the twiggis would I chide,  
 And say right thus, "Where are thy notès small,  
 That thou of love hast sung this morrow-tide?  
 Seest thou not her that sitteth thee beside?  
 For Venus' sake, the blissful goddess clear,  
 Sing on again, and make my Lady cheer! . . .

"O little wretch, alas! mayst thou not see  
 Who cometh yond? Is it now time to wring?<sup>3</sup>  
 What sorry thought is fallen upon thee?  
 Open thy throat; hast thou no list to sing?  
 Alas! if thou of reason have feeling,  
 Now, sweetè bird, say onès to me, 'Peep!'  
 I die for woe; methinks thou 'ginnes sleep.

Hast thou no mind of love? Where is thy make?<sup>4</sup>  
 Or art thou sick, or smit with jealousy?  
 Or is she dead, or hath she thee forsake?  
 What is the cause of thy melancholy,  
 That thou no more list maken<sup>5</sup> melody?  
 Sluggard, for shame! lo, here thy golden hour,  
 That worth were hailly<sup>6</sup> all thy life's labour." . . .

I thought eke thus; "Gif I my handès clap,  
 Or gif I cost,<sup>7</sup> then will she flee away;  
 And, gif I hold my peace, then will she nap;  
 And, gif I cry, she wot not what I say.  
 Thus what is best I wot not by this day;

<sup>1</sup> Rubies.

<sup>2</sup> Love-knots.

<sup>3</sup> Grieve.

<sup>4</sup> Mate.

<sup>5</sup> To make.

<sup>6</sup> Wholly.

<sup>7</sup> Cough (Scottish, *hoast*?)

But blow, wind, blow, and do the leavès shake,  
That some twig may wag, and make her to wake."

With that anon right he took up a song,  
Where came anon more birdès and alight.  
But then to hear the mirth was them among,  
Over that too<sup>1</sup> to see the sweetè sight  
Of her image, my spirit was so light,  
Methought I flew for joy without arrest ;  
So were my wittès bounden all so fest.<sup>2</sup> . . .

This was their song, as seemèd me full high,  
With many uncouth<sup>3</sup> sweetè note and shill ;<sup>4</sup>  
And therewithal that Fair upward her eye  
Would cast among, as it was Goddès will,  
Where I might see, standing alone full still,  
The fair faiture<sup>6</sup> that Nature, for maistry,  
In her visage had wrought full lovingly.

And, when she walked had a little throw<sup>6</sup>  
Under the sweetè greenè boughès bent,  
Her fair fresh face, as white as any snow,  
She turned has, and forth her wayès went ;  
But then began mine access and torment :  
To seen her part, and follow I ne might,  
Methought the day was turnèd into night.

## BLIND HENRY THE MINSTREL.

(—1460—)

BARBOUR of Aberdeen had been dead about sixty-five years when another Scottish poet, known to posterity only as "Blind Henry the Minstrel," composed, about the year 1460, a narrative poem in twelve books. It was written in the rhymed heroic couplet, and had for its subject the traditional exploits of the hero Wallace, derived partly, we are told, from a Latin chronicle of John Blair. This poem is remarkable as having been composed by a man who was blind from his birth and apparently without much education or refinement. It has considerable literary power, and has long, either in its

<sup>1</sup> Moreover, also.

<sup>2</sup> Fast.

<sup>3</sup> Strange.

<sup>4</sup> Shril.

<sup>5</sup> Fashioning, workmanship.

<sup>6</sup> Space.



original form or in a modernised version by Hamilton of Gilbertfield, been a rough national epic among the Scotch, supplying schoolboys and others with an endless fund of patriotic legend. Burns and Scott were inspired by it in their early readings. It is, however, entirely wanting in the finer and more humane qualities of Barbour's *Bruce*.

## FROM THE WALLACE.

THE PEEL<sup>1</sup> OF GARGUNNOCK.

On Gargunnow was biggit<sup>2</sup> a small peel,  
That warnist<sup>3</sup> was with men and victual weell,  
Within a dyke,<sup>4</sup> baith closs,<sup>5</sup> chamber, and hall ;  
Captain thereof to name he hecht<sup>6</sup> Thirlwall.

They led Wallace where that this bigging<sup>7</sup> was :  
He thoct to assail it, forby or<sup>8</sup> he wald pass.  
Twa spies he sent to visy<sup>9</sup> all that land.  
Richt laith he was the thing to tak on hand,  
The whilk, by force, that suld gang him again,<sup>10</sup>  
Lever<sup>11</sup> had he through aventure be slain.

These men went forth as it was large midnight,<sup>12</sup>  
About that house they spyit all at richt.<sup>13</sup>

The watchman heavy fallen was on sleep ;<sup>14</sup>  
The brig was down that that entry suld keep ;  
The labourers, lat recklessly,<sup>15</sup> went in.

These men returned withouten noise or din  
To their maister ; told him as they had seen.

Then graithit<sup>16</sup> soon these men of armès keen ;  
Sadly<sup>17</sup> on foot on to the house they socht ;  
And entered in, for lattin<sup>18</sup> fand they nocht.

Wicht<sup>19</sup> men assayed with all their busy cure<sup>20</sup>  
A locklat<sup>21</sup> bar was<sup>22</sup> drawn athwart the door :  
But they micht nocht it break out of the wa'.

Wallace was grieved when he sic tarry saw ;  
Some part a-movit,<sup>23</sup> wraithly till it<sup>24</sup> he went ;  
By force of hands it raised out of the stent ;<sup>25</sup>

Three yard of breadth als<sup>26</sup> of the wall pulled out.  
Then marvelled all his men that were about,

<sup>1</sup> Fort.<sup>2</sup> Built.<sup>3</sup> Furnished.<sup>4</sup> Wall.<sup>5</sup> Passage.<sup>6</sup> Was called.<sup>7</sup> Building.<sup>8</sup> Before he would pass beyond.<sup>9</sup> Spy, examine.<sup>10</sup> Go against him.<sup>11</sup> Rather.<sup>12</sup> In deep midnight.<sup>13</sup> At pleasure.<sup>14</sup> Asleep.<sup>15</sup> Carelessly hindered.<sup>16</sup> Prepared.<sup>17</sup> Stealthily.<sup>18</sup> Hindrance.<sup>19</sup> Brave.<sup>20</sup> Care.<sup>21</sup> Lock-securing.<sup>22</sup> That was.<sup>23</sup> Moved, put out.<sup>24</sup> Angrily to it.<sup>25</sup> Aperture.<sup>26</sup> Also.

# . BLIND HENRY THE MINSTREL

How he did mair than twenty of them micht.  
 Syne<sup>1</sup> with his foot the yett<sup>2</sup> he strack up richt ;  
 While brass and band to-burstit all at anes.<sup>3</sup>  
 Feardly<sup>4</sup> they rase that were into they wanes.<sup>5</sup>  
 The watchman had a felloun<sup>6</sup> staff of steel ;  
 At Wallace strack ; but he keepit him weell :  
 Rudely frae him he reft it in that thrang ;<sup>7</sup>  
 Dang out his harns,<sup>8</sup> syne in the dike<sup>9</sup> him flang.  
 The remainand, by that,<sup>10</sup> was on their feet ;  
 Thus Wallace soon gan with the Captain meet.  
 That staff he had, heavy and forged new :  
 With it Wallace upon the head him threw,  
 While<sup>11</sup> bane and brain all into sunder gaed.<sup>12</sup>  
 His men enterd, that worthy were in deed,  
 In handes hint<sup>13</sup> and stickit of the lave.<sup>14</sup>  
 Wallace commanded they suld no war-men save :  
 Twenty and twa they stickit in that stead.<sup>15</sup>  
 Women and bairns, when that the men were dead,  
 He gart<sup>16</sup> be taen, in close house keepit weell ;  
 So they without thereof micht have no feel.<sup>17</sup>  
 The dead bodies they put soon out of sight ;  
 Took up the brig or that<sup>18</sup> the day was licht ;  
 In that place bade four days or he wald pass ;<sup>19</sup>  
 Wist nane<sup>20</sup> without how that this matter was ;  
 Spoilèd that stead, and took them ganand gear ;<sup>21</sup>  
 Jewels and gold away with them they bare.  
 When him thocht time, they issued on the night,  
 To the next wood they went with all their micht.

## FAWDOUN'S<sup>22</sup> GHOST.

As Wallace thus in the thick forest socht  
 For his twa men, in mind he had great pain.  
 He wist nocht weell gif they were ta'en, or slain,  
 Or scapit haill<sup>23</sup> by ony jeopardy.  
 Thirteen were left with him ; no mae had he.  
 In the Gask Hall their lodging have they ta'en ;  
 Fire gat they soon, but meat then had they nane.  
 Twa sheep they took beside them of a fauld ;  
 Ordainit to sup into that sembly hauld ;<sup>24</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards.    <sup>3</sup> Gate.    <sup>5</sup> Once.    <sup>4</sup> Timidly.    <sup>6</sup> Those dwellings.  
<sup>6</sup> Mighty.    <sup>7</sup> Struggle.    <sup>8</sup> Brains.    <sup>9</sup> Then in the ditch.  
<sup>10</sup> By that time.    <sup>11</sup> Till.    <sup>12</sup> Went.    <sup>13</sup> Seized.    <sup>14</sup> The remainder.  
<sup>15</sup> Place.    <sup>16</sup> Caused to be.    <sup>17</sup> Suspicion of what was done.    <sup>18</sup> Before.  
<sup>19</sup> Before he would go on his way.    <sup>20</sup> None knew.    <sup>21</sup> Sufficient spoil.  
<sup>22</sup> Fawdoun had been slain by Wallace, who suspected him of treachery.  
<sup>23</sup> Escaped whole.    <sup>24</sup> Seemly stronghold.

Graithit<sup>1</sup> in haste some food for them to dicht.<sup>2</sup>  
So heard they blaw rude hornis upon hicht.<sup>3</sup>

Twa sent he forth to look what it micht be ;  
They bade richt lang, and no tidings heard he,  
But boustous noise so brimly blew and fast :  
So other twa into the wood forth passed ;  
Nane came again, but boustously gan blaw :<sup>4</sup>  
Into<sup>5</sup> great ire he sent them forth on raw.<sup>6</sup>

When he alane, Wallace, was leavit there,  
The awful blast aboundit mickle mair :  
Then trowit he weell they<sup>7</sup> had his lodging seen.  
His sword he drew of noble metal keen ;  
Syne forth he went where that he heard the horn.  
Without the door Fawdoun was him befor,  
As till his sicht, his awn head in his hand.  
A cross he made when he saw him so stand.  
At Wallace in the head he swakkit<sup>8</sup> there :  
And he in haste soon hent<sup>9</sup> it by the hair ;  
Syne out again at him he gouth<sup>10</sup> it cast :  
Intill his heart he was greatly aghast.  
Richt weell he trowit<sup>11</sup> that was no spirit of man ;  
It was some devil that sic malice began.  
He wist no vail<sup>12</sup> there longer for to bide :  
Up through the hall thus wicht<sup>13</sup> Wallace gan glide,  
Till<sup>14</sup> a close stair ; the boardès rent in twin ;  
Fifteen foot large<sup>15</sup> he leapt out of that inn ;<sup>16</sup>  
Up the water suddenly he gouth fare.<sup>17</sup>  
Again he blent<sup>18</sup> what pearance<sup>19</sup> he saw there.  
Him thoct he saw Fawdoun, that ugly sire,  
That the haill<sup>20</sup> hall he had set in a fire ;  
A great rafter he had intill his hand.  
Wallace, as then, no longer would he stand.  
Of his good men full great marvel had he  
How they were tint<sup>21</sup> through his fell fantasie.

<sup>1</sup> Prepared.    <sup>2</sup> Dress.    <sup>3</sup> At that instant they heard horns upon the hill.

<sup>4</sup> But still the loud noise of the blowing went on.    <sup>5</sup> In.    <sup>6</sup> Altogether.

<sup>7</sup> The pursuing English.    <sup>8</sup> Threw the head in at Wallace.

<sup>9</sup> Seized.    <sup>10</sup> Proceeded to (Scottish preterite for *gan*).    <sup>11</sup> Believed.

<sup>12</sup> Avail.    <sup>13</sup> Brave.    <sup>14</sup> To.    <sup>15</sup> Across.    <sup>16</sup> Dwelling.    <sup>17</sup> Go.

<sup>18</sup> Glanced.    <sup>19</sup> Appearance.    <sup>20</sup> Whole.    <sup>21</sup> Lost.

## ROBERT HENRYSON.

(1425?-1507?)

ROBERT HENRYSON was born in the reign of James I. of Scotland. He lived to an old age, and was one of the "makars" or poets whom Dunbar lamented as dead in 1508.

"In Dunfermline he has done roun<sup>1</sup>  
Good Maister Robert Henrisoun."

Of Henryson's birthplace or lineage nothing is known. Nor is any record extant of his having studied at either of the two then existing Scottish Universities. His degree of Master of Arts, which entitled him to the designation of Maister or *Magister* before his name, may therefore have been earned at some foreign university. In 1462 he was admitted a Fellow, with the title of Bachelor of Decrees, at Glasgow University, where he probably read lectures in law. At Dunfermline in Fifeshire, during the later years of his life, he held the office of notary-public, and was also master of the grammar-school of the town, which was within the precincts of the Abbey and under the jurisdiction of the Abbots.

Henryson left no poem of great length. He is remembered as one of our earliest known writers of ballads; and his *Robin and Mawkin* is the oldest example on record of pastoral verse in the Scottish dialect. He wrote also a metrical version of *Æsop's Fables*, *The Testament of Cresseid*, and a number of short pieces. The *Testament of Cresseid* forms a kind of sequel to Chaucer's story of *Troilus and Cresseid*, and was first printed in Thynne's Edition of Chaucer's Works, 1532, as a part of Chaucer's own poem. It is written in the same stanza, is in many respects an imitation of Chaucer, and proves Henryson to have been without doubt an ardent admirer and student of the great English story-teller; but the two poems in style and merit are totally distinct. A gentle spirited humour characterises all Henryson's writings. Although he was a *Magister* and a schoolmaster, his verse abounds in the quaintest anachronisms; but his jumbling of mediæval and classic incidents,

<sup>1</sup> He, Death, has caused to be mourned.

however daring, is never ungraceful. The passage in the *Testament of Cresseid* which relates the last meeting of that renowned pair of lovers can scarcely be matched in English or Scottish poetry for its subtle pathos. There we have the old "Makar" at his best.

# FROM THE BALLAD OF ROBIN AND MAWKIN.

Robin sat on good green hill  
 Keeping a flock of fee;<sup>1</sup>  
 Merry Mawkin said him till,<sup>2</sup>  
 "Robin, thou<sup>3</sup> rue on me!  
 I have thee lovèd loud and still  
 Thir<sup>4</sup> years two or three;  
 My dule in dern but gif thou dill,<sup>5</sup>  
 Doubtless, but dreid,<sup>6</sup> I dee."

Robin answered, "By the Rood,<sup>7</sup>  
 Nothing of love I knaw;  
 But keeps my sheep under yon wood;  
 Lo! where they raik on raw;<sup>8</sup>  
 What has marred thee in thy mood,  
 Mawkin, to me thou shaw?<sup>9</sup>  
 Or what is love, or to be lo'ed,  
 Fain would I learn that law!" . . .

"Robin, thou reaves<sup>10</sup> me roiff<sup>11</sup> and rest;  
 I love but thee alone."  
 "Mawkin, adieu! The sun goes west,  
 The day is near-hand gone."  
 "Robin, in dule I am so drest<sup>12</sup>  
 That love will be my bone."<sup>13</sup>  
 "Gae love, Mawkin, wherever thou list,  
 For leman<sup>14</sup> I love none."

"Robin, I stand in sic a style,  
 I sigh, and that full sair."  
 "Mawkin, I have been here this while;  
 At hame God gif<sup>15</sup> I were!"  
 "My honey, Robin, talk ane while,  
 Gif thou wilt do nae mair."

<sup>1</sup> Sheep.<sup>2</sup> To him.<sup>3</sup> Do thou.<sup>4</sup> These.<sup>5</sup> My sorrow in secret if thou wilt not share.<sup>6</sup> Without doubt I shall die.<sup>7</sup> Cross.<sup>8</sup> Move in order.<sup>9</sup> Do thou show.<sup>10</sup> Robs.<sup>11</sup> Peace.<sup>12</sup> Beset.<sup>13</sup> Bane.<sup>14</sup> Sweetheart.<sup>15</sup> Would to God.

'Mawkin, some other man beguile,  
For hameward I will fare."<sup>1</sup>

Robin on his wayès went  
As light as leaf of tree ;  
Mawkin murnit in her intent,<sup>2</sup>  
And trowed him never to see  
Robin brayed attour the bent ;<sup>3</sup>  
Then Mawkin cried on hie,  
"Now may thou sing, for I am shent ;  
What aileth love at me?"

Mawkin went hame withouten fail,  
Full weary after gouth weep ;<sup>4</sup>  
Then Robin in a full fair dale  
Assembled all his sheep.  
By that some part of Mawkin's ail<sup>5</sup>  
Out through<sup>7</sup> his heart gouth creep ;  
He followed her fast there till<sup>8</sup> assail,  
And to her took gude keep.

"Abide, abide, thou fair Mawkin :  
Ae word for onything ;  
For all my love it shall be thine  
Withouten departing !  
All haill<sup>9</sup> thy heart for to have mine  
Is all my coveting ;  
My sheep to morn, while hours nine,<sup>10</sup>  
Will need of no keeping."

"Robin, thou hast heard sing and say  
In gests<sup>11</sup> and stories old,  
*The man that will not when he may  
Shall have not when he wold.*  
I pray to Jesu every day  
May eke<sup>12</sup> their carès cauld,  
That first preisses<sup>13</sup> with thee to play  
By firth, forest, or fauld."

"Mawkin, the night is soft and dry,  
The weather is warm and fair,  
And the green wood richt near us by  
To walk a-tour<sup>14</sup> all-where :

<sup>1</sup> Go.      <sup>2</sup> Mourned in her thoughts.      <sup>3</sup> Strode along the brake.      <sup>4</sup> Lost.  
<sup>5</sup> Gouth, Scottish preterite for *gan*.      <sup>6</sup> Ailment.      <sup>7</sup> Throughout.      <sup>8</sup> To.  
<sup>9</sup> Wholly.      <sup>10</sup> To-morrow till nine o'clock.      <sup>11</sup> Histories.  
<sup>12</sup> Increase.      <sup>13</sup> Endeavours.      <sup>14</sup> About.

There may nae janglour<sup>1</sup> us espy,  
That is to love contrair;  
Therein, Mawkin, baith ye and I,  
Unseen we may repair."

"Robin, that world is all away,  
And quite brocht till ane end;  
And never again thereto, perfay,<sup>2</sup>  
Shall it be as thou wend:<sup>3</sup>  
For of my pain thou made it play,  
And all in vain I spend:<sup>4</sup>  
As thou hast done, so shall I say,  
'Mourn on, / think to mend.'<sup>5</sup>"

"Mawkin, the hope of all my heal,<sup>6</sup>  
My heart on thee is set,  
And evermair to thee be leal;<sup>7</sup>  
While I may live, but let;<sup>8</sup>  
Never to fail as others fele<sup>9</sup>  
What grace that ever I get."  
"Robin, with thee I will nocht deal;  
Adieu! For thus we met."

Mawkin went hame blyth eneuch<sup>10</sup>  
A-tour the holtès hair;<sup>11</sup>  
Robin mourned, and Mawkin leuch;<sup>12</sup>  
She sang, he sichit sair:  
And so left him, baith wo and wreuch,<sup>13</sup>  
In dolour and in care,  
Keeping his herd under a beuch<sup>14</sup>  
Amang the holtès hair.

#### FROM THE TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID.

CRESSEID, having become a leper in punishment of her faithless  
behaviour, once more meets her lover Troilus, and receives  
alms from him.

Thus chidand with her dreary destiny,  
Weeping, she woke the nicht frae end to end,  
But all in vain: her dule, her careful cry,  
Micht not remeid,<sup>15</sup> nor yet her mourning mend.  
Ane leper lady rase and to her wend,<sup>16</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Tell-tale.

<sup>5</sup> Health. <sup>6</sup> True.

<sup>10</sup> Across the wooded hills.

<sup>14</sup> Bring a remedy.

<sup>7</sup> Without pretence.

<sup>11</sup> Laughed.

<sup>15</sup> Went.

<sup>2</sup> In faith.

<sup>3</sup> Imagined.

<sup>8</sup> Like many others.

<sup>12</sup> Wretched.

<sup>4</sup> Strove.

<sup>9</sup> Enough.

<sup>13</sup> Steep bank.

And said, "Why spurn'st thou against the wall,  
To slay thyself, and mend nae thing at all?

"Sin thy weeping redoubles but thy woe,  
I counsel thee make virtue of ane need;  
To learn to clap thy clapper<sup>1</sup> to and fro,  
And learn after the law of leper leid."<sup>2</sup>  
There was nae help, but forth with them she gaed  
Frae place to place, while cauld and hunger sair  
Compellit her to be ane rank<sup>3</sup> beggair.

That samin time of Troy the garrison,—  
Which had for chieftain worthy Troilus,—  
Through jeopardy of war had stricken down  
Knights of Greece in number marvellous:  
With great triumph and laud<sup>4</sup> victorious  
Again to Troy richt royally they rade,<sup>5</sup>  
The way where Cresseid with the lepers bade.<sup>6</sup>

Seeing that company come with ane stevin,<sup>7</sup>  
They gave ane cry, and shook cupp's, good speed;  
Said, "Worthy lord's, for God's love of Heaven,  
To us lepers part of your almous deed!"<sup>8</sup>  
Then to their cry noble Troilus took heed,  
Having pitie; and near the place gan pass  
Where Cresseid sat, not witting what she was.

Then upon him she cast up baith her een,  
And with ane blink<sup>9</sup> it come into his thocht  
That he some time her face before had seen;  
But she was in sic plight he knew her nocht;  
Yet then her look into his mind it brocht  
The sweet visage and amorous blenking  
Of fair Cresseid, sometime his awn darling. . . .

Ane spark of love then to his heart did spring,  
And kindled all his body in ane fire;  
With hot fever ane sweat and trimbiling  
Him took, while he was ready to expire;  
To bear his shield his breast began to tire;  
Within ane while he changèd mony hue,  
And nevertheless not ane ane-other knew.

<sup>1</sup> A kind of hand-bell which lepers rattled for the twofold purpose of seeking alms and warning persons from coming within reach of infection.

<sup>2</sup> Leper's language.

<sup>3</sup> Importunate.

<sup>4</sup> Praise.

<sup>5</sup> Rode.

<sup>6</sup> Dwelt.

<sup>7</sup> With a noise.

<sup>8</sup> Bestow on us some of your alms.

<sup>9</sup> Glance.



For knichtly pity and memorial  
 Of fair Cresseid, ane girdle did he tak,  
 Ane purse of gold, and mony gay jewel,  
 And in the skirt of Cresseid doun gan swak;<sup>1</sup>  
 Then rade away, and not ane word he spak;  
 Pensive in heart while<sup>2</sup> he come to the toun;  
 And for great care oft-times almaist fell doun.

FROM THE FABLE OF THE LION AND THE  
 MOUSE (*Prologue*).

A VISION OF ÆSOP.

In mids of June, that jolly sweet seasoun,  
 When that fair Phœbus with his beames bricht  
 Had dryit up the dew frae dale and doun,  
 And all the land made with his gleamès licht,  
 In ane morning, betwixt mid-day and nicht,  
 I rase, and put all sloth and sleep aside,  
 And to a wood I went alone, but guide.<sup>3</sup>

Sweet was the smell of flowers white and red,  
 The noise of birdès richt delicious;  
 The boughès bloomèd broad above my head,  
 The ground growand with gersses gracious:  
 Of all pleasance that place was plenteous,  
 With sweet odours and birdès harmony  
 The morning mild, my mirth was mair forthy.<sup>4</sup> . . .

Me to conserve then frae the sunnès heat,  
 Under the shadow of ane hawthorn green  
 I leanit doun amang the flowers sweet;  
 Syne cled my head and closèd baith my een.  
 On sleep I fall amang these boughès been;<sup>5</sup>  
 And, in my dream, methocht come through the shaw<sup>6</sup>  
 The fairest man that ever before I saw.

His gown was of ane claith as white as milk,  
 His chimeris<sup>7</sup> was of chambelote purple-brown;  
 His hood of scarlet bordered weel with silk,  
 Unheckèd-wise,<sup>8</sup> untill his girdle doun;  
 His bonnet round and of the auld fassoun;  
 His beard was white, his een was great and grey,  
 With locker<sup>9</sup> hair, whilk over his shoulders lay.

<sup>1</sup> Throw down.

<sup>2</sup> Till.

<sup>3</sup> Without a guide.

<sup>4</sup> Therefore.

<sup>5</sup> Was.

<sup>6</sup> Covert, wood.

<sup>7</sup> Short light gown.

<sup>8</sup> Unfastened-wise.

<sup>9</sup> Curling.

Ane roll of paper in his hand he bare,  
 Ane swanès pen stickand under his ear,  
 Ane ink-horn, with ane pretty gilt pennair,<sup>1</sup>  
 Ane bag of silk, all at his belt did bear ;  
 Thus was he goodly graithit<sup>2</sup> in his gear.  
 Of stature large, and with a fearfull<sup>3</sup> face,  
 Even where I lay he come ane sturdy pace ;

And said, " God speed, my son ; " and I was fain<sup>4</sup>  
 Of that couth word, and of his company.  
 With reverence I saluted him again,  
 " Welcome, father ; " and he sat down me by.  
 " Displease you nocht, my good maister, though I  
 Demand your birth, your faculty, and name,  
 Why ye come here, or where ye dwell at hame ? "

" My son," said he, " I am of gentle blood,  
 My native land is Rome withouten nay ;  
 And in that town first to the schools I gaed,  
 In civil law studied full many a day,  
 And now my wonning<sup>5</sup> is in heaven for aye.  
 Æsop I hecht ;<sup>6</sup> my writing and my wark  
 Is couth<sup>7</sup> and kend<sup>8</sup> to mony a cunning clerk."

" O maister Æsop, poet laureate !  
 God wot ye are full dear welcome to me ;  
 Are ye nocht he that all those Fables wrate  
 Which, in effect, suppose they feignèd be,<sup>9</sup>  
 Are full of prudence and morality ? "  
 " Fair son," said he, " I am the samin man."  
 God wot gif<sup>10</sup> that my heart was merry than.

<sup>1</sup> Penholder.<sup>2</sup> Arrayed.<sup>3</sup> Majestic.<sup>4</sup> Glad.<sup>5</sup> Dwelling.<sup>6</sup> Am called.<sup>7</sup> Known.<sup>8</sup> Known (other form of same verb).<sup>9</sup> Even supposing they are feigned.<sup>10</sup> God knows if.

## WILLIAM DUNBAR.

(1460 ?-1520 ?)



**T**HE most interesting period in Scottish literary history coincides with the most splendid in the history of Scottish court life. When Henry VII. was King of England, we shall find, if we look abroad over Europe, a more remarkable cluster of sovereigns than have ever ruled simultaneously since ; and one of the most conspicuous of these was James IV. of Scotland, who began his reign in 1488, married the eldest daughter of Henry VII. in 1503, and was slain at Flodden in 1513. In this king, highly accomplished, handsome, courageous, and impulsive, with not a little of the traditional genius of the Stuart race, and of their power of personal fascination, we recognise precisely the kind of ruler, and in his court the kind of society, in whose presence may be expected an unusually rich outburst of poetry. Accordingly, this period in Scottish literary history corresponds in interest and importance with that of the middle of the reign of Edward III. in England, when Chaucer was the honoured friend of princes.

The literatures of England and of Scotland are so closely connected in every passage of their history that it is difficult to consider them as two. The nations were, indeed, from the

earliest period politically distinct,—parted, irremediably it seemed, by perpetual antagonisms. But, in the least friendly times, there was no such boundary line discernible in their literatures. What we call Scottish poetry was, in its first stage, but the perpetuation beyond the Tweed of that literature of the Anglian race, inhabiting the north country from the Humber to the Firth of Forth, of which we have a series of specimens from the seventh century onwards. Nor did the northern writers of English verse escape the influence imparted by the Norman Conquest to the literature of the south. In the universities of France and Italy, and in intercourse abroad and at home with foreigners and foreign books, Scottish students were brought into direct contact with the literature and culture of the continental cities. But it was chiefly from England that this wave of foreign literary influence reached the Scottish interior. The writings of Chaucer had an extraordinary effect upon Scottish genius in the fifteenth century. Indeed, it may be said that, from his death until the time of Spenser, the English poet met nowhere with such an enthusiastic following as among his Scottish readers and disciples north of the Tweed.

The fifteenth century is cited as the period of greatest poverty in the annals of English poetry. No poet of eminence, with the exception of Lydgate, succeeded Chaucer in his own country during the first half of the century, and Skelton's is the most notable name on the English list until the middle of Henry VIII.'s reign. This poverty in England is, however, compensated by the unprecedented abundance of poetry in Scotland during the same period. James I. was born in 1394, six years before Chaucer's death. Henryson commenced his life about the time that King James returned to Scotland from his captivity in 1524, and lived on into the beginning of the sixteenth century. In the meantime, Blind Henry produced his *Wallace*, Dunbar was born, and with him grew up a cluster of Scottish poets whose names are recorded in *Dunbar's Lament for the Makars*, written in 1506. The works of these *Makars*, or poets, have been in many cases entirely, or almost entirely, lost; and the fragments of them that remain seem to prove that, of all

the Scottish poets of that period, the most worthy are precisely those whose works have been preserved. This impression may, however, be an incorrect one; and we have the evidence of contemporary writers that some at least of Dunbar's *Makars* were as highly esteemed in their own age as himself.

William Dunbar was born in East Lothian,<sup>1</sup> of the family of the Earls of March. He graduated at St. Andrews in 1479; joined the mendicant order of St. Francis; travelled in England and abroad in the service of that order; and appears likewise to have performed on many occasions the office of clerk or notary in King James's foreign missions. He was pensioned by the King in 1500, and during James's life his home was almost entirely in Edinburgh, and near to the King's person. Here we may picture him in his friar's habit, living on his pension, which is augmented from time to time, and writing to the delight of the King and his courtiers no end of verses on all kinds of topics, humorous, satirical, and imaginative. Dunbar was remarkable for his habit of taking note of all that was passing in the courtly life around him. Almost everything he wrote appears to have been suggested by some incident of court or of city life. And no matter what is the incident, whether a royal marriage, a dance in the Queen's chamber, his own dangerous illness, or the gossip of old wives over their wine, his verse is always vivacious, his animal spirits prodigious. The boisterous levity of his less dignified compositions contrasts curiously at times with his sound but somewhat worldly wisdom; and, in spite of his unequivocal begging for a benefice from the King, which forms the subject of a number of his poems, there are not wanting in others of them strains of a higher and more reflective mood, with here and there luscious Chaucerian scene-painting, or an overflow of fun that is thoroughly human and pleasant. Dunbar's chief poems are *The Thrissel and the Rose*, and *The Golden Targe*. These are his works of greatest effort, and represent him very dis-

<sup>1</sup> He was probably a grandson of Sir Patrick Dunbar of Beill, in East Lothian, younger son of George, 10th Earl of March, and one of the hostages for James I., in 1426.

tinctly as a student of Chaucer and of mediæval literature. In his minor pieces, we come upon a great variety of metres, and some of Dunbar's lyric cadences are almost perfectly musical.

With the disaster of Flodden and the death of James IV. in 1513, the records of Dunbar's life come to an abrupt end. We know nothing of him in the troubled years which followed. The date and place of his death are forgotten; and it is only from references to his memory in the writings of his contemporaries that we infer his death to have taken place about 1520.

### FROM THE THRISSEL AND THE ROSE.<sup>1</sup>

DAME NATURE CROWNS THE SCOTTISH LION "KING OF BEASTS."

All present were in twinkling of an ee,  
Baith beast and bird and flower, before the Queen :  
And first the Lion, greatest of degree,  
Was callit there ; and he, most fair to seen,  
With a full hardy countenance, and keen,  
Before Dame Nature came, and did incline  
With visage bauld and courage leonine.

This awful beast full terrible was of cheer,<sup>2</sup>  
Piercing of look, and stout of countenance,  
Richt strong of corpse, of fashion fair, but<sup>3</sup> fear,  
Lusty of shape, licht of deliverance,  
Red of his colour as is the ruby glance ;  
On field of gold he stood full michtily,  
With fleur-de-lys circulit<sup>4</sup> lustily.

This Lady liftit up his cluvis<sup>5</sup> clear,  
And let him listly lean upon her knee ;  
And crownit him with diadem full dear  
Of radious<sup>6</sup> stones, most royal for to see ;  
Saying, " The King of Beastis mak I thee,  
And the protector chief in woods and shaws ;<sup>7</sup>  
To thy lieges go forth, and keep the laws.

<sup>1</sup> This poem was written in honour of the marriage of James IV. of Scotland to Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. of England, 1503.

<sup>2</sup> Without.

<sup>4</sup> Encircled.

<sup>5</sup> Hoofs.

<sup>6</sup> Radiant.

<sup>2</sup> Face.

<sup>7</sup> Coverts.

"Exerce<sup>1</sup> justice with mercy and conscience ;  
 And let no small beast suffer scaith nor scorns  
 Of great beastis that been of more puissance ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Do law alike to apes and unicorns ;  
 And let no bogle<sup>3</sup> with his busteous horns  
 The meek pleuch-ox<sup>4</sup> oppress, for all his pride,  
 But in the yoke go peaceable him beside."<sup>5</sup>

## THE KING AND QUEEN OF FLOWERS.

Then callit she<sup>6</sup> all flowers that grew on field,  
 Discerning all their fashions and effairs :<sup>6</sup>  
 Upon the awful THRISSSEL she beheld,  
 And saw him keepit<sup>7</sup> with a bush of spears.  
 Considering him so able for the weres,<sup>8</sup>  
 A radious crown of rubies she him gave,  
 And said, " In field go forth and fend<sup>9</sup> the lave . .

" Nor hold none other flower in sic dainty  
 As the fresh ROSE, of colour red and white ;  
 For, gif<sup>10</sup> thou does, hurt is thine honesty ;  
 Considering that no flower is so perfite,<sup>11</sup>  
 So full of virtue, pleasance, and delight,  
 So full of blissful angelic beauty,  
 Imperial birth, honour, and dignity."

Then to the ROSE she turnit her visage,  
 And said, " O, lusty dochter, most bening,<sup>12</sup>  
 Above the Lily illuster of linage,<sup>13</sup>  
 From the stalk royal rising fresh and ying,<sup>14</sup>  
 But<sup>15</sup> ony spot or macul<sup>16</sup> doing spring :<sup>17</sup>  
 Come, bloom of joy, with gemis to be crowned,  
 For, ower the lave,<sup>18</sup> thy beauty is renowned !"

A costly crown, with clarified stonès bricht,  
 This comely Queen did on her head inclois,  
 While all the land illumined of the licht :  
 Wherefore, methocht, the Flowers did rejoice,  
 Crying at once, " Hail be thou richest Rose !  
 Hail, Herbès' Empress, freshest Queen of Flowers !  
 To thee be glory and honour at all hours !"

<sup>1</sup> Exercise.<sup>2</sup> Power.<sup>3</sup> Goblin.<sup>4</sup> Plough-ox.<sup>5</sup> Dame Nature.<sup>6</sup> Qualities.<sup>7</sup> Protected.<sup>8</sup> Wars.<sup>9</sup> Defend the rest.<sup>10</sup> If.<sup>11</sup> Perfect.<sup>12</sup> Benign.<sup>13</sup> The English rose was of more illustrious growth than the French lily. This was in allusion to a former treaty of marriage between James IV. and a French princess.<sup>14</sup> Young.<sup>15</sup> Without.<sup>16</sup> Blemish (Latin, *macula*).<sup>17</sup> In the act of springing.<sup>18</sup> Beyond them all

THE TWA CUMMERS.<sup>1</sup>

Richt early on Ash-Wednesday,  
 Drinkand the wine sat cummers tway.<sup>2</sup>  
 The tane gouth to the tother complean;<sup>3</sup>  
 Groanand, and supband gouth she say,  
 "This lang Lentren<sup>4</sup> maks me lean!"

Uncouth, beside the fire she sat:  
 God wot gif<sup>5</sup> she was great and fat,  
 Yet to be feeble she did her feign;  
 And aye she said, "Lat preef of that;<sup>6</sup>  
 This lang Lentren maks me lean!"

"My fair sweet Cummer," quoth the tother,  
 "Ye tak that niggerdness<sup>7</sup> of your mother;  
 All wine to taste she would disdain  
 But mavasy;<sup>8</sup> she bade<sup>9</sup> nane other:—  
 This lang Lentren maks me lean!"

"Cummer, be glad both even and morrow;<sup>11</sup>  
 Though ye suld baith beg and borrow,  
 Frae ower lang<sup>12</sup> fasting ye you refrene;<sup>13</sup>  
 And lat your husband dree<sup>14</sup> the sorrow:—  
 This lang Lentren maks me lean!"

"Your counsel, Cummer, is good," quoth she;  
 "All is to tene<sup>15</sup> him that I do;  
 My husband is not worth a bean;  
 Fill fou<sup>16</sup> the glass, and drink me to:—  
 This lang Lentren maks me lean!"

Of wine out of ane choppin-stoup<sup>17</sup>  
 They drank twa quartis sowp and sowp,<sup>18</sup>  
 Of drouth sic excess did them constrein.  
 By then<sup>19</sup> to mend they had good hope:—  
 That Lentren suld nocht mak them lean.

<sup>1</sup> Gossips (French, *commères*).<sup>2</sup> Two gossips.<sup>3</sup> The one began to complain to the other.<sup>4</sup> Lent-term.<sup>5</sup> God knows.<sup>6</sup> Accept proof of that.<sup>7</sup> Other.<sup>8</sup> Leanness.<sup>9</sup> Same as *Malmsey*.<sup>10</sup> Ordered.<sup>11</sup> Morning.<sup>12</sup> Too (over) long.<sup>13</sup> Refrain.<sup>14</sup> Endure.<sup>15</sup> Vex.<sup>16</sup> Full.<sup>17</sup> Quart-measure.<sup>18</sup> Sip by sip.<sup>19</sup> By that time.



## FROM THE GOLDEN TARGE.

## A MAY-DAY DREAM.

Bright as the starn<sup>1</sup> of day begouth<sup>2</sup> to shine,  
 When gone to bed were Vesper and Lucine,  
 I rase,<sup>3</sup> and by a rosere<sup>4</sup> did me rest.  
 Up sprang the golden candle matutine,<sup>5</sup>  
 With clear depurit<sup>6</sup> beamès crystalline,  
 Gladding the merry fowlès in their nest :  
 Or<sup>7</sup> Phœbus was in purpur cape revest,<sup>8</sup>  
 Up rose the lark, the heavens' minstrel fine,  
 In May, intill<sup>9</sup> a morrow mirthfulest.

Full angel-like thir<sup>10</sup> birdès sang their hours  
 Within their curtains green into their bowers,  
 Apparelled white and red with bloomès sweet :  
 Enamelled was the field with all colours ;  
 The pearly droppis shook in silver showers,  
 While all in balm did branch and leavès fleet :<sup>11</sup>  
 To part frae Phœbus did Aurora greet ;<sup>12</sup>  
 Her crystal tears I saw hing on the flowers,  
 Whilk<sup>13</sup> he, for luvè, all drank up with his heat.

For mirth of May, with skippès and with hops,<sup>14</sup>  
 The birdès sang upon the tender crops  
 With curious notes, as Venus' chapel-clerks :  
 The roses young, new spreading of their knops,<sup>15</sup>  
 Were powdered bricht with heavenly beryl drops,  
 Through beamès red, burning as ruby sparks :  
 The skyès rang for shouting of the larks :  
 The purpur heaven, o'er-scaled in silver slops,  
 O'er-gilt the treès, branches, leaves, and barks.

Down through the rik<sup>16</sup> a River ran with streams,  
 So lustily again<sup>17</sup> those likand leams,<sup>18</sup>  
 That all the land as lamp did leam of licht ;  
 Whilk shadowit all about with twinkling gleams,

<sup>1</sup> Star of day, sun.<sup>2</sup> Began.<sup>3</sup> Rose.<sup>4</sup> Rose-bush.<sup>5</sup> Of morning.<sup>6</sup> Purified.<sup>7</sup> Before.<sup>8</sup> Reclothed.<sup>9</sup> In a morning.<sup>10</sup> These.<sup>11</sup> Flow.<sup>12</sup> Weep.<sup>13</sup> Which.

<sup>14</sup> This line was read, "with skippis and with hoppis," and the rhymes of this stanza were all double,—*hoppis, croppis, knoppis, droppis*, etc. Such rhymes are, however, so ungraceful to modern ears that we have sacrificed the reading of the first line for the sake of rendering the entire verse pleasant.

<sup>15</sup> Buds.<sup>16</sup> Country or kingdom.<sup>17</sup> Against.<sup>18</sup> Pleasant gleams.

That bewis<sup>1</sup> bathit were in secund<sup>2</sup> beams  
 Through the reflex of Phœbus' visage bricht;  
 On every side the hedges rose on hicht;  
 The bank was green; the brook was full of breams;<sup>3</sup>  
 The stanis<sup>4</sup> clear as stars in frosty nicht.

The crystal air, the sapphire firmament,  
 The ruby skiës of the orient,  
 Cast beryl beams on emerant bewis green;  
 The rosy garth,<sup>5</sup> depaint and redolent  
 With purpur, azure, gold, and goulis gent,<sup>6</sup>  
 Arrayèd was by dame Flora, the queen,  
 So nobly that joy was for to seen;<sup>7</sup>  
 The rock against<sup>8</sup> the river resplendent,  
 As low enluminèd all the leavès sheen.

What through<sup>9</sup> the merry fowles' harmony,  
 And through the river's sound that ran me by,  
 On Flora's mantle I sleepit as I lay:  
 Where soon, into my dreamès fantasy,  
 I saw approach against the orient sky  
 A sail, as white as blossom upon spray,  
 With merse<sup>10</sup> of gold bright as the starn<sup>11</sup> of day;  
 Which tendit<sup>12</sup> to the land full lustily,  
 As falcon swift desirous of her prey.

And hard on bord<sup>13</sup> unto the bloomèd meads,  
 Among the greenè rispès<sup>14</sup> and the reeds,  
 Arrivèd she: wherefro, anon, there lands  
 Ane hundreth ladies, lusty into weeds,<sup>15</sup>  
 As fresh as flowers that in May upspreads,  
 In kirtles green withouten cawl or bands:  
 Their bricht hairis<sup>16</sup> hang glittering on the strands,  
 In tresses clear wippit<sup>17</sup> with golden threads;  
 With pappis white, and middles small as wands.

### DM THE DANCE OF THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

#### A DANCE OF FIENDS.

Of Februar the fifteenth nicht,  
 Full lang before the dayès licht,  
 I lay intill a trance;

Boughs.    <sup>2</sup> Life-giving (Latin, *secundus*).    <sup>3</sup> Fish.    <sup>4</sup> Stones, gravel.  
 Garden (or shore).    <sup>5</sup> Brave jewels.    <sup>7</sup> It was joy to behold it.  
 On the river edge.    <sup>9</sup> What with.    <sup>10</sup> Mast.    <sup>11</sup> Star.  
 Drew near (tended).    <sup>13</sup> Near ashore.    <sup>14</sup> Grass-stalks.  
 In lusty garments.    <sup>16</sup> Hair, *pl.*    <sup>17</sup> Tied.

And then I saw baith Heaven and Hell :  
 Methocht, amang the Fiendès fell,  
 Mahoun<sup>1</sup> gart cry ane Dance  
 Of Shrewès<sup>2</sup> that were never shriven,  
 Against<sup>3</sup> the feast of Fastern's Even  
 To mak their observance :  
 He bade gallants gae graith a guise,<sup>4</sup>  
 And cast up gamounts<sup>5</sup> in the skies,  
 As varlets does in France. . . .

"Let see," quoth he, "now, wha begins !"  
 With that, the foul Seven Deadly Sins  
 Begouth<sup>6</sup> to leap at ance.<sup>7</sup>  
 And first of all in dance was Pride,  
 With hair wiled back and bonnet on side,  
 Like to mak vaistie wanes ;<sup>8</sup>  
 And round about him, as a wheel,  
 Hung all in rumples to the heel  
 His kethat<sup>9</sup> for the nance.<sup>10</sup>  
 Mony proud trumpour<sup>11</sup> with him trippit  
 Through scalding fire ; aye, as they skippit,  
 They girmed<sup>12</sup> with hideous granes.<sup>13</sup>

Then Ire come in with sturt and strife ;  
 His hand was aye upon his knife  
 He brandished like a beir ;<sup>14</sup>  
 Boasters, braggers, and bargainéres,  
 After him passit into pairs,  
 All bodèn<sup>15</sup> in feir of war ;  
 In jacks,<sup>16</sup> and scrips, and bonnets of steel,  
 Their legs were chainèd to the heel,<sup>17</sup>  
 Froward was their effeir :<sup>18</sup>  
 Some upon other with brandès beft ;<sup>19</sup>  
 Some jaggit<sup>20</sup> others to the heft<sup>21</sup>  
 With knives that sharp could shear.

Next in the dance followed Envý,  
 Filled full of feud and felony,  
 Hid malice, and despite :  
 For privy hatred that traitor tremblit :  
 Him followit mony freik<sup>22</sup> dissemblit,  
 With feignit wordis white ;

<sup>1</sup> Satan.    <sup>2</sup> Sinners.    <sup>3</sup> As preparation for observing this religious festival.

<sup>4</sup> Prepare a masque or dancing procession.    <sup>5</sup> Capers.

<sup>6</sup> Began.    <sup>7</sup> Once.    <sup>8</sup> Empty dwellings.    <sup>9</sup> Cassock.    <sup>10</sup> For the nonce.    <sup>11</sup> Boaster.

<sup>12</sup> Grinned.    <sup>13</sup> Groans.    <sup>14</sup> Which he brandished like a stalk of barley.

<sup>15</sup> Dressed in guise of war.    <sup>16</sup> Short coats of mail.

<sup>17</sup> In chain armour to the heel.    <sup>18</sup> Appearance.    <sup>19</sup> Hit head.

<sup>20</sup> Pricked.    <sup>21</sup> Hilt.    <sup>22</sup> Fellow.

## WILLIAM DUNBAR.

And flatterers into<sup>1</sup> mennès faces,  
 And backbiters, in secret places  
     To lie that had delight ;  
 And rounerès<sup>2</sup> of false lesings ;  
 Alas, that courts of noble kings  
     Of them can never be quite !<sup>4</sup>

Next him in dance come Covetise,<sup>5</sup>  
 Root of all evil and ground of vice,  
     That never could be content ;  
 Caitifs, wretches, and ockerers,<sup>6</sup>  
 Hud-picks,<sup>7</sup> hoarders, and gatherers,  
     All with that warlock went ;  
 Out of their throats they shot on other  
 Het<sup>8</sup> molten gold, methocht a fother,<sup>9</sup>  
     As fire-flaucht<sup>10</sup> maist<sup>11</sup> fervent ;  
 Aye, as they toomèd<sup>12</sup> them of shot,  
 Fiends filled them new up to the throat  
     With gold of alkin<sup>13</sup> prent. . . .

Then the foul monster Gluttony,  
 Of wame<sup>14</sup> unsatiable and greedy,  
     To dance he did him dress :<sup>15</sup>  
 Him followit mony foul drunkart,  
 With can and collep,<sup>16</sup> cup and quart,  
     In surfeit and excess ;  
 Full mony a waistless wally-drag,<sup>17</sup>  
 With wames unweildable, did forth wag,  
     In creische<sup>18</sup> that did increase ;  
 "Drink !" aye they cryed, with mony a gape ;  
 The Fiends gave them hot lead to laip ;<sup>19</sup>  
     Their livery<sup>20</sup> was nae less.

Nae minstrels played to them, but<sup>21</sup> doubt,  
 For glee-men there were halden<sup>22</sup> out  
     By day, and eke by nicht ;  
 Except a minstrel that slew a man  
 Swa till<sup>23</sup> his heritage he wan,<sup>24</sup>  
     And entered by brief of richt.<sup>25</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In.<sup>6</sup> Usurers.<sup>11</sup> Most.<sup>15</sup> Set.<sup>19</sup> Lap.<sup>23</sup> In order that.<sup>3</sup> Whispersers.<sup>7</sup> Misers.<sup>12</sup> Emptied.<sup>16</sup> Drinking-cup.<sup>20</sup> Relief.<sup>3</sup> Lies.<sup>8</sup> Hot.<sup>13</sup> All kinds of stamps.<sup>17</sup> Outcast.<sup>21</sup> Without.<sup>24</sup> Might win.<sup>4</sup> Quit.<sup>9</sup> Cart-load.<sup>5</sup> Covetousness.<sup>10</sup> Sheet-lightning.<sup>14</sup> Stomach.<sup>18</sup> Obesity (grease).<sup>22</sup> Kept out.<sup>25</sup> A law term, "*breve de recto*

Then cried Mahoun<sup>1</sup> for a Hieland padyan ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Syne ran a Fiend to fetch Macfadyan  
 Far northward in a neuk.<sup>3</sup>  
 By<sup>4</sup> he the coronach had done shout,  
 Erse<sup>5</sup> men so gathered him about  
 In Hell great room they took.  
 These termagants,<sup>6</sup> with tag and tatter,  
 Full loud in Erse begouth<sup>7</sup> to clatter  
 And roup<sup>8</sup> like raven and rook.  
 The Devil sae deaved<sup>9</sup> was with their yell,  
 That in the deepest pit of hell  
 He smorit<sup>10</sup> them with smuke.

## TO THE KING.

## THE PETITION OF THE GREY HORSE, AULD DUNBAR.

Now lovers<sup>11</sup> come with largess loud,  
 Why should not palfreys then be proud?  
 When gillets<sup>12</sup> will be shomd and shroud,<sup>13</sup>  
 That ridden are baith with lord and lewd ;<sup>14</sup>  
 Sir, let it never in toun be tauld<sup>15</sup>  
 That I suld be ane *Yule's yauld* !<sup>16</sup>

When I was young and into ply,<sup>17</sup>  
 And would cast gammalds<sup>18</sup> to the sky  
 I had been bocht in realmès by<sup>19</sup> .  
 Had I consented to be sauld.<sup>20</sup>  
 Sir, let it never in toun be tauld  
 That I suld be ane *Yule's yauld* !

With gentle horse when I would knip,<sup>21</sup>  
 Then is there laid on me ane whip ;  
 To coal-heavers then mun I skip  
 That scabbit are, has cruik, and cald ?<sup>22</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Satan. <sup>2</sup> Pageant. <sup>3</sup> In a corner of the far north. <sup>4</sup> By the time when.

<sup>5</sup> Irish, Gaelic.

<sup>6</sup> Noisy fellows.

<sup>7</sup> Began.

<sup>8</sup> Croak.

<sup>9</sup> Deafened.

<sup>10</sup> Smothered.

<sup>11</sup> Petitioners.

<sup>12</sup> Fillies.

<sup>13</sup> Decked up and drest.

<sup>14</sup> Persons of low ranks (lewd).

<sup>15</sup> Be told.

<sup>16</sup> *Yule* signifies Christmas, and *yauld* is an old horse. The exact meaning of the expression "ane *Yule's yauld*" is lost. A superstition prevailed in Morayshire a century ago to the effect that no woman would leave her work unfinished on Christmas Eve for fear she should be *Yule's yauld* during the next year. "Yule" being in this case personified in her mind as a night-mare or goblin. Dunbar's refrain, "That I should be ane *Yule's yauld*" appears to have been an adaptation of some such old proverb or popular superstition. (See Dr. Laing's edition of *Dunbar's Poems*, vol. ii. p. 327.)

<sup>17</sup> In condition.

<sup>18</sup> Gambols.

<sup>19</sup> Bought in neighbouring kingdoms.

<sup>20</sup> Sold.

<sup>21</sup> Crop grass.

<sup>22</sup> That are mangy, and affected with lameness and cold.

Sir, let it never in toun be tauld  
That I suld be ane *Yule's yauld!*

Thocht<sup>1</sup> in the stall I be not clappit,  
As coursers that in silk been trappit,  
With ane new house I would be happit<sup>2</sup>  
Against this Christenmas for the cauld.  
Sir, let it never in toun be tauld  
That I suld be ane *Yule's yauld!*

Suppose I were ane auld yaid aiver<sup>3</sup>  
Shot forth on cleuchs<sup>4</sup> to pull the claver,  
And had the strength of all Stranaver,<sup>5</sup>  
I wad<sup>6</sup> at Yule be housed and stalled.  
Sir, let it never in toun be tauld  
That I suld be ane *Yule's yauld!*

I am an auld horse, as ye know,  
That ever in dule does dring<sup>7</sup> and draw;  
Great court horse puts me frae the staw<sup>8</sup>  
To fang<sup>9</sup> the fog by frith and fauld.  
Sir, let it never in toun be tauld  
That I suld be ane *Yule's yauld!*

I have run lang forth in the field  
On pastures that are plain and peeled;<sup>10</sup>  
I might be now taen in for eild:<sup>11</sup>  
My beiks<sup>12</sup> are spruning<sup>13</sup> hie and bauld.  
Sir, let it never in toun be tauld  
That I suld be ane *Yule's yauld!*

My mane is turned into white,  
And thereof ye have all the wite!<sup>14</sup>  
When other horse had bran to bite,  
I gat but girss,<sup>15</sup> knip<sup>16</sup> gif I wald.  
Sir, let it never in toun be tauld  
That I suld be ane *Yule's yauld!*

I was never dantit<sup>17</sup> into stable;  
My life has been so miserable!  
My hide to offer I am able,<sup>18</sup>  
For ill-shorn straw<sup>19</sup> that I reive wald.<sup>20</sup>  
Sir, let it never in toun be tauld  
That I suld be ane *Yule's yauld!*

<sup>1</sup> Though.    <sup>2</sup> Furnished.    <sup>3</sup> An old spent horse.    <sup>4</sup> Over the fields.

<sup>5</sup> Meaning obscure.    <sup>6</sup> Should.    <sup>7</sup> Drag.    <sup>8</sup> Stall.    <sup>9</sup> Encounter.

<sup>10</sup> Stripped bare.    <sup>11</sup> Taken indoors for my old age.    <sup>12</sup> Teeth.

<sup>13</sup> Projecting high.    <sup>14</sup> Blame.    <sup>15</sup> Grass.    <sup>16</sup> If I chose to crop it.

<sup>17</sup> Petted up in a stable.    <sup>18</sup> I can, if I choose, sell my hide.

<sup>19</sup> This is Mr. Laing's reading (with a query).    <sup>20</sup> That I would tear and eat.

And yet, suppose my thrif<sup>1</sup> be thine  
 Gif that I die your aucht<sup>2</sup> within,  
 Let never the Sootters<sup>3</sup> have my skin,  
 With ugly gums to be gnawin.

Sir, let it never in toon be tauld  
 That I suld be ane *Yule's yauld!*

The court has done<sup>4</sup> my courage cool,  
 And made me a for-ridden<sup>5</sup> mule;  
 Yet, to wear trappings<sup>6</sup> at this Yule,  
 I would be spurrit at every spald!<sup>7</sup>  
 Sir, let it never in toon be tauld  
 That I suld be ane *Yule's yauld!*

*The King's Reply.<sup>8</sup>*

After our writings, Treasurar,  
 Tak in this grey horse, Auld Dunbar,  
 Whilk in my aucht<sup>9</sup> with service true,  
 In lyart<sup>10</sup> changèd is his hue:  
 Gar<sup>11</sup> house him now against this Yule,  
 And busk<sup>12</sup> him like ane bishop's mule;  
 For with my hand I have indost<sup>13</sup>  
 To pay whatever his trappings cost.

TO THE MERCHANTS OF EDINBURGH.

Why will ye, Merchants of renown,  
 Let Edinburgh, your noble town,  
 For lack of reformation,  
 The common profit tine,<sup>14</sup> and fame?

Think ye nocht shame  
 That ony other region  
 Shall with dishonour hurt your name?

May nane pass through your principal gates<sup>15</sup>  
 For stink of haddocks and of skates,  
 For cries of carlings<sup>16</sup> and debates,  
 For fensum<sup>17</sup> flytings<sup>18</sup> of defame.

Think ye nocht shame,  
 Before strangers of all estates,  
 That sic dishonour hurt your name?

<sup>1</sup> The profit of my carcass.    <sup>2</sup> In your possession.

<sup>3</sup> Shoemakers.

<sup>4</sup> Made my spirit cool.

<sup>5</sup> Over-ridden.

<sup>6</sup> For royal favours.    <sup>7</sup> Joint.

<sup>8</sup> There is doubt whether this is the original composition of James IV., or the reply added by Dunbar himself to his own petition.

<sup>9</sup> Possession.

<sup>10</sup> Into grey.

<sup>11</sup> Cause, order.

<sup>12</sup> Dress.    <sup>13</sup> Indorsed.

<sup>14</sup> Loec.

<sup>15</sup> Streets.

<sup>16</sup> Old women.

<sup>17</sup> Offensive.

<sup>18</sup> Scoldings.

Your Stinking Stile<sup>1</sup> that standèd dark  
 Holds the licht frae your Parish Kirk;<sup>2</sup>  
 Your fore-stairs<sup>3</sup> maks your houses mirk<sup>4</sup>  
 Like nae country but here at hame.

Think ye nocht shame,  
 Sae little policy,<sup>5</sup> to work,  
 In hurt and slander of your name?

At your High Cross,<sup>6</sup> where gold and silk  
 Suld be, there is but cyrds and milk;  
 And at your Tron<sup>7</sup> but cockle and wilk,<sup>8</sup>  
 Paunches and puddings of Jock and Jame.<sup>9</sup>

Think ye nocht shame,  
 Sin as<sup>10</sup> the world says that ilk<sup>11</sup>  
 In hurt and slander of your name?

Your Common Minstrels<sup>12</sup> has no tune  
 But "Now the day dawns" and "Into June;"<sup>13</sup>  
 Cunninger<sup>14</sup> men maun serve "Saint Cloun,"  
 And "Never to other craftès clamb!"

Think ye nocht shame  
 To hauld sic mowers on the moon<sup>15</sup>  
 In hurt and slander of your name?

Tailors, Souters,<sup>16</sup> and craftès vile  
 The fairest of your streets do fyle;<sup>17</sup>  
 And Merchants at the Stinkand Stile  
 Are hampered in ane honey-came.<sup>18</sup>

Think ye nocht shame  
 That ye have neither wit nor will  
 To win yourself ane better name?

Your Burgh of beggars is ane nest;  
 To shout these swenyours<sup>19</sup> will nocht rest;  
 All honest folk they do molest,  
 Sae piteously they cry and rame.<sup>20</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A narrow passage.

<sup>2</sup> St. Giles.

<sup>3</sup> Common stairs to different tenements, which projected into the street.

<sup>4</sup> Gloomy.

<sup>5</sup> So impolitic.

<sup>6</sup> Its site is still marked upon the pavement in the High Street of Edinburgh, and is the place from which public proclamations are made.

<sup>7</sup> A public beam for weighing heavy wares stood near the site of the present Tron Church.

<sup>8</sup> Cockles and periwinkles.

<sup>9</sup> Possibly tripe and haggis. The kind called of *Jock* and *Jame* are now unknown.

<sup>10</sup> Since (since as).

<sup>11</sup> The same, *i.e.* all this about you.

<sup>12</sup> Street pipers maintained by the city.

<sup>13</sup> Popular tunes.

<sup>14</sup> Cleverer.

<sup>15</sup> Uphold or maintain such mouths on the moon.

<sup>16</sup> Shoemakers.

<sup>17</sup> Defile.

<sup>18</sup> Honey-comb.

<sup>19</sup> Sturdy vagabonds.

<sup>20</sup> Bawl.



Think ye nocht shame  
That for the poor has nothing drest,<sup>1</sup>  
In hurt and slander of your name?

Your profit daily does increase,  
Your godly workès less and less ;  
Through streetès nane may make progress  
For cry of crooked, blind, and lame.

Think ye nocht shame  
That ye sic substance does possess,  
And will nocht win ane better name?

Since, for the Court and the Session,  
The great repair<sup>2</sup> of this region  
Is in your Burgh, therefore be boun<sup>3</sup>  
To mend all faults that are to blame,

And eschew shame :  
Gif *they* pass to arie other toun,  
Ye will decay, and your great name !

Therefore, strangers and lieges<sup>4</sup> treat ;  
Tak nocht ower mickle for their meat ;  
And gar<sup>5</sup> your Merchants be discreet,  
That nae extortions be proclaim,<sup>6</sup>

Offerand ane shame.  
Keep order ; and poor neighbours be it,<sup>7</sup>  
That ye may get ane better name !

Singular profit<sup>8</sup> so does you blind,  
The common profit<sup>9</sup> goes behind.  
I pray the Lord remede<sup>10</sup> to find,  
That died into Jerusalem ;

And gar<sup>11</sup> you shame ;  
That sometime reason may you bind  
For to reconquer<sup>12</sup> your good name.

## OF THE WORLD'S INSTABILITY.

### AN APPEAL TO THE KING FOR A BENEFICE.

This waverand<sup>13</sup> world's wretchedness ;  
The failand fruitless busyness ;  
The mis-spent time, the service vain ;—  
For to consider is ane pain.

<sup>1</sup> Provided.

<sup>2</sup> Resort.

<sup>3</sup> Bound.

<sup>4</sup> Foreigners and natives

<sup>5</sup> Cause.

<sup>6</sup> Proclaimed.

<sup>7</sup> Help.

<sup>8</sup> Individual gain.

<sup>9</sup> The gain of the many.

<sup>10</sup> Remedy.

<sup>11</sup> Cause.

<sup>12</sup> Recover

<sup>13</sup> Wavering (*and = ing*).

The slidand joy, the gladness short ;  
 The feignèd love, the false comfort ;  
 The sweet abaid,<sup>1</sup> the flichtful train ;<sup>2</sup>—  
 For to consider is ane pain.

The sugared mouths with minds therefrae ;  
 The figured speech with faces tway ;  
 The pleasant tongues with hearts unplain ;<sup>3</sup>  
 For to consider is ane pain. . . .

The change of warld frae weal to woe ;  
 The honourable uses<sup>4</sup> all ago,  
 In hall, in bower, in burgh and plain ;—  
 Whilk to consider is ane pain. . . .

I know not how the Kirk is guidit,  
 But Benefices are nocht weell dividit ;  
 Some men have seven, and I nocht ane ;—  
 Whilk to consider is ane pain. . . .

I wot it is for me providit ;  
 But sae doom tiresome it is to bide it,  
 It breaks my heart and bursts my brain ;—  
 Whilk to consider is ane pain.

Great Abbey's graith<sup>5</sup> I nill<sup>6</sup> to gather,  
 But ane kirk scant,<sup>7</sup> covered with heather ;  
 For I of little wald be fain ;<sup>8</sup>—  
 Whilk to consider is ane pain. . . .

Experience does me so inspire,  
 Of this false failand warld I tire,  
 That evermore flits like ane vane ;<sup>9</sup>  
 Whilk to consider is ane pain.

The foremost hope yet that I have  
 In all this warld, sae God me save,  
 Is in your Grace,<sup>10</sup> baith crop and grain ;<sup>11</sup>—  
 Whilk is ane lessoun<sup>12</sup> of my pain.

elayed.

ustoms all gone.

scanty humble church.

be king.

<sup>2</sup> Changeful snare.

<sup>5</sup> Substance.

<sup>8</sup> Should be glad.

<sup>11</sup> As we say, "both root and branch."

<sup>3</sup> Dishonest.

<sup>6</sup> *Ne will*, do not wish.

<sup>9</sup> Weathercock.

<sup>12</sup> A lessening.

## JOHN SKELTON.

(1460-1529.)

SKELTON was probably a scion of a Cumberland family of that name, and was born, it is believed, in Norfolk about the close of the reign of Henry VI. He was educated at Cambridge, and was crowned Poet-laureate (at that time a recognised academical distinction) by both the English universities and by the foreign university of Louvain. Henry VII. chose him to be the tutor of his second son, Prince Henry, afterwards Henry VIII.; and in the courts; successively, of both these kings Skelton enjoyed the highest patronage. Among his early friends was Cardinal Wolsey, for whom, for reasons not known, Skelton afterwards conceived an implacable hatred. Having entered the priesthood in 1498, he became rector of Diss, in the county of Norfolk. Here, among his parishioners, he appears to have acquired the character of a witty and eccentric preacher; and long after his death "merye tales" were circulated concerning him. In consequence of a secret marriage which he contracted, in defiance of church discipline, whilst he was a priest, he was at one time suspended from the ministry; but he continued during his life to be, at least in name, the rector of Diss. He was the author of some of our earliest Plays, only one of which, called *Magnificence*, is extant. Some Ballads also, occurring in the plays of later writers, are attributed to him. Many of Skelton's poems have perished, and of those which remain, the *Bowge of Court*, an allegorical satire written in the Chaucerian seven-lined stanza, and the *Book of Philip Sparrow*, a young girl's lament for her dead bird, are perhaps the only ones which exhibit imaginative power. The works that are at once the most interesting and the most characteristic of Skelton's genius were written in a peculiar *rigmarole* measure, called since his time *Skeltonian*. Among these may be noted:—*The Tunning of Elinour Rumming*, a description of an ale-wife whose roadside inn at Sothray, near Leatherhead, was a favourite resort in Skelton's time; *Colin Clout*, a satire on the clergy, the

name of which was afterwards adopted by Spenser in his *Pastorals*; and *Why come ye not to Court?* This last was a direct and personal attack on Cardinal Wolsey, who was at that period the greatest power in England, and one of the leading statesmen in Europe. In these satires may be seen Skelton's extraordinary faculty of rhyming, his marvellous fluency of speech, and the uncouth but muscular character of his mind. His savage onslaughts so incensed Wolsey that the poet was at length forced to seek refuge in the sanctuary of Westminster with a friendly Abbot named Islip. Here he remained till his death in 1529.

Skelton was esteemed among his contemporaries for his scholarly learning, as well as for his witty and daring satires. In the preface of one of Caxton's books, published in 1490, the old printer alludes admiringly to Skelton's translations of the Latin authors into English, "not in rude and olde language, but in polysshed and ornate termes craftely, as he that hath redde Vyrgyle, Ovyde, Tullye, and all the other noble poetes and oratours to me unknowen." Erasmus also, in a Latin ode dedicated to Prince Henry in 1500, called Skelton, at that time the Prince's tutor, "*Unum Britannicarum literarum lumen et decus*" (the one light and ornament of British literature). He and Dunbar had some points in common; both were priests, and satirists, with a rich vocabulary of scorn at their command. But Dunbar was the truer poet; and Skelton's rigmarole soon fell out of repute among the younger poets of Henry VIII.'s court, who immediately succeeded him.

The poetry of Skelton was first collected and published, from stray manuscripts and from the older printed editions of single poems or smaller collections of them, in the year 1568, in 12mo, by the printer Thomas Marshe, with the title, *Pithy, pleasant, and profitable workes of Maister Skelton, Poete-laureate*, with some laudatory verses prefixed to the volume by Churchyard. The more correct modern edition of Mr. Alexander Dyce (1843) contains, in excellent type, all that is known of Skelton and his writings.

UPON A DEAD MAN'S HEAD<sup>1</sup>

WHICH WAS SENT TO HIM FROM AN HONOURABLE GENTLE-  
WOMAN FOR A TOKEN.

Your ugly token  
My mind hath broken  
From worldly lust :  
For I have discussed  
We are but dust,  
And die we must.  
It is general<sup>2</sup>  
To be mortal :  
I have well espied  
No man may him hide  
From Death, hollow-eyed,  
With sinews withered,  
With bones shivered,  
With his worm-eaten maw,  
And his ghastly jaw  
Gasping aside ;  
Naked of hide,  
Neither flesh nor feel.  
Then, by my counsel,  
Look that ye spell  
Well thy gospel ;  
For, whereso we dwell,  
Death will us quell,  
And with us mell.<sup>3</sup>  
For all our pampered paunches,  
There may no franchise,  
Nor worldly bliss,  
Redeem us from this :  
Our days be dated,  
To be checkmated  
With draughts of Death. . . .  
To whom then shall we sue  
For to have rescue,  
But to sweet Jesu  
On us then for to rue?<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Skull. . <sup>2</sup> The fate of all to die.<sup>3</sup> Meddle.<sup>4</sup> Take pity.

FROM THE BOWGE OF COURT.<sup>1</sup>

HARRY HAFTER, THE TOADY.

... As I stood musing in my mind,  
Harry Hafter came leaping, light as lind.<sup>2</sup>

Upon his breast he bare a versing box ;<sup>3</sup>  
His throat was clear and lustily could feign ;  
Methought his gownè was all furred with fox ;  
And ever he sang, "Sith I am nothing plain."<sup>4</sup>  
To keep him from picking, it was great pain.  
He gazed upon me with his goatish beard ;  
When I looked on him, my purse was half afeard.

*Harry Hafter.* Sir, God you save ! Why lookè ye so sad ?  
What thingè is that I may do for you ?  
A wonder thingè that ye wax not mad !  
For, and I study should as ye do now,  
My wit would wasten, I make God avow !<sup>5</sup>  
Tell me your mind ; methink, ye make a verse ;  
I could it scan, and ye would it rehearse.<sup>6</sup>

But to the pointè shortly to proceed :—  
Where hath your dwelling been ere ye came here ?  
For, as I trow, I have seen you indeed  
Ere this, when that ye made me royal cheer.  
"Hold up the helm, look up, and let God steer !"  
I would be merry what wind that ever blow :  
"Heave, and ho, rombelow ; row the boat, Norman, row !" <sup>7</sup>

"Princess of youthè" can ye sing by rote ?  
Or "Shall I sail with you ?" <sup>8</sup> o' fellowship assay ?  
For on the book I cannot sing a note.  
Would to God it would please you some day  
A ballad-book before me for to lay,

<sup>1</sup> Bowge is a corruption of *bouche*, Fr. "Bowge of Court" signified an allowance of food for the tables of the inferior officers and servants of the royal household. The expression is adopted by Skelton as the name of a ship, on which the incidents and dialogues of his poem are supposed to take place. The story is in the usual form of a dream-allegory. The poet, dreaming, sees the *Bowge of Court* cast anchor in Harwich Harbour. Merchants board her, and he goes with the crowd. The owner of the ship is "a lady of estate," whose merchandise is called *Favour*, and whose ship is steered by *Fortune*. The dreamer, with the merchants, takes sail in this ship, and the rest of the poem is devoted to descriptions of the crew (allegorical persons), among whom is Harry Hafter, the mean-hearted flatterer or toady.

<sup>2</sup> Dice-box.

<sup>4</sup> Honest.

<sup>5</sup> I assure you.

<sup>6</sup> Recite.

<sup>7</sup> A very ancient song, the burden of which is quoted in many old ballads and poems.

<sup>8</sup> First lines of other songs.

And learnen me to sing, "Re, mi, fa, sol"!  
And, when I failè, bob me on the noll.<sup>1</sup>

Lo, what it is to you, a pleasure great  
To have that cunning,<sup>2</sup> and wayès that ye have!  
By Goddès soul, I wonder how ye get  
So great pleasúre, or who to you it gave!  
Sir, pardon me, I am an homely knave,<sup>3</sup>  
To be with you thus pertè<sup>4</sup> and thus bold;  
But ye be welcome to our household.

And I dare say there is no man herein  
But wouldè be glad of your company;  
I wist<sup>5</sup> man never that so soon could win  
The favour that ye have with my Lady;<sup>6</sup>  
I pray to God that it may never die:  
It is your fortune for to have that grace;  
As I be saved, it is a wonder case!

For, as for me, I served here many a day,  
And yet unneth<sup>7</sup> I can have my living;  
But I require you no word that I say;<sup>8</sup>  
For, and I knowè<sup>9</sup> only earthly thing  
That is against you, ye shall have witting:<sup>9</sup>  
And ye be welcome, sir, so God me save,  
I hope hereafter a friend of you to have.

### FROM THE BOOK OF PHILIP SPARROW.

#### A LAMENT FOR PHILIP SPARROW.

When I remember again  
How my Philip was slain,  
Never half the pain  
Was between you twain,  
Pyramus and Thisbe,  
As then befell to me:  
I wept and I wailed,  
The tears down hailed,  
But nothing it availed  
To call Philip again,  
Whom Gib, our cat, hath slain. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Head.

<sup>2</sup> Knew.

<sup>3</sup> Knowledge.

<sup>4</sup> The owner of the ship.

<sup>5</sup> Fellow.

<sup>6</sup> Frank, open.

<sup>7</sup> Scarce.

<sup>8</sup> Information.

<sup>9</sup> I pray you not to mention a word of what I say.

I sighed and I sobbed,  
 For that I was robbed  
 Of my sparrow's life.  
 O maiden, widow, wife,  
 Of what estate ye be,  
 Of high or low degree,  
 Great sorrow ye might see,  
 And learn to weep at me ! . . .

It had a velvet cap,  
 And would sit upon my lap,  
 And seek after small worms,  
 And sometimes white bread crumbs.  
 And many times and oft  
 Within my breast soft  
 It would lie and rest. . .

Sometimes he would gasp  
 When he saw a wasp ;  
 A fly or a gnat,  
 He would fly at that ;  
 And prettily he would pant  
 When he saw an ant ;  
 Lord, how he would pry  
 After the butterfly !  
 Lord, how he would hop  
 After the grass-hop !  
 And when I said " Phip, Phip,"  
 Then he would leap and skip,  
 And take me by the lip. . .

*Si in-i-qui-la-tes,*  
 Alas, I was evil at ease !  
*De pro-fun-dis cla-ma-vi,*  
 When I saw my sparrow die ! . . .

Vengeance I ask and cry,  
 By way of exclamation,  
 On all the whole nation  
 Of cats, wild and tame ;  
 God send them sorrow and shame !  
 That cat specially  
 That slew so cruelly  
 My little pretty sparrow  
 That I brought up at Carow.

O cat of churlish kind,  
 The Fiend was in thy mind  
 When thou my bird untwined !  
 I would thou hadst been blind !



The leopardès sauvage,  
 The lions in their rage,  
 May they catch thee in their paws,  
 And gnaw thee in their jaws ! . . .  
 The dragons with their tongues  
 May they poison thy liver and lungs !  
 The manticors<sup>1</sup> of the mountains,  
 May they feed them on thy brains ! . . .  
 Of Ind the greedy gripes,<sup>2</sup>  
 May they tear out all thy tripes !  
 Of Arcady the bears,  
 May they pluck away thine ears !  
 The wild wolf Lycaon,  
 Bite asunder thy back-bone !  
 Of Etna the burning Hill,  
 That day and night burneth still,  
 Set thy tail in a blaze ;  
 That all the world may gaze,  
 And wonder upon thee,  
 From ocean, the great sea,  
 Unto the Isles of Orcady,  
 From Tilbury Ferry  
 To the plain of Salisbury !  
 So traitorously my bird to kill,  
 That never owed thee evil will ! . . .  
 Farewell, Philip, adieu !  
 Our Lord thy soul rescue !  
 Farewell without restore,  
 Farewell for evermore ! . . .  
 For Philip Sparow's soul,  
 Set in our bead-roll,  
 Let us now whisper  
 A *Pater-noster* !

FROM THE TUNNING OF ELINOUR RUMMING.<sup>3</sup>

## THE ALE-WIFE.

Her loathly lere<sup>4</sup>  
 Is nothing clear,  
 But ugly of cheer,<sup>5</sup>  
 Droupy and drowsy. . . .

<sup>1</sup> A fabulous beast.<sup>2</sup> Griffins.<sup>3</sup> Elinour Rumming was the owner of a well-known roadside inn in the parish of Leatherhead, Surrey. "Tunning" means "brewing."<sup>4</sup> Skin.<sup>5</sup> Countenance.

Her face all bowsy,<sup>1</sup>  
 Comely crinkled,  
 Wondrously wrinkled,  
 Like a roast pig's ear,  
 Bristled with hair.  
 Her lewd lips twain  
 They slaver, men sayn,<sup>2</sup>  
 Like a ropy rain,  
 A gummy glair.<sup>3</sup>  
 She is ugly fair;  
 Her nose somedeal hookèd,  
 And camously<sup>4</sup> crookèd. . . .  
 Her skin loose and slack,  
 Grained like a sack,  
 With a crooked back.  
 Her eyen gowndy,<sup>5</sup>  
 Are full unsoundy,  
 For they are bleared;  
 And she grey-haired,  
 Jawed like a jetty.<sup>6</sup>  
 A man would have pity  
 To see how she is gummed,  
 Fingered, and thumbèd. . . .  
 Her youth is far past;  
 Footed like a plane,  
 Legged like a crane;  
 And yet she will strut  
 Like a jolly slut,  
 In her furred flocket,<sup>7</sup>  
 And gay russet rocket.<sup>8</sup>  
 With *simper-the-cocket*,<sup>9</sup>  
 Her huke<sup>10</sup> of Lincoln green,  
 It had been hers, I ween,  
 More than forty year;  
 And so it doth appear,  
 For the green bare threads  
 Look like sere weeds,  
 Withered like hay,  
 The wool worn away;  
 And yet I dare say  
 She thinketh herself gay  
 Upon the holiday:

<sup>1</sup> Bloated.<sup>2</sup> Say.<sup>3</sup> Viscous fluid.<sup>4</sup> Crooked like a stick, *i.e.* snub-nosed.<sup>5</sup> Weak.<sup>6</sup> Projection on the exterior of a building.<sup>7</sup> Loose garment.<sup>8</sup> Over-cloak.<sup>9</sup> Probably a popular corruption of the words "*simpering coquette*."<sup>10</sup> Hooded mantle.

When she doth her array,  
 And girdeth in her gites,<sup>1</sup>  
 Stitched and pranked with pleats,  
 Her kirtle of Bristol red,<sup>2</sup>  
 With cloths upon her head  
 That weigh a sow of lead,  
 Writen in wonder wise,<sup>3</sup>  
 After the Saracen's guise,  
 With a whim-wham,  
 Knit with a trim-tram,  
 Upon her brain-pan  
 Like an Egyptian,<sup>4</sup>  
 Cappèd about.  
 When she goeth out  
 Herself for to show,  
 She driveth down the dew  
 With a pair of heels  
 As broad as two wheels ;  
 She hobbles as a goose  
 With her blanket hose  
 Over the fallow ;  
 Her shoon<sup>5</sup> smeared with tallow. . . .  
 And this comely dame,  
 I understand her name  
 Is Eleanor Rumming  
 At home in her winning ;<sup>6</sup>  
 And, as men say,  
 She dwells in Sothray<sup>7</sup>  
 In a certain stead<sup>8</sup>  
 Beside<sup>9</sup> Leatherhead.  
 She is a tonnish gib<sup>10</sup>  
 The Devil and she be sib.<sup>11</sup>  
 But, to make up my tale ;  
 She breweth nopp<sup>12</sup> ale,  
 And maketh thereof pot sale ;  
 To travellers, to tinkers,  
 To sweaters, to swinkers,  
 And to all good ale drinkers ;  
 That will nothing spare,  
 But drink till they stare,  
 And bring themselves bare,  
 With " Now away the mare !"  
 And " Let us slay care !"

<sup>1</sup> Gowns.    <sup>2</sup> Bristol was formerly noted for its red dye, and Lincoln for its green.

<sup>3</sup> Twisted in a wondrous manner.    <sup>4</sup> Gipsy.    <sup>5</sup> Shoes.    <sup>6</sup> Dwelling.

<sup>7</sup> Surrey.    <sup>8</sup> Place.    <sup>9</sup> Near.    <sup>10</sup> A beery cat.    <sup>11</sup> Akin.    <sup>12</sup> Nappy, heavy.

## FROM COLIN CLOUT.

THE COMPLAINT OF A RUSTIC THAT THE CLERGY AND PEOPLE  
ARE AT WAR.

What can it avail  
To drive forth a snail?  
Or to make a sail  
Of an herring's tail?  
To rhyme or to rail,  
To write or to indite,  
Either for delight,  
Or else for despite,  
Or books to compile  
Of divers manner style  
Vice to revile  
And sin to exile? . . .

Say this, and say that :<sup>1</sup>—  
" His head is so fat,  
He wotteth never what,  
Nor whereof, he speaketh :  
He crieth and he creaketh,  
He pryeth and he peeketh,  
He chides and he chatters,  
He prates and he patters,  
He clitters and he clatters,  
He meddles and he smatters,  
He gloses and he flatters."  
Or, if he speak plain,  
Then,—“ He lacketh brain,  
He is but a fool,  
Let him go to school ! ” . . .

And, if ye stand in doubt  
Who brought this about,  
My name is Colin Clout :  
I purpose to shake out  
All my cunning-bag<sup>2</sup>  
Like a clerkly hag.<sup>3</sup>  
For, though my Rhyme be ragged,  
Tattered and jagged,  
Rudely rain-beaten,  
Rusty and moth-eaten,  
If ye take well therewith,  
It hath in it some pith.

<sup>1</sup> Thus they speak of me.    <sup>2</sup> Wallet of wisdom.    <sup>3</sup> Learned fellow.

For, as far as I can see,  
 It is wrong with each degree :<sup>1</sup>  
 For the Temporalty  
 Accuseth the Spirituality ;  
 The Spiritual again  
 Doth grudge and complain  
 Upon temporal men.  
 Thus each of other blother<sup>2</sup>  
 The t'one against the t'other ;  
 Alas, they make me shudder !  
 For in hudder-mudder  
 The Church is put in faute ;  
 The Prelates been so haut,  
 They say, and look so high  
 As though they would fly  
 Above the starry sky. . . .  
 The Temporalty say plain  
 How Bishops disdain  
 Sermons for to make,  
 Or such labour to take.  
 And, for to say troth,  
 A great part<sup>3</sup> is for<sup>4</sup> sloth ;  
 But the greatest part  
 Is for<sup>5</sup> they have but small art,  
 And right slender cunning<sup>6</sup>  
 Within their heads winning.<sup>7</sup> . . .  
 Thus I, Colin Clout,  
 As I go about,  
 And wandering as I walk,  
 I hear the people talk.

## FROM WHY COME YE NOT TO COURT?

OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

For Age is a page  
 For the Court full unmeet ;  
 For Age cannot rage,  
 Nor buss<sup>8</sup> her sweet sweet :  
 But when Age seeth that Rage  
 Doth assuage and refrain,<sup>9</sup>  
 Then will Age have courage  
 To come to Court again. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Class.<sup>2</sup> Gabble.<sup>3</sup> Of their misdeeds.<sup>4</sup> On account of.<sup>5</sup> Because.<sup>6</sup> Knowledge.<sup>7</sup> Dwelling.<sup>8</sup> Kiss.<sup>9</sup> Keep itself in bounds.

For Thrift is threadbare worn,  
 Our sheep are shrewdly<sup>1</sup> torn,  
 And Truth is all to-torn;<sup>2</sup>  
 Wisdom is laughed to scorn. . . .  
 Will, will, will, will,  
 He ruleth alway still;  
 Good Reason and Good Skill,  
*They* may garlic pill,  
 Carry sacks to the mill,  
 Or peascods they may shill,  
 Or else go roast a stone!  
 There is no man but one<sup>3</sup>  
 That hath the strokes alone.  
 Be it black or white,  
 All that *he* doth is right;—  
 As right as a cammock crooked!<sup>4</sup> . . .  
 He is set so high  
 In his hierarchy  
 Of frantic frenèsie<sup>5</sup>  
 And foolish fantasie,  
 That in the Chamber of Stars<sup>6</sup>  
 All matters there he mars,  
 Clapping his rod on the board:  
 No man dare speak a word,  
 For he hath all the saying  
 Without any re-naying;<sup>7</sup>  
 He rolleth in his recòrds;  
 He saith, "How say ye, my lords?  
 Is not my reason good?"  
 (Good even, good Robin Hood!)<sup>8</sup>  
 Some say "yes," and some  
 Sit still as they were dumb.  
 Thus, thwarting over<sup>9</sup> them,  
 He ruleth all the roast  
 With bragging and with boast,  
 Borne up on every side  
 With pomp and with pride,  
 With "trump up, hallelujah!"<sup>10</sup> . . .  
 Our Barons be so bold,  
 Into a mouse-hole they wold  
 Run away and creep;  
 Like a meinie<sup>11</sup> of sheep,

<sup>1</sup> Wickedly.    <sup>2</sup> Destroyed.<sup>3</sup> Cardinal Wolsey.<sup>4</sup> A crooked stick.<sup>5</sup> Phrensy.<sup>6</sup> Star-chamber.<sup>7</sup> Contradicting.<sup>8</sup> An aside of contempt.<sup>9</sup> Perversely controlling, domineering.<sup>10</sup> Pompous church-services.<sup>11</sup> Company.

Dare not look out at door  
 For dread of the mastiff cur,  
 For dread of the butcher's dog<sup>1</sup>  
 Would worry them like an hog.  
 For, and this Cur do gnar,<sup>2</sup>  
 They must stand all afar,  
 To hold up their hand at the bar.  
 For all their noble blood,  
 He plucks them by the hood,  
 And shakes them by the ear,  
 And brings them in such fear :  
 He baiteth them like a bear,  
 Like an ox or a bull :  
 Their wits, he saith, are dull ;  
 He saith they have no brain  
 Their estate to maintain,  
 And maketh them to bow their knee  
 Before his majesty. . . .

But this mad Amalek,  
 Like to a Mamelek,<sup>3</sup>  
 He regardeth lords  
 No more than potshords.<sup>4</sup>  
 He is in such elation  
 Of his exaltation,  
 And the supportation  
 Of our sovereign lord,<sup>5</sup>  
 That, God to record,<sup>6</sup>  
 He ruleth all at will  
 Without reason or skill ;  
 How be it, the primordial<sup>7</sup>  
 Of his wretched original,  
 And his base progeny,  
 And his greasy genealogy,  
 He came of the sang-royal<sup>8</sup>  
 That was cast out of a butcher's stall. . . .  
 Such a prelate I trow  
 Were worthy to row  
 Through the straits of Maroc<sup>9</sup>  
 To the gibbet of Baldoc ;<sup>10</sup>  
 He would dry up the streams  
 Of nine kings' realms,  
 All rivers and wells,  
 All water that swells ;

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to Wolsey's reputed descent.<sup>4</sup> Potsherds.<sup>8</sup> Blood-royal.<sup>5</sup> The king's patronage.<sup>9</sup> Straits of Morocco.<sup>3</sup> Growl.<sup>6</sup> God to witness.<sup>10</sup> A city of Chaldeæ.<sup>3</sup> Mamehuke.<sup>7</sup> Beginning.

For with us he so mells<sup>1</sup>  
 That within England dwells,  
 I would he were somewhere else ;  
 For else, by and bye,  
 He will drink us so dry,  
 And suck us so nigh,  
 That men shall scantly  
 Have penny or halfpenny.  
 God save his noble grace,  
 And grant him a place  
 Endless to dwell  
 With the Devil of Hell !  
 For, and he were there  
 We need never fear  
 Of the fiendès black ;  
 For I undertake  
 He would so brag and crake<sup>2</sup>  
 That he would then make  
 The devils to quake,  
 To shudder and to shake,  
 Like a fire-drake ;<sup>3</sup>  
 And with a coal-rake  
 Bruise them on a break,<sup>4</sup>  
 And bind them to a stake,  
 And set Hell on fire  
 At his own desire.  
 He is such a grim sire,  
 And such a potestolate,<sup>5</sup>  
 And such a potestate,<sup>6</sup>  
 That he would break the brains  
 Of Lucifer in his chains,  
 And rule them each one  
 In Lucifer's throne :—  
 I would he were gone !

<sup>1</sup> Meddles.<sup>4</sup> An instrument of torture.<sup>2</sup> Vaunt.<sup>5</sup> Legate.<sup>3</sup> Fire-dragon.<sup>6</sup> Chief magistrate.



FROM THE GARLAND OF LAUREL.<sup>1</sup>

TO ISABELL.

My maiden Isabell,  
 . Reflaring<sup>2</sup> rosabell,<sup>3</sup>  
 The fragrant camomell,  
 The ruddy rosary,<sup>4</sup>  
 The sovereign rosemary,  
 The pretty strawberry,  
 The columbine, the nept,<sup>5</sup>  
 The gillyflower<sup>6</sup> well set,  
 The proper<sup>7</sup> violet :  
 Ennewèd your colour  
 Is, like the daisy-flower,  
 After the April shower !  
 Star of the morrow<sup>8</sup> grey,  
 The blossom on the spray,  
 The freshest flower of May !  
 Maidenly, demure,  
 Of womanhood the lure !  
 Wherefore, I you assure,  
 It were an heavenly health,  
 It were an endless wealth,  
 A life for God himself,  
 To hear this nightingale  
 Among the birdes small  
 Warbling in the vale !  
 Dug, dug !  
 Jug, jug !  
 Good year ! and good luck !  
 With chuck, chuck !  
 Chuck, chuck !

<sup>1</sup> This poem was written about 1520, at Sheriff-Hutton Castle in Yorkshire, the residence of the Duke of Norfolk. The son of this duke, Lord Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, afterwards third Duke of Norfolk, married, in 1513, Elizabeth Stafford, eldest daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, and of the five children born of this marriage one was Henry Howard the poet. It was in the early childhood of this poet-son, therefore, and probably when on a visit to her father-in-law, the Duke of Norfolk, that the Countess of Surrey entertained the aged Skelton as her guest, or took him with her in her suite. The Countess was a patron of literature and of Skelton, and the poem called *The Garland of Laurel*, consisting of a long series of seven-lined stanzas, with brief interspersed lyrics, is an account of how she and her ladies wove for him, in many-coloured needle-work, a chaplet or garland of honour, while he in his turn occupied himself in composing songs in their praise. The present piece is one of the lyrics.

<sup>2</sup> Odorous.

<sup>3</sup> Fair rose.

<sup>4</sup> Rose-bush.

<sup>5</sup> Cats-mint or nept, a sweet herb.

<sup>6</sup> Formerly the name for the whole class of carnations, pinks, etc.

<sup>7</sup> Neat, pretty

<sup>8</sup> Morning.

## GAVIN DOUGLAS.

(1475-1522.)

CONTEMPORARY with Dunbar in the Court of James IV. of Scotland, but about fifteen years younger, was the poet Douglas, third son of the famous Archibald, fifth Earl of Angus. He was educated at St. Andrews for the church, and was made by James IV., in 1501, Provost or Dean of the Collegiate Church of St. Giles in Edinburgh, at that time the chief post of ecclesiastical dignity in the city. In the same year he wrote and dedicated to James IV. *The Palace of Honour*, a long allegorical poem in nine-lined stanzas. During the period of his Provostship he also wrote *King Hart*, another allegory, and a fragment called *Conscience*. His most important and latest work was the translation into Scottish verse of Virgil's *Aeneid*. This large undertaking was begun in Edinburgh early in 1512, and finished there on July 22d, 1513. His entire literary life dates, therefore, before the battle of Flodden, which took place on September 9th of that year. It was not until 1516 that he was made Bishop of Dunkeld, by which title he is usually known. In the meantime, only a few months after the King's death at Flodden, the young widowed Queen, sister of Henry VIII., had become the wife of the Earl of Angus, nephew of the poet. Henceforward, in virtue of his close relationship by marriage to the Queen and the infant King, Douglas was constantly and intimately concerned with affairs of state. During the troubled period of the King's minority, he devoted himself wholly to the business of politics, exerting his influence from first to last in the interest of "the English Party," as it may be called, whose aim was to promote a friendly alliance between England and Scotland. Opposed to this party was "the Party of the French alliance;" and, this party having come into the ascendancy, the close of Douglas's life was spent in exile at the English Court of Henry VIII. Some of his private letters upon state matters, written during the period of his political activity, are still extant, and are remarkable for their statesmanlike wisdom and integrity. He died

of the plague in London in 1522, and was buried in the church of the Savoy, in the Strand.

The translation of the *Æneid* was considered, in the age when it was written, to be a masterpiece of scholarship, no such complete and correct translation of Virgil having yet been achieved. Philologically, the book is very interesting yet; but the portions of it of most direct and poetical interest for modern readers are the *Prologues* which precede the several books into which the epic is divided. These contain passages of astonishing beauty. Some of the *Prologues* are humorously autobiographic, and exhibit a joyous contentment of spirit, a constitutional purity and high-mindedness, while now and again there are revelations of a sadder and higher mood; and it may be specially noticed of Douglas that his descriptions of nature are not merely Chaucerian echoes, like most English poetry after Chaucer, but are the result of independent observation. His pictures, both within and without doors, are therefore faithfully *Scottish*. It is true that wild geese no longer fly clacking round about the city of Edinburgh in winter nights, disturbing the slumber of poets, but other facts described by Douglas are as familiar to Scotchmen to-day as they were to him three centuries and a half ago. The wizzened mossy hue of the brown moors, the "gurll weather," and the wind that "made wave the red weed on the dyke," are still characteristic facts in many a Scottish landscape. The high poetic merits of Douglas have probably been obscured, for modern readers, by the difficulty of his language. It is unusually full of momentary formations from the Latin, as well as of genuine old Teutonic words that have fallen out of use in more recent Scotch.

### FROM THE PALACE OF HONOUR.

#### DREAM OF THE LOATHLY LANDSCAPE.

Yet, at the last, I n'ot<sup>1</sup> how lang a space,  
A little heat appearèd in my face,  
Whilk had tofore<sup>2</sup> been pale and void of blood:  
Tho<sup>3</sup> in my sweven<sup>4</sup> I met a ferly case.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Know not (*ne-wot*).

<sup>2</sup> Before.

<sup>3</sup> Then.

<sup>4</sup> Dream, swoon

<sup>5</sup> Wonderful accident.

I thocht me set within a desert place  
 Amid a forest, by a hideous Flood<sup>1</sup>  
 With grisly fish ; and, shortly till conclude,  
 I sall describe, as God will give me grace,  
 Mine Visioun in rural termès rude . . .

My ravished spreit,<sup>2</sup> in that desèrt terrfble,  
 Approachit near that ugly Flood horribble :  
 Like to Cocyte, the River Infernål,  
 With vile water whilk made a hideous trible,<sup>3</sup>  
 Rinnand owerhead,<sup>4</sup> blood-red, and impossible  
 That it had been a river naturål,  
 With braès<sup>5</sup> bare, raif<sup>6</sup> rockès like to fall,  
 Whereon nae gerss<sup>7</sup> nor herbès were visiblle,  
 But swappès<sup>8</sup> burnt with blastès boreal :

This laithly Flood, rumbland as thunder, routit ;<sup>9</sup>  
 In whilk the fish, yelland as elvès,<sup>10</sup> shoutit ;  
 Their yelpès wild my hearing all fordeavit ;<sup>11</sup>  
 The grim monsters my spreits abhorred and doubtit.  
 Nought through the soil but muskane<sup>12</sup> treès sproutit,  
 Combust,<sup>13</sup> barren, unbloomèd and unleavit ;  
 Auld rotten runts<sup>14</sup> wherein nae sap was leavit ;  
 Amidst the waste, with withered grainès,<sup>15</sup> moutit  
 A ganand Den,<sup>16</sup> where murtherers men reivit :<sup>17</sup>

Wherefore myselven was richt sair aghast.  
 This Wilderness, abominable and waste,  
 In whilk naething was nature comfortand,  
 Was dark as roke<sup>18</sup> the whilk the sea upcast ;  
 The whistling wind blew many bitter blast ;  
 Runtès rattled ; and unneth<sup>19</sup> micht I stand.  
 Out through the wood I crap<sup>20</sup> on foot and hand.  
 The river stank ; the treès clattered fast ;  
 The soil was nocht but marish,<sup>21</sup> slike,<sup>22</sup> and sand.

## THE WELL OF THE MUSES.

We passed the floods of Tigris and Phison,  
 Of Thrace the rivers Hebron and Strymon,  
 The mount of Modan, and the flood Jordane,

1 A rushing torrent.	2 Spirit.	3 Trouble.	4 Headlong.
5 Banks.	6 Torn, loose.	7 Grass.	8 Sedges.
9 This loathsome flood roared, rumbling as thunder.	10 Yelling like fiends.		
11 Deafened.	12 Rotten.	13 Burnt up.	14 Stumps.
15 There mouthed a gaping Den.	16 Robbed.	17 Fog.	18 Branches.
19 Scarcely.	20 Crept.	21 Marsh.	22 Slime.

### THREE CENTURIES OF ENGLISH

The facund well and hill of Helicon,  
The mount Erix, the well of Acheron,  
Baith dedicate to Venus in certain ;  
We passed the hill and desert of Libane,  
O'er mount Cinthús where God Apollo shone,  
Straicht to the Muses' Caballine Fountain.<sup>1</sup>

Beside that crystal Well, sweet and digest,<sup>2</sup>  
Them to repose, their horse refresh and rest,  
Alichtit down<sup>3</sup> thir<sup>4</sup> Muses clear of hue.  
The company all hailly,<sup>5</sup> least and best,  
Thrang<sup>6</sup> to the Well to drink, whilk ran south-west,  
Throughout ane mead where all-kind flowers grew.  
Amang the lave<sup>7</sup> full fast I did pursue  
To drink ; but sae the great press<sup>8</sup> me opprest  
That of the water I micht not taste a drew.<sup>9</sup>

Our horses pastured in ane pleasant plain,  
Low at the foot of ane fair green montain,  
Amid ane mead shadowed with cedar trees ;  
Safe frae all heat there micht we weell remain.  
All kind of herbès, flowers, fruit, and grain,  
With every growand tree, there men micht chees :<sup>10</sup>  
The beryl streams, rinnand<sup>11</sup> o'er stanerie grees,<sup>12</sup>  
Made sober noise ; the shaw dinnit again<sup>13</sup>  
For birdès sang and sounding of the bees.

The Ladies fair on divers instruments  
Went playand, singand, dansand o'er the bents ;<sup>14</sup>  
Full angel-like and heavenly was their soun :<sup>15</sup>  
What creäture amid his heart imprents<sup>16</sup>  
The fresh beauty, the goodly represents,<sup>17</sup>  
The merry speech, fair havings,<sup>18</sup> high renown,  
Of them, wald set a wise man half in swoun :  
Their womanliness writhed<sup>19</sup> the elements,  
Stonied<sup>20</sup> the heaven and all the earth adoun.<sup>21</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The "Caballine Fountain," literally Horse Fountain (Lat. *Fons Caballinus*), was Hippocrene in Mount Helicon. It was fabled to have been produced by the stroke of the hoofs of the horse Pegasus ; hence the name. <sup>2</sup> Wholesome.

<sup>3</sup> Alighted down. <sup>4</sup> These. <sup>5</sup> Wholly. <sup>6</sup> Thronged. <sup>7</sup> Rest.

<sup>8</sup> Crowd. <sup>9</sup> Drop. <sup>10</sup> Choose. <sup>11</sup> Running.

<sup>12</sup> Gravelly (stony) steps (degrees). <sup>13</sup> Wood resounded (dinned).

<sup>14</sup> Grassy ground. <sup>15</sup> Sound. <sup>16</sup> Imprints. <sup>17</sup> Appearance.

<sup>18</sup> Behaviour. <sup>19</sup> Bound, captivated. <sup>20</sup> Astonished. <sup>21</sup> Below.

ON THE PROLOGUES TO THE TRANSLATION  
OF THE ÆNEID.

TO LOVE THE ENSLAVÉR.

What is your force but feebling of the strength?  
Your curious thochtès what but musardry?<sup>1</sup>  
Your fremit<sup>2</sup> gladness lasts nocht ane hour's length;  
Your sport for shame ye dare not specify;  
Your fruit is but unfructuous fantasy;  
Your sorry joys been but jangling and japes;<sup>3</sup>  
And your true servants silly goddès-apes.<sup>4</sup>

Your sweet mirthès are mixt with bitterness;  
What is your dreary game? A merry pain!  
Your work unthrift; your quiet is restless;  
Your lust liking in languor to remain;  
Friendship torment, your trust is but a train.<sup>5</sup>  
O Love, whether are you joy or foolishness,  
That makès folk sae glad of their distress?

Solomon's wit, Samson thou robst his force,  
And David thou bereft his prophecy;  
Men says thou bridled Aristotle as ane horse,  
And creelit<sup>6</sup> up the flower of poetry.  
What sall I of thy michtès notify?  
Fareweell! Where that thy lusty dart assails,  
Wit, strength, riches, nae thing, but grace, avails.

Thou chain of love, ha, *benedicite*!  
How hard strainès thy bandès every wicht!<sup>7</sup>  
The god above, from his high majesty,  
With thee y-bound, low on a maid did licht:  
Thou vanquisht the strong giant of great micht:  
Thou art mair forcy<sup>8</sup> than the dead sae fell;  
Thou plenest<sup>9</sup> Paradise, and thou herriet<sup>10</sup> Hell! . . .

Thou swelth!<sup>11</sup> Devourer of time unrécourable!<sup>12</sup>  
O lust, infernal furnace inéxtinguible,  
Thyself consuming, worths<sup>13</sup> insatiable!  
Quaint fiendès net, to God and man odible,<sup>14</sup>  
Of thy trigits<sup>15</sup> what tongue can tell the trible?<sup>16</sup>  
With thee to warstle,<sup>17</sup> thou waxes evermore wicht:<sup>18</sup>  
Eschew thine hand, and minès sall<sup>19</sup> thy micht.

*Prologue to Book IV.*

<sup>1</sup> Musing, dreaming. <sup>2</sup> Strange. <sup>3</sup> Jests. <sup>4</sup> Naturals, idiots. <sup>5</sup> Snare.  
<sup>6</sup> Caged. <sup>7</sup> Creature. <sup>8</sup> Mighty. <sup>9</sup> Fillest (Lat. *plenus*), full.  
<sup>10</sup> Invadedst (A.-S. *ærian*). <sup>11</sup> Glutton. <sup>12</sup> Unrecoverable. <sup>13</sup> Grows.  
<sup>14</sup> Hateful. <sup>15</sup> Tricks. <sup>16</sup> Trouble. <sup>17</sup> Wrestle. <sup>18</sup> Strong. <sup>19</sup> Shall eschew.

## A SCOTCH WINTER EVENING IN 1512.

The frosty region ringèd<sup>1</sup> of the year,  
 The time and season bitter cauld and pale,  
 They short dayès that clerkès clepe brumale;<sup>2</sup>  
 When that brim blastès of the northern art<sup>3</sup>  
 O'erwhelmit had Neptunus in his cart,<sup>4</sup>  
 And all to-shake the leavès of the trees.  
 The rage and storm o'erwalterand wally<sup>5</sup> seas,  
 Rivers ran red on spate<sup>6</sup> with water brown,  
 And burnès hurlès<sup>7</sup> all their bankès down. . . .  
 The soil y-soupit<sup>8</sup> into water wack,<sup>9</sup>  
 The firmament o'erblast with rokès<sup>10</sup> black,  
 The ground fadit, and fauch<sup>11</sup> wox all the fields,  
 Mountain-tops sleekit with their snaw ower-heilds;<sup>12</sup>  
 On ragged rockès of hard harsk whin-stane,  
 With frozen fronts cauld clinty clewès shane.<sup>13</sup>  
 Beauty was lost, and barren shew the lands;  
 With frosty hair o'er-fret the fieldès stands.  
 Sour bitter bubbès<sup>14</sup> and the showers snell  
 Seemed on the sward ane similtude of Hell,  
 Reducing to our mind in every stead<sup>15</sup>  
 Ghostly shadows of eild and grisly dead;<sup>16</sup>  
 Thick drumly scuggès<sup>17</sup> darkened so the heaven.  
 Dim skyès oft forth warpit<sup>18</sup> fearful levin,<sup>19</sup>  
 Flaggès<sup>20</sup> of fire, and mony feloun flaw,<sup>21</sup>  
 Sharp sops of sleet and of the snipand snaw.  
 The dowie dikès<sup>22</sup> were all dank and wet;  
 The low valley was flooderit all with spate;<sup>23</sup>  
 The plain streetès and every high way  
 Was full of flushes, dubbès,<sup>24</sup> mire, and clay.  
 Lagerit<sup>25</sup> leas wallowit fernès<sup>26</sup> shew;  
 Brown moors kithit<sup>27</sup> their wizzened mossy hue;  
 Bank, brae, and bottom, blanchèd wax and bare;  
 For gurril<sup>28</sup> weather gruit<sup>29</sup> beastès hair;  
 The wind made wave the red weed on the dike.  
 Bedoven in dankès deep<sup>30</sup> was every sike;<sup>31</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Reigns, prevails.<sup>2</sup> These short days that learned men call *brumal* (i.e. wintry; Lat. *bruma* winter, from a word meaning "to shorten").<sup>3</sup> Point of the compass; German, *ort*, place; modern Scotch, *airt*, direction whence. <sup>4</sup> Chariot. <sup>5</sup> Wavy. <sup>6</sup> In flood. <sup>7</sup> Streams violently drive<sup>8</sup> Became soaked. <sup>9</sup> In weak water. <sup>10</sup> Fogs. <sup>11</sup> Yellow or dun-red.<sup>12</sup> Smoothed with their snowy coverings. <sup>13</sup> Cold splintery cliffs shone.<sup>14</sup> Squalls. <sup>15</sup> Bringing to our mind in every place. <sup>16</sup> Age and grisly death.<sup>17</sup> Thick turbid shadows. <sup>18</sup> Cast forth. <sup>19</sup> Lightning. <sup>20</sup> Flashes.<sup>21</sup> Dismal mounds. <sup>22</sup> Rain-flood. <sup>23</sup> Muddy heaps.<sup>24</sup> Exhibited withered ferns. <sup>25</sup> Showed.<sup>26</sup> Shuddered. <sup>27</sup> Sunk deep in damps. <sup>28</sup> Rill.

O'er craggès and the front of rockès sere  
 Hung great ice-shockles,<sup>1</sup> lang as ony spear ;  
 The ground stood barren, withered, dusk, and grey ;  
 Herbs, flowers, and gersses<sup>2</sup> wallowit<sup>3</sup> away. . . .

So busteously Boreas his bugle blew,  
 The deer full dern<sup>4</sup> down in the dalès drew.  
 Small birdès, flocking through thick rounis thrang,<sup>5</sup>  
 In chirming and with cheeping changed their sang,  
 Seekand hidles and hirmès<sup>6</sup> them to hide  
 Frae fearful thuds of the tempestuous tide.<sup>7</sup>  
 The water-linnès<sup>8</sup> routs ; and every lind<sup>9</sup>  
 Whistlit and brayit of the soughand<sup>10</sup> wind.  
 Poor labourers and busy husbandmen  
 Went wet and weary, draggled in the fen ;  
 The silly sheep and their little herd-grooms<sup>11</sup>  
 Lurks under lee<sup>12</sup> of bankès, woods, and brooms. . . .  
 And other dauntit greater bestial,<sup>13</sup>  
 Within their stables seized into stall,  
 Sic as mulès, horses, oxen, and kye,  
 Fed tuskit boarès, and fat swine in stye,  
 Sustainit were by mannès governance  
 On harvest and on summer's purveyance.

Widewhere with force so Æolus shouts shrill  
 In this congealit season sharp and chill,  
 The caller<sup>14</sup> air, penètrative and pure,  
 Dazing<sup>15</sup> the blood in every créature,  
 Made seek warm stovès and bien<sup>16</sup> firès hot,  
 In double garment clad and wily-coat,<sup>17</sup>  
 With michty drink and meatès comfortive,  
 Against the stormy winter for to strive.

Reperatit<sup>18</sup> weel, and by the chimney beikit,<sup>19</sup>  
 At even, betime, abed down I me streikit ;<sup>20</sup>  
 Wrappèd my head, cast on claithès three-fauld,  
 For till expel the perilous piercand cauld.  
 I crossèd me, syne bounit<sup>21</sup> for to sleep ;  
 Where, gleamand through the glass I did take keep<sup>22</sup>  
 Latonia,<sup>23</sup> the lang irksome nicht,  
 Her subtle blinkès shed and watery licht,  
 Full high upwhirlit in her regioun. . .  
 Hornèd Hebawd, which clepe<sup>24</sup> we the nicht-owl,  
 Within her cavern heard I shout and howl,

<sup>1</sup> Icicles.<sup>2</sup> Grasses.<sup>3</sup> Withered.<sup>4</sup> Secretly.<sup>5</sup> Flocking in numbers through thick shrubs.<sup>6</sup> Hiding places and corners.<sup>7</sup> Season.<sup>8</sup> Cataracts roar.<sup>9</sup> Tree.<sup>10</sup> Howling (A.-S. *swogan*).<sup>11</sup> Shepherd lads.<sup>12</sup> Shelter, the lea-side.<sup>13</sup> Cattle.<sup>14</sup> Fresh.<sup>15</sup> Stupefying.<sup>16</sup> Pleasant, comfortable.<sup>17</sup> A short winter jacket.<sup>18</sup> Refreshed.<sup>19</sup> Warmed.<sup>20</sup> Stretched.<sup>21</sup> Then prepared.<sup>22</sup> Observe.<sup>23</sup> The moon.<sup>24</sup> Call.



Laithly of form, with crooked camshow<sup>1</sup> beak :  
 Ugsome to hear was her wild eldritch<sup>2</sup> shriek.  
 The wild geese, claiking eke by nichtès tide,<sup>3</sup>  
 Attour<sup>4</sup> the city fleeand heard I glide.

*Prologue to Book VII.*

A SCOTCH WINTER MORNING IN 1512.

On slumber I slaid<sup>5</sup> full sad, and sleepit sound,  
 While<sup>6</sup> the Orient upward gan rebound.  
 Phœbus' crowned bird,<sup>7</sup> the nichtès orlogère,  
 Clappand his wingès, thrice had crawen clear.  
 Approaching near the breaking of the day,  
 Within my bed I wakened where I lay ;  
 So fast declinès Cynthia the Moon ;  
 And kaès caickles<sup>8</sup> on the roof aboon.<sup>9</sup> . . .  
 Fast by my chamber, in high wizzened trees,  
 The soir gled<sup>10</sup> whistles loud with mony ane *few*,  
 Whereby the day was dawen<sup>11</sup> weell I knew ;  
 Bade beitt<sup>12</sup> the fire, and the candel alicht ;  
 Syne blessit me,<sup>13</sup> and in my weedes dicht ;<sup>14</sup>  
 Ane shut window unshut, a little on jar ;  
 Perceivit the morning blae,<sup>15</sup> wan, and haar,<sup>16</sup>  
 With cloudy gum<sup>17</sup> and rack o'erwhelmed the air. . . .  
 Branches brattling, and blackened shew the braes  
 With hirstès harsk of wagging windle-strays ;<sup>18</sup>  
 The dew-droppès congealed on stubble and rind ;  
 And sharp hailstanès, mortfundit of kind,<sup>19</sup>  
 Hopping on the thatch and on the causey<sup>20</sup> by.  
 The shot I closed, and drew inward in hie,<sup>21</sup>  
 Shivering for cauld, the season was so snell.<sup>22</sup>

*Prologue to Book VII.*

A SCOTCH MAY MORNING IN 1513.

Nyctimene,<sup>23</sup> affrayit of the licht,  
 Went under covert, for gone was the nicht ;  
 As fresh Aurora, to mighty Tython spouse,  
 Ished<sup>24</sup> from her saffron bed and ivory house,

1 Distorted. 2 Hideous. 3 In the night-time. 4 Round about.  
 5 I fell asleep. 6 Until. 7 The cock, the time-piece of night.  
 8 Jackdaws cackle. 9 Above. 10 Red (sorrel) kite. 11 Had dawned.  
 12 Make up, add to (A.-S. *betan*). 13 Then blessed myself. 14 Dressed myself.  
 15 Blue-grey, a livid blue. 16 Raw, misty. 17 Haze.  
 18 Harsh decorations of waving windle-straws. 19 By nature cold as death.  
 20 Causeway. 21 Haste. 22 Sharp. 23 The owl. 24 Having issued.

In crimson clad and grainèd violet,  
 With sanguin cape, the selvage purpurate,  
 Unshut the windowès of her large hall,  
 Spread all with roses and full of balm royal ;  
 And eke the heavenly portals crystalline  
 Upwarps braid,<sup>1</sup> the world to illumine.  
 The twinkling streamers of the orient,  
 Shed purple sprangs<sup>2</sup> with gold and azure ment,<sup>3</sup>  
 Piercand the sable barmkin<sup>4</sup> nocturnal,  
 Beat down the skyès cloudy mantle-wall.<sup>5</sup>

Eous the steed, with ruby harneis rede,<sup>6</sup>  
 Above the sea-ès liftès forth his head,  
 Of colour soir<sup>7</sup> and somedeal brown as berry,  
 For to enlichten and glad our hemisphere ;  
 The flambè out-brasting at his nose-thirls,<sup>8</sup>  
 Sae fast Phæton with the whip him whirls,  
 To roll Apollo his father's golden chair,  
 That shroudeth all the heavens and the air ;  
 While shortly, with the bleezand<sup>9</sup> torch of day,  
 Habilyit<sup>10</sup> in his gleaming fresh array,  
 Forth from his palace-royal issued Phœbus,  
 With golden crown and visage glorious,  
 Crisp hairès, bricht as chrysolite or topaze,  
 For whaès<sup>11</sup> hue micht nane behold his face ;  
 The fiery sparkès brasting frae his een,  
 To purge the air and gild the tender green. . . .  
 The aureat fanès<sup>12</sup> of his throne soverán  
 With glitterand glance o'erspread the oceán ;  
 The largè floodès gleaming all of licht,  
 But<sup>13</sup> with a blink of his supernal sicht.  
 For to behold, it was a gloir to see  
 The stabled windès and the calmèd sea,  
 The soft seasoun, the firmament serene,  
 The lowne<sup>14</sup> illumined air, and firth<sup>15</sup> amene,<sup>16</sup>  
 The silver-scalèd fishes on the greit<sup>17</sup>  
 Athwart clear streamès sprinkland<sup>18</sup> for the heat,  
 With finnès shinand brown as cinopar,  
 And chisel-tailès stowrand<sup>19</sup> here and thar ; . . .

<sup>1</sup> Throws open broad.    <sup>2</sup> Rays.    <sup>3</sup> Mixed.    <sup>4</sup> Rampart.    <sup>5</sup> Screen-wall.

<sup>6</sup> Ready with ruby harness.    <sup>7</sup> Sorrel, reddish.    <sup>8</sup> Nostrils.    <sup>9</sup> Blazing.

<sup>10</sup> Apparellèd.    <sup>11</sup> Whose.    <sup>12</sup> Gilded flags or standards (A.-S. *fana*).

<sup>13</sup> Only.    <sup>14</sup> Serene.    <sup>15</sup> Bay, river-mouth.    <sup>16</sup> Pleasant.

<sup>17</sup> Gravel or sand (grit).    <sup>18</sup> Darting about.

<sup>19</sup> Making the water fly about.

The swardit<sup>1</sup> soil enbroud<sup>2</sup> with selcouth<sup>3</sup> hues,  
 Wood and forest odumbrat<sup>4</sup> with their bews,<sup>5</sup>  
 Whose blissful branches, porturat<sup>6</sup> on the ground  
 With shadows sheen, shew rockès rubicund.  
 Towers, turrets, kirmels,<sup>7</sup> pinnacles hie<sup>8</sup>  
 Of-kirks, castells, and ilkè fair city,  
 Stood painted, every fyall, fane, and stage,<sup>9</sup>  
 Upon the plain ground by their own umbrage.<sup>10</sup> . . .

And blissful blossoms in the bloomit yard<sup>11</sup>  
 Submits their heads in the young Sun's safe-guard ;  
 Ivy-leaves rank o'erspread the barmkin<sup>12</sup> wall ;  
 The bloomit hawthorn<sup>13</sup> clad his pikès all ;  
 Forth from fresh burgeons<sup>14</sup> the wine-grapes ying<sup>15</sup>  
 Endlang the trellis did on twistès<sup>16</sup> hing ;<sup>17</sup>  
 The lockit buttons<sup>18</sup> on the gemmit<sup>19</sup> trees  
 O'erspreading leaves of Nature's tapestries ;  
 Soft grassy verdure after balmy showers  
 On curling stalkès smiling to their flowers,  
 Beholding them sae mony divers hue  
 Some perse,<sup>20</sup> some pale, some burnet,<sup>21</sup> and some blue,  
 Some gris, some gules,<sup>22</sup> some purple, some sanguane,  
 Blanchèd or brown, fauch-yellow<sup>23</sup> mony ane,  
 Some heavenly colored in celestial gree,<sup>24</sup>  
 Some watery-hued, as the haw wally<sup>25</sup> sea,  
 And some depart<sup>26</sup> in freckles red and white,  
 Some bricht as gold with aureate leavès lite.<sup>27</sup>  
 The daisy did unbraid her crownel small,  
 And every flower unlapit<sup>28</sup> in the dale.  
 In battle girss<sup>29</sup> burgeons<sup>30</sup> the banewort wild,  
 The clover, catcluke,<sup>31</sup> and the camomild ;  
 The flower-de-lys forth spread his heavenly hue,  
 Flower-damas, and columbine blank<sup>32</sup> and blue ;  
 Seir downès small on dent-de-lion<sup>33</sup> sprang,  
 The ying green bloomit strawberry leaves amang ;  
 Gimp<sup>34</sup> gilliflowers their royn<sup>35</sup> leaves unshet,<sup>36</sup>  
 Fresh primrose and the purpur violet ;

1 Grass-covered. 2 Embroidered. 3 Strange, uncommon. 4 O'ershadowed.  
 5 Boughs. 6 Pictured. 7 Battlements. 8 High.  
 9 Every cupola, vane, and gabled storey. 10 Shade. 11 Flower-garden.  
 12 Rampart. 13 Flowering hawthorn. 14 Shoots. 15 Young.  
 16 Hang in bunches. 17 Hang. 18 Closed buds. 19 Jewelled.  
 20 Sky-coloured. 21 Dark brown (or burnished). 22 Red.  
 23 Fauch-yellow. 24 Degree. 25 Pale, wavy. 26 Parti-coloured.  
 27 Unfolded. 28 In thick tall grass. 29 Grows. 31 Trefoil.  
 32 Delion. 34 Smart, neat. 35 Vermilion. 36 Unshut, disclosed.

The rosè-knoppes,<sup>1</sup> tetand<sup>2</sup> forth their head,  
 Gan chip and kithe<sup>3</sup> their vermeil lippès red ;  
 Crisp scarlet leaves some sheddand, baith at ance  
 Cast fragrant smell amid from golden grains ;  
 Heavenly lilies, with lokerand<sup>4</sup> toppès white,  
 Opened and shew their crestès redimite,<sup>5</sup>  
 The balmy vapour from their silken crops<sup>6</sup>  
 Distilling hailsome sugurate<sup>7</sup> honey-drops. . . .

Maist amiable waxes the emerant meads.  
 Swannès soughès<sup>8</sup> throughout the risp and reeds,  
 Ower all thir lowès<sup>9</sup> and the floodès gray,  
 Seekand by kind a place where they suld lay :  
 Phœbus' red fowl<sup>10</sup> his coral crest gan steir,<sup>11</sup>  
 Oft strecking forth his heckle,<sup>12</sup> crawnd clear,  
 Amid the wortès<sup>13</sup> and the rootès gent,<sup>14</sup>  
 Pickand his meat in alleys where he went ;  
 His wives, Toppa and Pertelote, him by,  
 As bird all time that hantès<sup>15</sup> bigamy :  
 The painted poune,<sup>16</sup> pacand with plumès gim,<sup>17</sup>  
 Cast up his tail, a proud pleasand wheel-rim,  
 Y-shrowdit in his feathram<sup>18</sup> bricht and sheen,  
 Shapand the print of Argus' hundred eyne :  
 Among the brownès<sup>19</sup> of the olive twests<sup>20</sup>  
 Seir<sup>21</sup> smallè fowlès workand crafty nests  
 Endlang the hedges thick, and on rank aikè,<sup>22</sup>  
 Ilk bird rejoicing with their mirthful makes.<sup>23</sup>  
 In corners and clear fenesters<sup>24</sup> of glass  
 Full busily Arachne<sup>25</sup> weavand was,  
 To knit her nettès and her webbès sly,  
 Therewith to catch the midge and little fly.  
 So dusty powder upstours<sup>26</sup> in every street,  
 While Corby<sup>27</sup> gaspit for the fervent heat.  
 Under the bewès bien<sup>28</sup> in lusty vales,  
 Within fermans<sup>29</sup> and parkès close of pales,  
 The busteous buckès rakès forth in raw ;<sup>30</sup>  
 Herdès of hartès through the thick wood shaw,  
 Baith the brockets,<sup>31</sup> and with braid burnished tinds ;<sup>32</sup>  
 The spruttled<sup>33</sup> calvès suckand the red hinds,

<sup>1</sup> Buda.    <sup>2</sup> Peeping.    <sup>3</sup> To open and show.    <sup>4</sup> Curling.  
<sup>5</sup> Encircled (Lat. *redimitus*).    <sup>6</sup> Heads.    <sup>7</sup> Wholesome, sugared.  
<sup>8</sup> Breathe or whistle.    <sup>9</sup> Lochs.    <sup>10</sup> The cock.    <sup>11</sup> Stir, move.  
<sup>12</sup> Stretching forth his spur.    <sup>13</sup> Plants.    <sup>14</sup> Neat.    <sup>15</sup> Practises.  
<sup>16</sup> Peacock.    <sup>17</sup> Smart.    <sup>18</sup> Feathering.    <sup>19</sup> Branches.  
<sup>20</sup> Twigs.    <sup>21</sup> Many.    <sup>22</sup> Oaks.    <sup>23</sup> Mates.    <sup>24</sup> Windows.  
<sup>25</sup> The spider.    <sup>26</sup> Clouds up.    <sup>27</sup> The crow.    <sup>28</sup> Comfortable shade of boughs.  
<sup>29</sup> Shelters.    <sup>30</sup> Range in row, march in order.    <sup>31</sup> Two-years-old red deer.  
<sup>32</sup> Those with broad, branched tines (horns).    <sup>33</sup> Spreckled.

The young fawns followand the dun does,  
 Kiddès, skippand through, runs after roes.  
 In lissours,<sup>1</sup> and on leaès, little lambs  
 Full tart and trig<sup>2</sup> socht bleatand to their dams.  
 Tidy kye lowès, vealès<sup>3</sup> by them rins ;  
 All snug and sleeokit worth thir<sup>4</sup> beastès skins.

On salt streamès walks Doris and Thetis,  
 By rinnand strandès, nymphs and naiades,  
 Sic as we clepe<sup>5</sup> wenches and damosels,  
 In grassy grovès wanderand by spring-wells,  
 Of bloomit branches and flowers white and red  
 Plaitand their lusty chaplets for their head ;  
 Some sing sangès, dances leads, and rounds,  
 With voices shrill, while all the dale resounds.  
 Whereso they walk into<sup>6</sup> their carolling,  
 For amorous lays doth all the rockès ring.  
 Ane sang *The ship sails ower the salt faem*  
*Will bring thir merchants and my leman hame :*  
 Some other sings, *I will be blythe and licht ;*  
*Mine heart is lent upon sae goodly wicht.<sup>7</sup>*  
 And thochtful lovers roamès to and fro,  
 To lese<sup>8</sup> their pain and plene<sup>9</sup> their jolly woe ;  
 After their guise, now singand, now in sorrow,  
 With heartès pensive the lang summer's morrow.  
 Some ballads list indite of his ladye ;  
 Some lives in hope ; and some all utterly  
 Despairèd is, and sae quite out of grace,  
 His purgatory he finds in every place. . . .

Dame Nature's minstrels, on that other part, . . .  
 With merry notès mirthfully forth brest. . . .  
 The cushat croods and pirkès on the rise ;<sup>10</sup>  
 The starling changes divers stevens<sup>11</sup> nice ;  
 The sparrow chirmès in the wallès clift ;  
 Goldspink and lintwhite fordynnand the lift ;  
 The cuckoo galès,<sup>12</sup> and so whitters the quail ;  
 While rivers reirdit,<sup>13</sup> shaws, and every vae ;  
 And tender twistès trimmilt<sup>14</sup> on the trees,  
 For birdès sang and bimming<sup>15</sup> of the bees.

<sup>1</sup> Pastures.<sup>2</sup> Tender and spruce.<sup>3</sup> Calves (Fr. *veau* ; English, *veal*).<sup>4</sup> Become those.<sup>5</sup> Such as we call.<sup>6</sup> In the act of.<sup>7</sup> Names of old Scottish songs : "The ship sails over the salt foam that will bring those merchants and my lover home ;" "I will be blithe and light ; my heart is set upon so goodly a wicht."<sup>8</sup> Lose, forget.<sup>9</sup> Complain, bemoan.<sup>11</sup> Sounds, modulations.<sup>12</sup> Clamoured.<sup>14</sup> Twigs trembled.<sup>15</sup> Humming.

In warbles dulce of heavenly armonies,  
 The larkès, loud releshand<sup>1</sup> in the skies,  
 Lovès their Liege,<sup>2</sup> with tonès curious ;  
 Baith to Dame Nature and the fresh Venus,  
 Rendering high laudès in their observance ;  
 • Whaes sugured throats made glad heartès dance ;  
 And all small fowlès singès on the spray :—  
 “Welcome, the Lord of Light and Lamp of Day ;  
 Welcome, foster of tender herbès green ;  
 Welcome, quickener of flourished flowèrs sheen ;  
 Welcome, support of every root and vein ;  
 Welcome, comfort of allkind fruit and grain ;  
 Welcome, the birdès bield upon the breir ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Welcome, maister and ruler of the year ;  
 Welcome, weelfare of husbands<sup>4</sup> at the ploughs ;  
 Welcome, repaire of woodès, trees, and boughs ;  
 Welcome, depainter of the bloomit meads ;  
 Welcome, the life of everything that spreads ;  
 Welcome, storer of all kind bestial ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Welcome be thy bricht beamès, gladding all ;  
 Welcome, celestial mirror, and espy,  
 Atteaching<sup>6</sup> all that hauntès<sup>7</sup> sluggardy.”

And with this word, in chamber where I lay,  
 The ninth morrow of freshè temperate May,  
 On foot I spreit.<sup>8</sup>

*Prologue to Book XII.*

VISION OF MAPHÆUS VEGIUS : OR HOW DOUGLAS CAME TO ADD  
 A SUPPLEMENT TO HIS VIRGIL,<sup>9</sup>

Toward the even, amid the summer's heat,  
 When in the Crab Apollo held his seat,  
 During the joyous moneth-time of June,  
 As gone near was the day and supper done,  
 I walkèd forth about the fieldès tite,<sup>10</sup>  
 Whilks tho<sup>11</sup> replenished stood, full of delight,  
 With herbès, cornès, cattle, and fruit trees,  
 Plenty of store, birdès and busy bees

<sup>1</sup> Singing freely (*relacher*).

<sup>4</sup> Husbandmen. <sup>5</sup> Cattle.

<sup>3</sup> Lord.

<sup>8</sup> Shelter on the brier.

<sup>6</sup> Reproving.

<sup>7</sup> Practise.

<sup>8</sup> Sprang.

<sup>9</sup> Maphæus Vegius was an Italian scholar and poet of high celebrity in the fifteenth century (b. 1407, d. 1459). Among his works was a supplement in Latin verse to Virgil's *Æneid*, forming a thirteenth book to be added to Virgil's twelve. It was first printed in 1471, and was often afterwards annexed to editions of the *Æneid*. Hence Douglas included it in his translation ; but in what spirit is humorously shown in the present passage.

<sup>10</sup> Quickly.

<sup>11</sup> Then.

In emerant meadès fleecand east and west,  
 After labour to take the nichtès rest.  
 And, as I blinkit on the lift me by,  
 All burnand red gan wax the even sky :  
 The sun, enfrit haill,<sup>1</sup> as to my sicht,  
 Whirlit about his ball with beamès bricht,  
 Declinand fast toward the north in dead ;<sup>2</sup>  
 And fiery Phlegon, his dim nichtès steed,  
 Dowkit his head sae deep in floodès grey,  
 That Phcebus rolls down under hell away,  
 And Esperus in the west with beamès bricht  
 Upspringès, as fore-rider of the nicht . . .  
 The licht begouth<sup>3</sup> to quinkle out and fail ;  
 The day to dirken, decline and devail.<sup>4</sup> . . .  
 Upgoes the bat with her peeled leathern flicht ;  
 The lark descendès from the skiès hicht ; . . .  
 And everything, whereso them likès best,  
 Bounès<sup>5</sup> to take the hailsome nichtès rest, . . .  
 Out-tak<sup>6</sup> the merry nichtgale, Philomene,  
 That on the thorn sat singand frae the spleen.

Whase mirthful notès langing for to hear,  
 Until a garth<sup>7</sup> under a green laurere  
 I walk anon, and in a siege<sup>8</sup> down sat,  
 Now musand upon this and now on that.  
 I see the Pole, and eke the Urses<sup>9</sup> bricht,  
 And hornèd Lucine castand but dim licht ; . . .  
 That shortly, there as I was leanèd down,  
 For nichtès silence and these birdès soun,  
 Asleep I slid : Where soon I saw appear  
 Ane aged man, that said, " What does thou here  
 Under my tree, and willest me nae good ?"  
 Methocht I lookit up under my hood  
 To spy this auld,<sup>10</sup> that was as stern of speech  
 As he had been ane mediciner or leech,  
 And weel perceivit that his weed<sup>11</sup> was strange,  
 Thereto so auld that it had not been change,  
 By my conceit, fully that forty year,  
 For it was threadbare into places sere.<sup>12</sup>  
 Side<sup>13</sup> was his habit, round, and closing meet,  
 That streikit<sup>14</sup> to the ground down ower his feet,  
 And on his head of laurer-tree a crown,  
 Like to some poet of the auld fassoun.<sup>15</sup>

Methocht I said to him with reverence  
 Father, gif I have done you ony offence,

on fire. <sup>2</sup> In death, dying. <sup>3</sup> Began. <sup>4</sup> Cease. <sup>5</sup> Prepares.

<sup>7</sup> Garden.

<sup>8</sup> Seat.

<sup>9</sup> constellations of the Bear (*Ursa*), the greater and the lesser.

<sup>11</sup> Dress. <sup>12</sup> Many. <sup>13</sup> Ample. <sup>14</sup> Stretched. <sup>15</sup> Fashion.

I sall amend, gif it lies in my micht ;  
 But, soothfastly, gif I have perfit sicht,  
 Unto my doom, I saw you never ere.<sup>1</sup>  
 Fain would I wit when, on what wise, or where  
 Against you trespassit aught have I."  
 "Weell," quoth the tother, "would thou mercy cry,  
 And mak amends, I sall remit this fault ;  
 But, otherwise, that seat sall be full salt.<sup>2</sup>  
 Knows thou not MAPHÆUS VEGIUS, the poet  
 That on to Virgil's lusty Bookès sweet  
 The thirteenth Bookè eked<sup>3</sup> Æneidane ?  
 I am the samin, and of thee naething fain,<sup>4</sup>  
 That has the tother twelve into thy tongue  
 Translate anew.<sup>5</sup> *They* may be read and sung  
 Ower Albion Isle into your vulgar lede ;<sup>6</sup>  
 But to *my* book yet list thee tak nae heed."  
 "Master," I said, "I hear weell what ye say ;  
 And in this case of pardon I you pray ;  
 Not that I have *you* ony thing offendit,  
 But rather that I have my time misspendit,  
 So lang on Virgil's volume for to stare,  
 And laid aside full mony grave matter,  
 That, would I now write in that treaty<sup>7</sup> more,  
 What suld folk deem but all my time forlore ?<sup>8</sup>  
 Also, sundry holdès, father, trustes me,  
*Your* book ekit but ony necessity,<sup>9</sup>  
 As to the text according never a deal  
 Mair than langis<sup>10</sup> to the cart a fifth wheel.  
 Thus, sin ye been a Christian man at large,  
 Lay nae sic thing, I pray you, to my charge." . . .  
 "Yea, smy,"<sup>11</sup> quoth he, "would thou escape me sae ?  
 In faith we sall not thus part or<sup>12</sup> we gae ! . . .  
 I let thee wit I am nae heathen wicht ;  
 And, gif thou has aforetime gaen unricht,<sup>13</sup>  
 Followand sae lang Virgil, a Gentile clerk,  
 Why shrinkès thou from my short Christian wark ?  
 For, though it be but poetry we say,  
 My book and Virgil's moral been, baith tway.  
 Lend me a fourteen-nicht, however it be ;  
 Or, by the father's soul me gat," quoth he,  
 "Thou sall dear bye<sup>14</sup> that ever thou Virgil knew !"

<sup>1</sup> Upon my fate, I never saw you before.    <sup>2</sup> Your condition will be troublesome.

<sup>3</sup> Added.    <sup>4</sup> Not at all friendly with you.    <sup>5</sup> Translated newly.

<sup>6</sup> In your common speech.    <sup>7</sup> Subject, treatise.    <sup>8</sup> Lost.

<sup>9</sup> "Also sundry people are of opinion, believe me, that *your* book is added without any necessity."

<sup>10</sup> Belongs.    <sup>11</sup> Coward, sneak.    <sup>12</sup> Before.

<sup>13</sup> Gone wrong.    <sup>14</sup> Shall pay dearly.



And, with that word, down off the seat me drew ;  
 Syne<sup>2</sup> to me with his chin he made a braid,  
 And twenty rouns upon my rigging laid,  
 Till " *Deo, Deo, mercy !*"<sup>7</sup> did I cry.  
 And, by my richt hand streichit<sup>3</sup> up on high,  
 Flecht<sup>4</sup> to translate his Book, in honour of God  
 And his Apostles twelve, in the number out.<sup>5</sup>

### SIR DAVID LYNDISAY.

[1490-1557.]

SIR DAVID LYNDISAY was born in the early years of the reign of James IV., thirty years later than Dunbar and Skeiton, and fifteen years after Gavin Douglas. In 1539 he was made Lyon King of Arms, or chief Herald, and also knighted, by James V.; and he was employed during that king's reign in various important embassies in France and Germany. He sat in the Scottish parliaments of 1544, 1545, and 1546, representing Cupar in Fife, and was one of the most notable supporters of the principles of Knox and the Reformation. His earliest works, the *Drum* and the *Complaint*, were written when he was about thirty-eight years of age, and record very pleasantly many details of the early life of James V., when Lyndsay was his favourite attendant and the companion of his play-hours. He wrote also a *Satire of the three Estates*, a kind of drama or Morality, which was acted before James V. at Linlithgow in 1539, and before Mary of Guise at Edinburgh in 1554; a *Tragedy*, or narrative (after the manner of Boccaccio's *De Casibus*, which Lydgate translated) concerning the death of Cardinal Beaton by assassination at St. Andrews in 1546; the *History of Squire Meldrum*, and many other minor pieces. His last and most important work, *The Monarchy*, was finished in 1553, the year of Edward VI.'s death, when Mary Queen of Scots was still a child at the court of France, and Mary of Guise ruled as Regent in Scotland. It consists of a Dialogue between

and a Courtier on the miserable state of the  
 1. . . . . 2. Stretched. 3. Engaged. 4. *See Book XIII.*

world, much after the manner of Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, in course of which the history of the human race is narrated, with moral comments, from Adam onwards. The Prologue is its most poetical portion, and was written in the seven-lined stanza of Dunbar's *Thrissel and Rose*. Towards the end of his life Lyndsay appears to have lived in retirement upon his estate, called The Mount, in Fifeshire, where he is believed to have died in the year 1557, the year before Queen Elizabeth commenced her reign.

Whilst he lived, and for a considerable period afterwards, Lyndsay was the most popular poet Scotland had yet produced. His poems, first collected in 1558 by Jascuy, a French printer in Rouen, ran through eleven editions before the close of the century, three of which, in 1566, 1575, and 1581, appeared in London. His popularity was to a great extent the result of his outspoken "Radicalism" in politics and religion. He was a humourist and satirist in the guise of a poet. His affection for the young king did not prevent him from addressing to him expostulations and warnings in the boldest language. He was from the first upon the side of the people, and wrote for them and in their behalf, rather than for courts and learned men. His language, it will be seen, is much less archaic, much more like modern Scotch, than that of Douglas.

#### FROM THE COMPLAINT TO THE KING.

APPEAL TO JAMES V., WITH REMINISCENCES OF HIS CHILDHOOD.

Sir, I beseek thine Excellence,  
Hear my Complaint with patience;  
My dolent heart does me constrain  
Of my infortune to complain :—  
Howbeit I stand in great doubtance,  
Whom I sall wyte<sup>1</sup> of my mischance;  
Whether Saturn's cruelty,  
Ringand<sup>2</sup> in my nativity  
By bad aspéct, whilk works mischance;  
Or other heavenly influence;  
Or give<sup>3</sup> I be predestinate  
In Court to be infortunate,

<sup>1</sup> Blame.

<sup>2</sup> Governing.

<sup>3</sup> Or gif, if.

Whilk has so lang in service been  
 Continually with King and Queen,  
 And entered to thy Majesty  
 The day of thy nativity :<sup>1</sup>—  
 Where-through<sup>2</sup> my friendès been ashamit,  
 And with my faes I am defamit ;  
 Seeand that I am nocht regardit,  
 Nor with my brethren in Court rewardit ;  
 Blamand my sleuthful negligence,  
 That seekès nocht some recompense.  
 When divers men does me demand,  
 “ Why gets thou nocht some piece of land  
 Als weell as other men has gotten ? ”  
 Then wish I to be dead and rotten,  
 With sic extreme discomforting  
 That I can make no answering. . . .

I can nocht blame thine Excellence,  
 That I so lang want recompense :  
 Had I solicitit like the lave,<sup>3</sup>  
 My réward had nocht been to crave.  
 But now I may weell understand,  
 Ane dumb man yet won never land ;  
 And, in the Court, men gets nae thing  
 Without ane opportune asking.  
 Alas, my sleuth and shamefulness  
 Debarred frae me all greediness !  
 Greedy men that are diligent  
 Richt oft obtainès their intent,  
 And failès nocht to conquest<sup>4</sup> lands,  
 And namelý<sup>5</sup> at young princes' hands :  
 But I took never none other cure<sup>6</sup>  
 In special, but for thy pleasure.

But now I am nae mair despaired  
 But I sall get princelý reward ;  
 The whilk to me sall be mair glóre<sup>7</sup>  
 Nor them<sup>8</sup> thou did reward afore.

When men *does* ask aucht at ane king,  
 Suld<sup>9</sup> ask his Grace ane noble thing,  
 To his Excellence honourable,  
 And to the asker profitable.

<sup>1</sup> Lyndsay was appointed principal page to James V. at the date of his birth, April 12, 1512, and continued in this post until the Revolution in 1524. For about four years Lyndsay was separated from the king. But in 1528 James threw off the dominion of the Douglasses, and assumed at the age of sixteen the complete rights of royalty. Immediately after this, Lyndsay addressed to him *The Complaint*, and was forthwith created “ Lyon King of Arms,” a post of high honour and confidence.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. “my infortune.”

<sup>3</sup> Rest.

<sup>4</sup> Acquire.

<sup>5</sup> Chiefly.

<sup>6</sup> Care.

<sup>7</sup> More glory.

<sup>8</sup> Than theirs to them.

<sup>9</sup> They should.

Though I be in my asking liddir,<sup>1</sup>  
 I pray thy Grace for to consider  
 Thou has made baith lordès and lairds,  
 And has given mony rich rewairds  
 To them that was full far to seek<sup>2</sup>  
 When I lay nichtly by thy cheek.

I tak the Queenès grace, thy mother,  
 My lord Chancellor, and mony other,  
 Thy Nourice,<sup>3</sup> and thine auld Maistress,<sup>4</sup>  
 I tak them all to bear witness ;  
 Auld Willie Dillie,<sup>5</sup> were he alive,  
 My life full weell he could describe ;<sup>6</sup>—  
 How, as ane chapman<sup>7</sup> bears his pack,  
 I bore thy Grace upon my back,  
 And sometimes stridelings<sup>8</sup> on my neck,  
 Dansand with mony bend and beck.<sup>9</sup>  
 The first syllables that thou did mute<sup>10</sup>  
 Was "*Pa-Da-Lin* !" <sup>11</sup> Upon the lute,  
 Then played I twenty springs, perqueir,<sup>12</sup>  
 Whilk was great pleasure for to hear.  
 Frae play thou let me never rest,  
 But *Ginkertoun*<sup>13</sup> thou loved aye best.  
 And aye, when thou come frae the school,<sup>14</sup>  
 Then I behoved to play the fool. . . .  
 I wat<sup>15</sup> thou loved me better than<sup>16</sup>  
 Nor<sup>17</sup> now some wife does her gude-man.  
 Then men till other did record,  
 "Said Lyndsay wad be made a lord."  
 Thou hast made lords, Sir, by Saint Geill,<sup>18</sup>  
 Of some that has nocht served so weell !

## FROM THE DREAM.

## COMPLAINT OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF SCOTLAND.

And thus, as we were talking to and fro,  
 We saw a bousteous berne<sup>19</sup> come o'er the bent,<sup>20</sup>  
 But<sup>21</sup> horse, on foot, as fast as he might go ;  
 Whose raiment was all ragged, riven, and rent ;  
 With visage lean, as he had fasted Lent ;

<sup>1</sup> Sluggish.<sup>2</sup> That were far from you.<sup>3</sup> Nurse.<sup>4</sup> Governess.<sup>5</sup> Some aged servant of the king.<sup>6</sup> Describe.<sup>7</sup> Pedlar.<sup>8</sup> Astride.<sup>9</sup> Gesture.<sup>10</sup> Mutter.<sup>11</sup> Interpreted "*Papa David Lindsay*," the *a* in "*David*" pronounced *Scottish* ; but surely the proper reading is "*Play, Da-Lin*."<sup>12</sup> Twenty times off-hand.<sup>13</sup> A Scotch tune, not now extant.<sup>14</sup> For schoolroom.<sup>15</sup> Wot.<sup>16</sup> Then.<sup>17</sup> Than.<sup>18</sup> St. Giles, the tutelar saint of Edinburgh.<sup>19</sup> Boisterous fellow.<sup>20</sup> Moor or fields.<sup>21</sup> Without

And forward fast his ways he did advance,  
With ane richt melancolious countenance,

With scrip on hip, and pike-staff in his hand,  
As he had purposit to pass frae hame.  
Quoth I, "Gude man, I wald fain understand,  
Gif that ye pleasit, to wit what were your name?"  
Quoth he, "My son, of that I think great shame;  
But, sin thou wald of my name have ane feel,<sup>1</sup>  
Forsooth, they call me *John the Commonweal*."

"Sir Commonweal, who has you so disguisit?"  
Quoth I; "or what makes you so miserable?  
I have marvel to see you so supprisit;<sup>2</sup>  
The whilk that I have seen so honourable.  
To all the world ye have been profitable,  
And weell honoured in everilk natioun;  
How happens now your tribulatioun?"

"Alas," quoth he, "thou sees how it does stand  
With me; and how I am disherisit  
Of all my grace, and maun pass of<sup>3</sup> Scotland,  
And go, afore where I was cherisit<sup>4</sup>  
Remain I here, I am but perisit;<sup>5</sup>  
For there is few to me that takès tent;<sup>6</sup>—  
*That gars*<sup>7</sup> me go so ragged, riven, and rent!

"My tender friends are all put to the flicht;  
For Policy is fled again to France:  
My sister, Justice, almaist hath tint<sup>8</sup> her sight,  
That she can nocht hould evenly the balance:  
Plain Wrang<sup>9</sup> is clean Captain of ordinance;<sup>10</sup>  
The whilk debarrès loyalty and reason:  
And small remeid is found for open treason.

"Into<sup>11</sup> the south, alas, I was near slain;  
Ower all the land I could find no relief;  
Almost betwix the Merse and Lochmabane<sup>12</sup>  
I could nocht knaw ane leal<sup>13</sup> man by ane thief.  
To shaw their reif,<sup>14</sup> theft, murther, and mischief,

<sup>1</sup> Knowledge, apprehension (feeling).

<sup>4</sup> Cherished.

<sup>8</sup> Lost.

<sup>5</sup> Perished.

<sup>9</sup> Open wrong.

<sup>2</sup> Suppressed.

<sup>6</sup> Heed.

<sup>10</sup> Cannon, artillery.

<sup>3</sup> Out of.

<sup>7</sup> Makes.

<sup>11</sup> In.

<sup>12</sup> The Merse is a district in Berwickshire, on the north of the Tweed: Lochmaben is a burgh in Dumfriesshire. The meaning is "all along the south of Scotland, where it borders England."

<sup>13</sup> Honest.

<sup>14</sup> Robbery.

And vicious works, it wald infect the air,  
And als langsome<sup>1</sup> to me for till<sup>2</sup> declare.

"Into the Hieland<sup>3</sup> I could find no remeid;  
But suddenly I was put to exile;  
They sweir swingeours,<sup>4</sup> they took of me none heed,  
Nor amangs them let me remain ane while.  
Als, in the Outè Isles,<sup>5</sup> and in Argyle,  
Unthrift, Sweirness,<sup>6</sup> Falset, Poortie,<sup>7</sup> and Strife,  
Pat<sup>8</sup> Policy in danger of her life.

"In the Lawland,<sup>9</sup> I come to seek refuge,  
And purposed there to mak my residence;  
But Singular-Profit<sup>10</sup> gart me soon disluge,<sup>11</sup>  
And did me great injurys and offence;  
And said to me, "Swithe, harlot;<sup>12</sup> hie thee hence,  
And in this country see thou tak no cures,<sup>13</sup>  
So lang as my authority indures!"

"And now I may mak no langer debate;  
Nor I wat nocht whom-to I suld me mene;<sup>14</sup>  
For I have socht through all the Spiritual state,  
Whilk took nae count for to hear me complene.  
Their officers, they held me at disdene;  
For Simony, he rules up all that rout,<sup>15</sup>  
And Covetise, that carle, gart bar me out.<sup>16</sup>

"Pride hath chased far from them Humility;  
Devotioun is fled unto the Freres;<sup>17</sup>  
Sensual Pleasure hath banished Chastity;  
Lords of Religion, they go like Seculeres,<sup>18</sup>  
Taking more count in telling their deneres<sup>19</sup>  
Nor they do of their constitution;  
Thus are they blinded by ambitioun.

"Our gentlemen are all degenerate;  
Liberality and lawtie<sup>20</sup> baith are lost;  
And Cowardice with lords is laureate;<sup>21</sup>  
And Knightly-Courage turned in<sup>22</sup> brag and boast.  
The Civil War misguidès everilk host;

Tedious, longsome.

Those lazy rascals.

Poverty (Poortith in Burns).

Individual gain, care of self.

Offices.

That fellow, had me shut out.

Money: *denier*, an old Anglo-French coin (name from the Latin *denarius*).

Fidelity.

<sup>2</sup> To.

<sup>5</sup> Hebrides.

<sup>8</sup> Put.

<sup>11</sup> Dislodge.

<sup>14</sup> Address myself.

<sup>17</sup> Friars.

<sup>21</sup> Crowned with laurel.

<sup>3</sup> Highland districts.

<sup>6</sup> Laziness.

<sup>9</sup> Lowlands.

<sup>12</sup> Begone, you blackguard.

<sup>15</sup> Company.

<sup>18</sup> Lay Lords.

<sup>22</sup> Into.

There is nocht else but ilk<sup>1</sup> man for himself;—  
*That* gars me go, thus banished, like ane elf!

"Therefore, adieu; I may no langer tarry."  
 "Fareweell," quoth I, "and with Saint John to borrow  
 But, wit ye weell,<sup>3</sup> my heart was wonder sarry<sup>4</sup>  
 When Commonweal so soppit<sup>5</sup> was in sorrow!  
 "Yet, after the nicht comès the glad morrow:  
 Wheretore, I pray you, shaw me, in certain,  
 When that ye purpose for to come again?"

"That questioun, it sall be soon deciddit,"<sup>6</sup>  
 Quoth he. "There sall nae Scot have comforting  
 Of me, till that I see the country guidit  
 By wisdom of ane gude auld prudent king;  
 Whilk sall delight him maist, aboon all thing,  
 To put Justice till executioun,<sup>7</sup>  
 And on strang traitors mak punitioun.<sup>8</sup>

"As weel<sup>9</sup> to thee I say ane other thing:  
 I saw richt weel that proverb is full true,  
*It is nocht good to be that has ever young ane king!*"<sup>10</sup>  
 Wheretore he turned his back, and said "Adieu!"  
 Thence he fled, and tell richt fast frae me he flew;  
 Whow disparting to me was displeasind:  
 Wheretore, Remembrance took me by the hand.

<sup>1</sup> *Ilk* used as with Latin *quis* "the person." — a curious old proverbial expression, as it is, however, found in Chaucer, in the *King's Quaire* (1374). It is also found in other early English and Scottish.

<sup>2</sup> *That* is used as with Latin *quod* "the thing." — <sup>3</sup> *Wit ye weel* is a common Scottish expression. <sup>4</sup> *Sarry* = *sorry*. <sup>5</sup> *Sopit* = *sopped*. <sup>6</sup> *Deciddit* = *decided*. <sup>7</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>8</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>9</sup> *As weel* = *as well*. <sup>10</sup> *It is nocht good to be that has ever young ane king!* — a proverbial saying, with reference to the young King James V. who was thirteen years of age. He had succeeded to the throne on his father's death at Flodden in 1542. The saying is also found in other early English and Scottish.

<sup>11</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>12</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>13</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>14</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>15</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>16</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>17</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>18</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>19</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>20</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>21</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>22</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>23</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>24</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>25</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>26</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>27</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>28</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>29</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>30</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>31</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>32</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>33</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>34</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>35</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>36</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>37</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>38</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>39</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>40</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>41</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>42</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>43</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>44</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>45</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>46</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>47</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>48</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>49</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>50</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>51</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>52</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>53</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>54</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>55</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>56</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>57</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>58</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>59</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>60</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>61</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>62</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>63</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>64</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>65</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>66</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>67</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>68</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>69</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>70</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>71</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>72</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>73</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>74</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>75</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>76</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>77</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>78</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>79</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>80</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>81</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>82</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>83</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>84</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>85</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>86</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>87</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>88</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>89</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>90</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>91</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>92</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>93</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>94</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>95</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>96</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>97</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>98</sup> *Whow* = *how*. <sup>99</sup> *Wheretore* = *wherefore*. <sup>100</sup> *Whow* = *how*.

FROM THE HISTORY AND TESTAMENT OF  
 SQUIRE MELDRUM.<sup>1</sup>

▲ DYING SQUIRE'S COMMANDS CONCERNING HIS FUNERAL.

Dool weeds<sup>2</sup> I think hypocrisy and scorn,  
 With hoodès heckled<sup>3</sup> doun owerthort<sup>4</sup> their een.  
 With men of arms my body sall be borne ;  
 Into that band see that no black be seen.  
 My livery sall be red, blue, and green ;  
 The red for Mars, the green for fresh Venus,  
 The blue for love of God Mercurius.

About my bier sall ride ane multitude,  
 All of ane livery of my colours three ;  
 Earlès and lordès, knichtès and men of gude ;  
 Ilk<sup>5</sup> baron bearand in his hand on hie  
 Ane laurel branch, ensigne<sup>6</sup> of victorie ;  
 Because I never fled out of the field,  
 Nor yet as prisoner to my foes me yield.<sup>7</sup>

Again that day, fail not to warn and call  
 All men of music and of minstrelsy  
 About my bier, with mirthès musical,  
 To dance and sing with heavenly harmonie ;  
 Whase pleasand sound redound sall in the sky.  
 My spirit I wot sall be with mirth and joy ;  
 Wherefore with mirth my corpse ye sall convoy. . . .

After the Evangel and the Offertour,  
 Through all the temple gar<sup>8</sup> proclaim silence :  
 Then to the pulpit gar ane Oratour  
 Pass up, and shaw in open audience,  
 Solempnetlie,<sup>9</sup> with ornate eloquence,  
 At great leisure, the Legend<sup>10</sup> of my Life ;  
 How I have stant in mony stalwart strife.

<sup>1</sup> This poem was written about 1550. The subject is the life and adventures, together with the last will and testament, of a certain William Meldrum, laird of Cleish and Binns, near Loch Leven in Fifeshire. Meldrum was born about 1493 ; served in the Scottish wars with Ireland and France ; obtained a great reputation for his bravery, gallantry, and misfortunes ; and died about 1534. Sir David Lyndsay and the Fifeshire squire were neighbours and friends ; and in this poem Lyndsay partly commemorates, partly idealises him.

<sup>2</sup> Mourning garments.

<sup>6</sup> Emblem.

<sup>7</sup> Yielded.

<sup>8</sup> Fastened.

<sup>9</sup> Cause.

<sup>4</sup> Athwart.

<sup>5</sup> Each.

<sup>10</sup> Solemnly.



### THREE CENTURIES OF ENGLISH POETRY.

When he has read my book frae end till end,  
And of my life made true narratioun,  
All creature, I wot, will me commend,  
And pray to God for my salvatioun.  
Then, after this solempnizatioun  
Of service true, and all brocht to ane end,  
With gravitie then with my body wend :

And close it up into my sepulture,  
There to repose till the Great Judgement ;  
The whilk may not corrupt, I you assure,  
By virtue of the precious ointement  
Of balm, and other spices redolent.<sup>1</sup>  
Let not be rung for me, that day, soul-knells,  
But great cannonès gar<sup>2</sup> them crack for bells. . . .

And syne hing up above my sepulture  
My bricht harness, my shield, also my spear,  
Together with my courtly coat-armour  
Whilk I was wont upon my body bear  
In France, in England, being at the were,<sup>3</sup>  
My banner, basnet,<sup>4</sup> with my temporal,<sup>5</sup>  
As been the use of feastès funeral.

This beand done, I pray you take the pain<sup>6</sup>  
My Epitaph to write upon this wise,<sup>7</sup>  
Above my grave in golden letters fine ;—  
“ The maist invincible warrior here lies,  
During his time whilk wan sic laud and prize<sup>8</sup>  
That through the heavens sprang his noble fame ;  
Victorious WILLIAM MELDRUM was his name.”

#### THE MELDRUM'S FAREWELL TO THE LADIES OF SCOTLAND.

Fareweel, ye leaming lamps of lustiness !  
Of fair Scotland, adieu, my ladies all !  
During my youth with ardent business  
Ye know how I was in your service thrall.<sup>9</sup>  
Ten thousand times adieu, above them all,  
Starn of Stratherne,<sup>10</sup> my Lady Sovereigne,<sup>11</sup>  
For whom I shed my blood with mickle pain.

he squire has already desired that his body should be embalmed before  
<sup>1</sup> Make. <sup>2</sup> War. <sup>3</sup> Helmet. <sup>4</sup> Armour for the temples (?)  
ains. <sup>5</sup> In this manner. <sup>6</sup> Reputation. <sup>7</sup> A slave. <sup>8</sup> Star of Stratherne.  
ady Gleneagles. The poem of *Squire Meldrum* relates the adventurous  
happy love of the squire and this lady.

Yet, would my Lady look at even and morrow<sup>1</sup>  
 On my Legend<sup>2</sup> at length, she would not miss  
 How for her sake I suffered mickle sorrow.  
 Yet, gif I micht at this time get my wiss,<sup>3</sup>  
 Of her sweet mouth, dear God, I had ane kiss.  
 I wish in vain ; alas ! we will dissever ;  
 I say nae mair : Sweet heart, adieu, forever !

## SIR THOMAS WYATT.

(1503-1542.)

THE family of Wyatt was of ancient Yorkshire origin. Sir Henry Wyatt, father of the poet, had been an adherent of the Lancastrian party during the Wars of the Roses, and was appointed by Henry VII. to be one of his Privy Counsellors. He afterwards held various offices in the household of Henry VIII. His eldest son, Thomas, was born at Allington Castle, near Maidstone in Kent, in 1503. He graduated at Cambridge when he was seventeen, and married in the same year Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, Lord Cobham. Their son, known in later years as "Sir Thomas Wyatt the younger," who was beheaded for taking part in the Lady Jane Grey conspiracy, was born in 1521, when his father was only eighteen years of age. Sir Thomas Wyatt the poet was one of the most accomplished courtiers of Henry VIII., and the foremost in a group of young poets who acknowledged no adherence to the satirical school of Skelton, but sought their models in the more graceful and cultured poetry of the Italians. Wyatt's Sonnets, with those of the Earl of Surrey, may be said to have introduced a new and favourite form into English verse ; and these two men, close friends and fellow-workers, were for a considerable period the idols of the early literary Elizabethans. Wyatt was twice employed abroad, towards the end of his life, in diplomatic service for the king. On the second occasion he fell into trouble, and was committed, upon his return in 1539, to the Tower for offences alleged to

<sup>1</sup> Morning.<sup>2</sup> Story of his life.<sup>3</sup> Wish.

have been committed by him during his ambassadorship. He was tried and acquitted with honour in 1540; after which he retired from court-life, and went to live upon his Kentish estates. There he wrote his latest works, consisting of some *Satires* and a *Translation of the Penitential Psalms of David*. In 1542, at the age of thirty-nine, he died of fever at Sherborne, whilst travelling to Falmouth by command of the king, to meet and conduct to London an embassy from the Emperor Charles V. One of the most interesting traditions concerning Wyatt's private history is that of his love for Anna Boleyn. Some of his poems seem to lend authority to this tradition; and it is said that during her imprisonment in the Tower, before her execution in 1535, the Queen occupied her time in reading Wyatt's poetry. A prayer-book which she presented in her last moments to the poet's sister was kept for a long time as a relic in the Wyatt family.

Hitherto the chief lyrists had been Scotchmen. But it must not on this account be supposed that the English lyric, as exemplified in the writings of Wyatt and Surrey, had its origin in Scotland, nor that Henryson and Dunbar were the first Scottish lyrists. In the poetry of our oldest writers, both English and Scotch, we meet continually with the names of still older songs, and snatches of popular minstrelsy. In these names and refrains may be discerned the last surviving fragments of an unwritten literature of lyric song, which at one time existed in these islands. In the history of the lyric, Sir Thomas Wyatt's name, although English, follows in strict order of succession those of the Scottish poets of the fifteenth century. In his songs there is a dignified thoughtfulness which reminds us of Dunbar's most graceful strains; but there is an emotional richness, a power of tears, that distinguishes Wyatt not only from the Scottish lyrists who preceded him, but also from the English lyrists of his own time.

Wyatt was an enthusiastic student of Italian poetry, and especially of the Sonnets of Petrarch, many of which he translated. Like his foreign models, he devoted his genius almost to describing the joys, woes, and whimsies of the lover;

and his followers imitated him in this respect. The aspects of nature, the varied passions, sorrows, and adventures of men, were all made subservient to the one theme of sentimental love and courtship. A habit of severe literary culture was introduced among our poets by this close study of foreign verse; and many of the most love-sick productions of our first sonneteers appear, on examination, to have been written, not in a love-sick mood at all, but by way of exercises inflicted by the poet on himself in perfectly cold blood. Wyatt's best sonnets are, however, much more than mere literary exercises; while, at the same time, his unequalled grace and ease, his apparent recklessness in breaking through old rules of sing-song metre, the human glow that seemed to warm into passion even the most rigid sonnet form when he took it in hand, were doubtless the result of a more perfect art than was attained by any other poet in the same school of sonneteers.

As a thinker, statesman, and moralist, Wyatt won for himself a high reputation among his contemporaries. His prose *Letter*, addressed from the Tower of London in 1541 to the Lords of the Privy Council, and also his *Defence* of himself delivered during his trial before the same body of judges, are extant, and exhibit consummate literary skill, clear-headedness, and practical ability.

A SONNET OF PETRARCH.<sup>1</sup>

The long love that in my thought I harbour,  
And in my heart doth keep his residence,

<sup>1</sup> Translated from the 20th sonnet of Petrarch, of which the following is the original:—

Amor che nel pensier mio vive e regna  
E 'l suo seggio maggior nel mio cor tene,  
Talor armato nella fronte viene:  
Ivi si loca ed ivi pon sua insegna.  
Quella ch' amare e soffrir ne 'nsegna,  
E vuol che 'l gran desio, l' accesa spene  
Ragion, vergogna e reverenza affrene,  
Dì nostro ardir fra se stessa si sdegna:  
Onde Amor paventoso fugge al core,  
Lassando ogni sua impresa, e piagne e trema;  
Ivi s' asconde, e non appar più fore.  
Che possa' io far temendo il mio signore,  
Se non star seco infin all' ora estrema?  
Che bel fin fa chi ben amando more.

Into my face presseth with bold pretence,  
 And there campeth, displaying his banner.  
 She that me learns to love and to suffer,  
 And wills that my trust, and lust's negligence,  
 Be reined by reason, shame, and reverence,  
 With his hardiness takes displeasure.  
 Wherewith Love to the heart's forest he fleeth,  
 Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry,  
 And there him hideth, and not appeareth.  
 What may I do, when my master feareth,  
     But in the field with him to live and die?  
 For good is the life ending faithfully.

## STORM-DRIVEN.

My galley, chargèd with forgetfulness,  
 Thorough sharp seas in winter nights doth pass  
 'Tween rock and rock; and eke my foe, alas,  
 That is my lord, steereth with cruelty:  
 And every oar a thought in readiness,  
 As though that death were light in such a case:  
 An endless wind doth tear the sail apace,  
 Of forced sighs and trusty fearfulness:  
 A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain,  
 Have done the wearied cords great hinderance:  
 Wreathèd with error and with ignorance,  
 The stars be hid that lead me to this pain.  
     Drowned is Reason, that should be my comfort;  
 And I remain, despairing of the port.

## "NOLI ME TANGERE."

Who list to hunt? I know where is an hind!  
 But as for me, alas, I may no more,  
 The vain travail hath wearied me so sore;  
 I am of them that furthest come behind.  
 Yet may I by no means my wearied mind  
 Draw from the deer; but, as she fleeth afore,  
 Fainting I follow. I leave off therefore,  
 Since in a net I seek to hold the wind.  
 Who list her hunt I put him out of doubt,  
 As well as I, may spend his time in vain;  
 And, graven with diamonds in letters plain,  
 There is written her fair neck round about:  
     "*Noli me tangere*;" for Cæsar's I am,  
 And wildèr for to hold, though I seem tame."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This sonnet appears to have been composed when Henry VIII. was wooing Anne Boleyn, whom, it is believed, Wyatt loved.

## THE LOST HEART.

Help me to seek! For I lost it there;  
 And, if that ye have found it, ye that be here,  
 And seek to convey it secretly,  
 Handle it soft and treat it tenderly,  
 Or else it will 'plain,<sup>1</sup> and then appair.<sup>2</sup>  
 But pray restore it mannerly,  
 Since that I do ask it thus honestly;  
 For to lose it, it sitteth me near;  
 Help me to seek!

Alas, and is there no remedy?  
 But have I thus lost it wilfully?  
 I-wis,<sup>3</sup> it was a thing all too dear  
 To be bestowed, and wist<sup>4</sup> not where!  
 It was mine heart! I pray you heartily  
 Help me to seek!

## MY LUTE, AWAKE!

My Lute, awake! Perform the last  
 Labour that thou and I shall waste;  
 And end that I have now begun.  
 And, when this song is sung and past,  
 My Lute, be still, for I have done!

As to be heard where ear is none;  
 As lead to grave<sup>5</sup> in marble stone;  
 My song may pierce her heart as soon.  
 Should we then sigh, or sing, or moan?  
 No, no, my Lute, for I have done!

The rocks do not so cruelly  
 Repulse the waves continually,  
 As she my suit and affection;  
 So that I am past remedy;  
 Whereby my Lute and I have done!

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got  
 Of simple hearts through Lovè's shot,  
 By whom, unkind, thou hast them won:  
 Think not he hath his bow forgot,  
 Although my Lute and I have done!

<sup>1</sup> Complain.<sup>2</sup> Decay.<sup>3</sup> Certainly.<sup>4</sup> Knew.<sup>5</sup> Engrave.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,  
 That mak'st but game on earnest pain :  
 Think not alone under the sun  
 Unquilt<sup>1</sup> to cause thy lovers plain,<sup>2</sup>  
 Although my Lute and I have done !

May chance thee lie, withered and old,  
 In winter nights that are so cold,  
 Plaining in vain unto the moon ;  
 Thy wishes then dare not be told ;  
 Care then who list, for I have done !

And then may chance thee to repent  
 The time that thou hast lost and spent,  
 To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon :  
 Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,  
 And wish and want as I have done !

Now cease, my Lute ! This is the last  
 Labour that thou and I shall waste ;  
 And ended is that we begun :  
 Now is this song both sung and past ;  
 My Lute, be still, for I have done !

#### FORSAKEN.

It is a grievous smart  
 To suffer pain and sorrow ;  
 But most grieveth my heart  
 He laid his faith to borrow ;<sup>3</sup>  
 And falsehood hath his faith and troth,  
 And he forsworn by many an oath.

All ye lovers, perdie !<sup>4</sup>  
 Hath cause to blame his deed,  
 Which shall example be  
 To let<sup>5</sup> you of your speed.<sup>6</sup>  
 Let never, never, woman again  
 Trust to such words as man may feign !

For I, unto my cost,  
 Am warning to you all  
 That they whom you trust most  
 Soonest deceive you shall.  
 But complaint cannot redress  
 Of my great grief the great excess.

<sup>1</sup> Unrequited.  
<sup>4</sup> For *par-dieu* !

<sup>3</sup> Complaine.  
<sup>5</sup> Hinder.

<sup>2</sup> As surety.  
<sup>6</sup> Success.

Farewell, all my welfare !  
 My shoe is trod awry :  
 Now may I cark and care,  
 To sing lullaby ! lullaby !  
 Alas, what shall I do thereto ?  
 There is no shift to help me now !

Who made it such offence  
 To love, for love, again ?  
 God wot that my pretence  
 Was but to ease his pain !  
 For I had ruth to see his woe ;  
 Alas, more fool, why did I so ?

For he from me is gone,  
 And makes thereat a game ;  
 And hath left me alone  
 To suffer sorrow and shame.  
 Alas, he is unkind, doubtless,  
 To leave me thus all comfortless !

## BLAME NOT MY LUTE.

Blame not my Lute ! For he must sound  
 Of this, or that, as liketh me ;  
 For lack of wit the Lute is bound  
 To give such tunes as pleaseth me.  
 Though my songs be somewhat strange,  
 And speak such words as touch thy change,  
 Blame not my Lute ! . . .

My Lute and strings may not deny,  
 But as I strike they must obey.  
 Break not them then so wrongfully,  
 But wreak thyself some other way ;  
 And, though the songs which I indite  
 Do quit<sup>1</sup> thy change with rightful spite,  
 Blame not my Lute !

Spite asketh spite, and changing change ;  
 And falsèd faith must needs be known ;  
 The fault so great, the case so strange,  
 Of right it must abroad be blown :  
 Then, since that, by thine own desert,  
 My songs do tell how true thou art,  
 Blame not my Lute ! . . .

<sup>1</sup> Requite.



Farewell ! Unknown for though thou break  
 My strings<sup>1</sup> in spite, with great disdain ;  
 Yet I have found out, for thy sake,  
 Strings for to string my Lute again :  
 And if, perchance, this sely<sup>2</sup> rhyme  
 Do make thee blush at any time,  
 Blame not my Lute !

## FORGET NOT YET.

Forget not yet the tried intent  
 Of such a truth as I have meant ;  
 My great travail, so gladly spent,  
 Forget not yet !

Forget not yet when first began  
 The weary life ye know ; since whan,  
 The suit, the service, none tell can ;  
 Forget not yet !

Forget not yet the great assays,  
 The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,  
 The painful patience in delays,  
 Forget not yet !

Forget not ! oh, forget not this,  
 How long ago hath been, and is,  
 The mind that never meant amiss ;  
 Forget not yet !

Forget not then thine own approved,  
 The which so long hath thee so loved ;  
 Whose steadfast faith yet never moved ;  
 Forget not this !

## FREE AT LAST.

Tangled I was in Lovè's snare,  
 Oppressed with pain, torment with care,  
 Of grief right sure, of joy full bare,  
 Clean in despair by cruelty :  
 But ha ! ha ! ha ! full well is me,  
 For I am now at liberty.

<sup>1</sup> For, although thou secretly break my strings, etc.

<sup>2</sup> Simple.

The woful days so full of pain,  
 The weary night all spent in vain,  
 The labour lost for so small gain,  
     To write them all it will not be :  
 But ha ! ha ! ha ! full well is me,  
     For I am now at liberty. . . .

With feignèd words which were but wind,  
 To long delays I was assigned ;  
 Her wily looks my wits did blind ;  
     Thus as she would I did agree :  
 But ha ! ha ! ha ! full well is me,  
     For I am now at liberty.

Was never bird tangled in lime  
 That brake away in better time  
 Than I, that rotten boughs did climb,  
     And had no hurt, but scapèd free :  
 Now ha ! ha ! ha ! full well is me,  
     For I am now at liberty.

## HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

(1516?-1546-7.)

THE family of the Howards claimed descent from a certain Margaret Mowbray, great-great-grandaughter of Edward I. The Duke of Norfolk, grandfather of the poet, commanded the English forces at Flodden in 1513 ; and his son, also Duke of Norfolk, held a similar command in the army which Henry VIII. sent against his Scottish nephew James V. in 1542. The poet's mother, Elizabeth Stafford, daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, was the friend and patroness of the poet Skelton ; and it was apparently for her amusement that, in his old age, Skelton wrote the *Garland of Laurel*, his longest, though by no means his best poem. Henry, Earl of Surrey, was born at Framlingham, in Suffolk, about 1517. He was educated at Oxford, in company with Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, a son of Henry VIII. ; and these young noblemen grew up in brotherly friendship. The Duke of Richmond afterwards married the sister of Surrey,

but died at an early age ; and Surrey, although his life was also a short one, lived long enough to weep over the remembrance of their happy youth, and of

“ Proud Windsor, where I, in lust and joy,  
With a king's son my childhood's years did pass,  
In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy.”

At eighteen, Surrey married the Lady Frances Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford, who survived her husband twenty years. The most romantic event of the poet's life was his passionate attachment, some years after this marriage, to Elizabeth Fitzgerald, the youthful daughter of the Earl of Kildare, whom he has addressed in sonnets under the name of Geraldine. This young lady was educated as a royal protégée at Hunsdon, the residence of the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth ; she became in time a Lady of the royal Bedchamber, and was married in 1543, at the age of fifteen, to an aged knight named Sir Antony Brown. She was still but nineteen years old at the date of Surrey's death. It has been said that Surrey's love for Geraldine was a mere simulation, and that his verses to her were composed, in accordance with a custom of poets now happily obsolete, as mere exercises in literary skill. But that a poet of twenty-five should be captivated by the beauty of some fourteen summers' growth is not altogether beyond the bounds of possibility ; and the love-story of Surrey and the child Geraldine, whether true or simulated, is among the most renowned in literary history. During the last four or five years of his life Surrey took an active part in the wars with Scotland and France. In 1546 he was recalled from the command of the defence of Boulogne, and committed upon a charge of treason to the Tower. He was beheaded on Tower Hill on January 21st, 1547, the warrant for his execution being one of the latest to which Henry VIII., then upon his deathbed, prefixed his royal signature.

The poetry of the Earl of Surrey holds an important place in our literature. It cannot be denied that his expression was more lavish and fluent than Wyatt's. As a poet he was venturesome, aimed at novelties, and experimented upon effects to be produced mechanically in verse. Wyatt, on the

ther hand, with a nature more emotional than Surrey's, exhibits greater self-constraint, and a more correct instinct in the choice of words and in the fall of his cadences. Surrey's Songs and Sonnets are the language of a satisfied mind, but Wyatt's poetry suggests the richer mood of an unrecompensed sorrow. Apart, however, from its literary merits, Surrey's verse is of great interest. He was a close student of the Italian poets, and was the first to introduce Blank Verse, after their example, into our literature. He also helped to naturalise in this country the Italian Sonnet form. Although Surrey was about fourteen years younger than Wyatt, and in some sense his disciple, the names of these two poets have always been closely linked in literary history. Wyatt and Surrey were intimate friends. Both, in some cases, translated the same sonnet from Petrarch into English; and these double translations afford us an interesting study of the relative merits of the two men.

## SPRING.

The soote<sup>1</sup> season that bud and bloom forth brings  
 With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale;  
 The nightingale with feathers new she sings;  
 The turtle to her make<sup>2</sup> hath told her tale;  
 Summer is come, for every spray now springs.  
 The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;  
 The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;  
 The fishes float with new repaired scale;  
 The adder all her slough away she slings;  
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies small;  
 The busy bee her honey now she mings;<sup>3</sup>  
 Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.

And thus I see among these pleasant things  
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs!<sup>4</sup>

GERALDINE.<sup>5</sup>

From Tuscan came my lady's worthy race;  
 Fair Florence was sometime her ancient seat;  
 The Western Isle, whose pleasant shore doth face  
 Wild Camber's cliff,<sup>6</sup> did give her lively heat;

<sup>1</sup> Sweet.<sup>2</sup> Mate.<sup>3</sup> Mixes.<sup>4</sup> Grows anew.<sup>5</sup> See p. 188.<sup>6</sup> Ireland, opposite Wales.

Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast :  
 Her sire an earl, her dame of princes' blood ;  
 From tender years in Britain doth she rest  
 With king's child, where she tasteth costly food.  
 Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyes ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Bright is her hue and Geraldine she hight ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine ;  
 And Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight.  
 Her beauty of kind ;<sup>3</sup> her virtues from above ;  
 Happy is he that can obtain her love !

A SONNET.<sup>4</sup>

Love, that liveth and reigneth in my thought,  
 That built his seat within my captive breast,  
 Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought,  
 Oft in my face he doth his banner rest :  
 She that me taught to love and suffer pain,  
 My doubtful hope and eke my hot desire  
 With shamefaced cloak to shadow and restrain,  
 Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire :  
 And coward Love then to the heart apace  
 Taketh his flight, whereas<sup>5</sup> he lurks and plains  
 His purpose lost, and dare not show his face.  
 For my lord's guilt, thus faultless, bide I pains :  
 Yet from my lord shall not my foot remove ;  
 Sweet is his death that takes his end by love !

IMPRISONED IN WINDSOR, THE POET RECOUNTETH HIS  
PLEASURE THERE PASSED.

So cruel prison how could betide, alas,  
 As proud Windsor ; where I, in lust and joy,  
 With a king's son my childish years did pass,<sup>6</sup>  
 In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy ;  
 Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour !  
 The large green courts where we were wont to hove,<sup>7</sup>  
 With eyes cast up into the maiden's tower,  
 And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love ;  
 The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,  
 The dances short, long tales of great delight,  
 With words and looks that tigers could but rue ;

<sup>1</sup> Eyes.<sup>2</sup> Is named.<sup>3</sup> Nature.<sup>4</sup> Petrarch, Son. 109. (See note, p. 181.)<sup>5</sup> Where.<sup>6</sup> This is understood to be an allusion to the Duke of Richmond, a natural son<sup>7</sup> Henry VIII., who eventually married Surrey's sister.

over or draw near.

Where each of us did plead the other's right :  
 The palm-play,<sup>1</sup> where, despoiled for the game,  
 With dazzled eyes, oft we by gleams of love  
 Have missed the ball, and got sight of our dame,  
 To bait her eyes which kept the leads above :<sup>2</sup>  
 The gravelled ground,<sup>3</sup> with sleeves tied on the helm,<sup>4</sup>  
 On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts,  
 With cheer<sup>5</sup> as though one should another overwhelm,  
 Where we have fought and chased oft with darts :  
 With silver drops the mead yet spread for ruth,  
 In active games of nimbleness and strength,  
 Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,<sup>6</sup>  
 Our tender limbs, that yet shot up in length :  
 The secret groves which oft we made resound  
 Of pleasant plaint<sup>7</sup> and of our ladies' praise ;  
 Recording oft what grace each one had found,  
 What hope of speed, what dread of long delays :  
 The wild Forest, the clothed holts with green,  
 With reins availed,<sup>8</sup> and swift y-breathed horse,  
 With cries of hounds, and merry blasts between,  
 Where we did chase the fearful<sup>9</sup> hart of force :<sup>10</sup>  
 The void walls, eke,<sup>11</sup> that harboured us each night ;  
 Wherewith, alas, reviveth in my breast  
 The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight,  
 The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest,  
 The secret thoughts imparted with such trust,  
 The wanton<sup>12</sup> talk, the divers change of play,  
 The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,  
 Wherewith we passed the winter night away.

And with this thought the blood forsakes the face,  
 And tears be-rain my cheeks of deadly hue ;  
 The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas,  
 Up-suppled have, thus I my plaint renew :—

Oh, Place of bliss ! Renewer of my woes !  
 Give me account, where is my noble fere,<sup>13</sup>  
 Whom in thy walls thou dost each night enclose,  
 To other lief,<sup>14</sup> but unto me most dear !

Echo, alas, that doth my sorrow rue,  
 Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.  
 Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,  
 In prison pine with bondage and restraint ;

<sup>1</sup> Ball or tennis.<sup>2</sup> Observed the game from the leads above.<sup>3</sup> The tilting ground.<sup>4</sup> These were the favours of the knights' mistresses.<sup>5</sup> Countenance.<sup>6</sup> Eton ?<sup>7</sup> Complaint.<sup>8</sup> Slackened.<sup>9</sup> Timid.<sup>10</sup> The chase in which the game was run down, not stalked or shot, was called the *chasse à force*.<sup>11</sup> Also.<sup>12</sup> Idle.<sup>13</sup> Comrade.<sup>14</sup> An object of affection.

And, with remembrance of the greater grief  
To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

OF THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS WYATT.<sup>1</sup>

Divers thy death do diversely bemoan :  
Some, that in presence of thy livelihood<sup>2</sup>  
Lurkèd, whose breasts envy with hate had swollen,  
Yield Cæsar's tears upon Pompeius' head ;  
Some, that watchèd with the murderer's knife,  
With eager thirst to drink thy guiltless blood,  
Whose practice brake by happy end of life,  
With envious tears do hear thy fame so good ;  
But I, that knew what harboured in that head,  
What virtues rare were tempered in that breast,  
Honour the place that such a jewel bred,  
And kiss the ground whereon<sup>3</sup> the corpse doth rest,  
With vapoured eyes, from whence such streams a<sup>4</sup> vail<sup>5</sup>  
As Pyramus did on Thisbe's breast bewail.

HOW NO AGE IS CONTENT.

Laid in my quiet bed, in study as I were,  
I saw within my troubled head a heap of thoughts appear ;  
And every thought did show so lively in mine eyes,  
That now I sighed, and then I smiled, as cause of thou<sup>ht</sup>  
did rise.

I saw the little boy, in thought how oft that he  
Did wish of God to 'scape the rod, a tall young man to be  
The young man eke, that feels his bones with pains oppres  
How he would be a rich old man, to live and lie at rest ;  
The rich old man, that sees his end draw on so sore,  
How he would be a boy again, to live so much the more ;  
Whereat full oft I smiled, to see how all these three,  
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and chang  
degree.

And, musing thus, I think the case is very strange,  
That man from weal to live in woe doth ever seek to  
change. . . .

Whereat I sighed and said : " Farewell, my wonted joy ;  
Truss up thy pack, and trudge from me to every little boy ;  
And tell them thus from me, their time most happy is,  
If, to their time,<sup>6</sup> they reason had to know the truth of this."

<sup>1</sup> See p. 186.

<sup>4</sup> Fall down.

<sup>2</sup> Presence of thee, living.

<sup>3</sup> Orig., Whereas (for "where").

<sup>5</sup> In addition to their longer life.

## FROM THE TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE SPEECH OF ÆNEAS,<sup>1</sup>

They whisted<sup>2</sup> all, with fixèd face attent,<sup>3</sup>  
 When Prince Æneas from the royal seat  
 Thus gan to speak :—

O Queen ! it is thy will  
 I should renew a woe cannot be told ;  
 How that the Greeks did spoil and overthrow  
 The Phrygian wealth and wailful realm of Troy ;  
 Those ruthless things that I myself beheld,  
 And whereof no small part fell to my share ;  
 Which to express, who could refrain from tears ?  
 What Myrmidon ? or yet what Dolopes ?  
 What stern Ulysses' wagèd<sup>4</sup> soldier ?  
 And lo ! moist night now from the welkin falls,  
 And stars declining counsel us to rest.  
 But, since so great is thy delight to hear  
 Of our mishaps and Troy's last decay,  
 Though to record the same my mind abhors,  
 And plaint eschews, yet thus will I begin.

*Book II.<sup>5</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> This passage is quoted, not so much for its poetical merit as because it was perhaps the first piece of English blank verse written and heard in our language. Surrey did not invent blank verse ; he transplanted it from the writings of other poets, of Italy and Spain ; and it was at once adopted by our dramatic and narrative writers. In order rightly to appreciate the boon which blank verse was to English poetry, it is but necessary to read the translation by Gavin Douglas in 1512 of this same passage.

They ceased all at once incontinent,  
 With mouthes close and visage takand tent.  
 Prince Æneas from the high bed, with that,  
 Into his siège royal where he sat,  
 Begouth, and said :—"Thy desire, lady, is  
 Renewing of untellable sorrow, I wis,  
 To shaw how Greeks did spuilys and destroy  
 The great riches and lamentable realm of Troy."

Douglas's homely Scotch dialect helped to make the rhymed heroic couplet less heroic than it naturally was. But no literary skill could have made this kind of verse do the work of translation so well as the freer and more sonorous measure introduced by Surrey. It is also interesting to observe how instantaneously blank verse adapted itself to the dramatic mood. When Æneas commences with

*"O Queen ! it is thy will  
 I should renew a woe cannot be told,"*

we seem to hear the first proud chord of a strain which Shakespeare and Milton afterwards made their own. <sup>2</sup> Listened. <sup>3</sup> Attentive. <sup>4</sup> Hired.

<sup>5</sup> Surrey translated only two Books of the Æneid, the second and fourth. A contemporary Italian poet, named Molza, had translated the same two into Italian blank verse, and this probably suggested the task to Surrey ; but there are passages in Surrey's translation which seem to show that he was acquainted also with the Æneid of Douglas.



## NICHOLAS GRIMALD.

(1519?-1563.)

AN important fact in the literary history of the period immediately succeeding that of Wyatt and Surrey, and preceding that of Spenser and the later Elizabethans, was the publication, in 1557, of a little work known to us as *Tottel's Miscellany*. Its original title was as follows :—

*Songes and Sonnettes, written by the ryght honorable Lorde Henry Howard, late Earle of Surrey, and other.* Apud Richardum Tottel. 1557. *Cum privilegio.*

This little book is, in its way, of consummate interest. Dug up from a dusty oblivion and reproduced in its genuine quaintness among the English Reprints of Mr. Arber, it appears like a landmark dividing the poetry of the early Tudors from that of Elizabeth's reign. Hitherto the process of publication in a printed form had been by no means a necessary completion of the act of composing a poem or a series of poems. To publish one's own productions, especially with one's name prefixed, appears to have been regarded in the early days of Elizabeth as an act demanding some courage, nay bold-facedness; and poets, long after printing was common and easy, were quite content that their most cherished verses should be handed about in manuscript and extolled or criticised among the initiated few who composed the reading world. In *Tottel's Miscellany*, the first collection of the kind made in England, we may observe how the habits of authors were gradually changing in obedience to the requirements of a reading public and of enterprising publishers. This was the first time that the poems of Surrey and Wyatt, the most popular poets of their age, had been printed in a collected form. Their verses occupy about one-third of the entire volume, Surrey's being placed first in order, probably in deference to his rank, but Wyatt's being twice Surrey's in quantity. After these *Songes and Sonnettes* come *Songes written by Nicholas Grimald*, chaplain to the Bishop of Ely, probably chief Editor of the Collection,<sup>1</sup> if not the Originator.

<sup>1</sup> See *English Reprints*, Introduction to *Tottel's Miscellany*.

The rest of the volume, constituting rather more than half of it, is made up of the songs and sonnets of "Uncertain Auteurs." The names of some of these anonymous contributors have been ascertained. Among them were Sir Francis Bryan, a successful courtier in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., and a personal friend of the poet Wyatt, but dead since 1549; George Boleyn, Earl of Rochford, the graceful and accomplished brother of Queen Anna Boleyn, and whom Henry executed in 1536; Lord Thomas Vaux, still living when the Miscellany appeared, and a number of whose poems were afterwards printed in a later Miscellany called *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, published in 1576; John Heywood (1507?-1565), author of *Merry Interludes*, a Roman Catholic and a great favourite with the court in Queen Mary's time; and also Thomas Churchyard (1520-1604), a voluminous and very egotistic versifier, who has, however, left nothing more memorable than his name. Eight early editions of this Miscellany were issued before the close of Elizabeth's reign, the first six by Tottel himself from his busy shop in Fleet Street, London; but after 1587, the date of the latest Elizabethan edition, the work was not reprinted for a hundred and thirty years.

#### FROM A FUNERAL SONG.

UPON THE DECEASE OF ANNES, THE POET'S MOTHER.

Yea, and a good cause why thus should I plain :  
 For what is he can quietly sustain  
 So great a grief with mouth as still as stone?  
 My love, my life, of joy my jewel, is gone !  
 This hearty zeal if any wight disprove<sup>1</sup>  
 As woman's work, whom feeble mind doth move,  
 He neither knows the mighty Nature's laws,  
 Nor touching elders' deeds hath seen old saws. . . .  
 And should not I express my inward woe,  
 When you, most loving dam, so soon hence go?  
 I, in your fruitful womb conceived, borne was  
 While wandering moon ten months did overpass.  
 Me, brought to light, your tender arms sustained;  
 And with my lips your milky paps I strained.

<sup>1</sup> Disapprove.

# THREE CENTURIES OF ENGLISH POETRY.

You me embraced ; in bosom soft you me  
 Cherished, as I your only child had be.<sup>1</sup> . . .  
 Ah, could you thus, dear mother, leave us all ?  
 No, should you live, that yet, before your fall,  
 My song you might have sung, have heard my voice,  
 And in commodities of your own rejoice.  
 My lovers, yet unwedded, who shall guide ?  
 What whole good lessons shall they be applied ?  
 Their mother's monuments of our sore smart :  
 No stony tomb created with curious art,  
 No marble mass hung in the air,  
 No airy sceptres that will once appair,<sup>2</sup>  
 But a true verse and doleful song, accept !

## THE FABLES OF UNCERTAIN AUCTOURS

IN "FOOTER'S MISCELLANY."

THE FABLE OF HARPALUS, A SHEPHERD, THAT PHYLIDA HAS  
 IN LOVE WITH, TAKEN ON CORIN, WHO LOVES HER NOT.

Phylida was a fair maid  
 And as bright as any flower,  
 Whom Harpalus the herdman prayed  
 To be his sweetheart.  
 But Phylida and eke Corin,  
 Were companions, both yere ;<sup>3</sup>  
 And they could twist and spin,  
 And their voices sing full clear.  
 But Phylida was all too coy  
 For Harpalus to win ;  
 For Corin was her only joy,  
 Who forced<sup>4</sup> her not a pin.  
 How often would she flowers twine,  
 How often garlands make,  
 Of cowslips and of columbine,  
 And all for Corin's sake !  
 But Corin, he had hawks to lure,  
 And forced<sup>5</sup> more the field ;  
 Of lovers' law he took no cure,  
 For once he was beguiled.  
 Harpalus prevailed nought :  
 His labour all was lost ;  
 For he was farthest from her thoughts,  
 And yet he loved her most.

<sup>1</sup> Best

<sup>2</sup> Some time decay.

<sup>3</sup> Companions.

<sup>4</sup> Cared for her.

<sup>5</sup> Cared.

Therefore waxed he both pale and lean,  
 And dry as clot of clay ;  
 His flesh it was consumed clean,  
 His colour gone away. . . .

His beasts he kept upon the hill,  
 And he sate in the dale ;  
 And thus, with sighs and sorrows shrill,  
 He gan to tell his tale.

"O Harpalus,"—thus would he say—  
 "Unhappiest under sun,  
 The cause of thine unhappy day  
 By love was first begun ! . . .

O Cupid, grant this my request,  
 And do not stop thine ears,  
 That she may feel within her breast  
 The pains of my despairs !

Of Corin that is careless,  
 That she may crave her fee,  
 As I have done in great distress,  
 That loved her faithfully !" . . .

*Barnaby Googe ?*

A POET'S SONG, IN PRAISE OF HIS LADY.

Give place, you Ladies, and begone ;  
 Boast not yourselves at all ;  
 For here at hand approacheth one  
 Whose face will stain you all !

The virtue of her lively looks  
 Excels the precious stone ;  
 I wish to have none other books  
 To read or look upon.

In each of her two crystal eyes  
 Smileth a naked boy ;  
 It would you all in heart suffice  
 To see that lamp of joy.

If all the world were sought so far,  
 Who could find such a wight ?  
 Her beauty twinketh like a star  
 Within the frosty night.

Her rosial colour comes and goes  
 With such a comely grace,

More redier<sup>1</sup> too than doth the rose,  
Within her lively face.

At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,  
Ne at no wanton play,  
Nor gazing in an open street,  
Nor gadding as a stray.<sup>2</sup>

The modest mirth that she doth use  
Is mixt with shamefacedness ;  
All vice she doth wholly refuse,  
And hateth idleness.

O Lord, it is a world to see  
How virtue can repair,  
And deck in her such honesty,  
Whom nature made so fair !

Truly she doth as far exceed  
Our women now-a-days  
As doth the gilli-flower a weed,  
And more, a thousand ways !

How might I do to get a graff<sup>3</sup>  
Of this unspotted tree ?  
For all the rest are plain but chaff,  
Which seem good corn to be.

This gift alone I shall her give ;—  
When Death doth what he can,  
Her honest fame shall ever live  
Within the mouth of man.

*Heywood ?*

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### THOMAS TUSSER.

(1523 ?-1580.)

PUBLISHED in the same year with *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557), and also by Tottel, was the once popular poem of Thomas Tusser on Husbandry. Tusser was born in Henry VIII's reign, and was a farmer as well as a poet. His poem about farming is full of practical advice, and, though scarcely meriting the name of poetry, is very readable on account of its sunshiny

<sup>1</sup> Of richer colour.

<sup>2</sup> Vagrant.

<sup>3</sup> Grafting or cutting.

spirit and the easy flow of its couplets. A second edition appeared very soon, and the following was the title of the complete book :—

*"Five hundred pointes of good Husbandrie, as well for the Champion or open countrie, as also for the Woodland or Severall, mixed in every moneth with Huswiferie over and besides the booke of Huswiferie. Corrected, better ordered, and newlie augmented a fourth part more, with divers other lessons, as a diet for the farmer, of the properties of windes, plants, hops, herbs, bees, and approved remedies for the sheep and cattell, with many other matters both profitabell and not unpleasant for the Reader. Also a table of Husbandrie at the beginning of this booke and another of Huswiferie at the end, etc. Newlie set forth by Thomas Tusser, gentleman."*

In the original Edition, every "point" was expressed in four lines and made one complete stanza, and the whole was divided among the twelve months, the series commencing with August and closing with directions for the Harvest Home in July. The "Digression" into Huswiferie occurred in the months of March and April.

## FROM FIVE HUNDRED POINTS OF GOOD HUSBANDRY.

### SEPTEMBER.

Thresh seed and go fan, for the plough may not lie ;  
September doth bid to be sowing of rye ;  
The ridges well harrowed or ever thou strike :  
Is one Point of Husbandry rye-land do like. . .

The seed being sown, water-furrow thy ground,  
That rain, when it cometh, may run away round ;  
The ditches kept scoured, the hedge clad with thorn,  
Doth well to drain water and saveth thy corn.

Then forth with thy slings and thine arrows and bows :  
Till the ridges be green keep the corn from the crows.  
A good boy abroad, by the day-star appear,  
Shall scare good-man Crow that he dare not come near.

*Points 20, 22, and 23.*

## RICHARD EDWARDS.

(1523 ?-1566.)

RICHARD EDWARDS is notable as the Collector of the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, another poetical *Miscellany*, similar to Tottel's, but containing a much smaller quantity of good verse than its predecessor. It was published first in 1576, when Edwards had been dead about ten years. Among the contributors to it were, in addition to Edwards, the Earl of Oxford, Lord Vaux, and Heywood. The miscellany was reprinted many times during Elizabeth's reign, and was extremely popular. The following are two of the "dainty devices" of Edwards :—

## AN OLD PROVERB.

In going to my naked bed as one that would have slept,  
I heard a wife sing to her child that long before had wept :  
She sighèd sore, and sang full sore to bring the babe to rest,  
That would not rest, but crièd still, in sucking at her breast :  
She was full weary of her watch, and grievèd with her child :  
She rocked it, and she rated it, until on her it smiled :  
Then did she say, "Now have I found the proverb true to  
prove,  
That *Falling out of faithful friends is the renewing of love.*"

Then took I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for to write,  
In register for to remain of such a worthy wight :  
As she proceedèd thus in song, unto her little brat  
Much matter uttered she of weight, in place whereas she sat ;  
And provèd plain there was no beast nor creature bearing life,  
Could well be known to live in love without discord or strife :  
Then kissèd she her little babe, and sware by God above,  
That "*Falling out of faithful friends is the renewing of love.*"

## OF FORTUNE'S POWER.

The misers<sup>1</sup> unto might she mounts, a common case we see ;  
And mighty in great misery she sets in low degree ;  
Whom she to-day doth rear on high upon her whirling wheel,  
To-morrow next she dingeth down and casteth at her heel . .

<sup>1</sup> Miserable folk.

It is no fault or worthiness that makes men fall or rise ;  
 I rather be born fortunate than to be very wise ;  
 The blind man is right soon that by Good-Fortune guided is ;<sup>1</sup>  
 To whom that pleasant Fortune pipes can never dance amiss.

## BARNABY GOOGE.

(1535 ?-1594.)

BARNABY GOOGE was about twelve years younger than Tusser and Edwards. He was a relative and protégé of Lord Burleigh, and is distinguished as being the first English writer of original pastoral poems in the Virgilian strain. His *Eglogs*, *Epytaphes*, and *Sonnettes* were published in 1563.

## FROM EGLOGA PRIMA.

## AMINTAS AND DAPHNIS.

*Daphnis.* Begin to sing, Amintas thou !  
 For why ? Thy wit is best ;  
 And many a sagèd saw lies hid  
 Within thine agèd breast.  
 Oft have I heard of shepherds old  
 Thy fame reported true ;  
 No herdman lives but knows the praise  
 To old Amintas due. . . .  
*Amintas.* Thy praises, Daphnis, are too great,  
 And more for me than meet ;  
 Nor ever I such sagèd saws  
 Could sing in verses sweet.  
 And now to talk of spring-time tales  
 My hairs too hoar do grow ;  
 Such tales as these I told in time  
 When youthful years did flow.  
 But since I cannot thee deny,  
 Thy father Love doth bind,  
 In simple song I will address  
 Myself to show my mind.  
 Long hast thou, Daphnis, me required  
 The state of love to tell ;  
 For in my youth I knew the force  
 And passion all full well. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Is soon set straight that is guided by Good-Fortune.



My boy, remove my beasts from hence,  
 And drive them farther down;  
 Upon the hills let them go feed  
 That join to yonder town.  
 O Cupid, king of fiery love,  
 Aid thou my singing verse;  
 And teach me here the cause and cause  
 Of lovers to rehearse : . . .  
 If he but once behold the place  
 Where he was wont to meet  
 The pleasant form that him enflamed  
 And joyful countenance sweet,  
 The place, a wondrous thing I tell,  
 His grief augmenteth new;  
 Yet still he seeks the place to see  
 That most he should eschew. . . .  
 The very name hath such a force  
 That it can dase the mind,  
 And make the man amazed to stand :  
 What force hath Love to bind ! . . .  
 And thus an end : I wearied am ;  
 My wind is old and faint ;  
 Such matters I do leave to such  
 As finer far can paint.  
 Fetch in the goat that goes astray,  
 And drive him to the fold ;  
 My years be great ; I will be gone,  
 For spring-time nights be cold.

---

### GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

(1535-1577.)

GASCOIGNE, besides being notable as one of our earliest dramatists, was also the first Englishman who imitated the classic writers of satire, the first English prose-critic of poetry, and one of our earliest writers of blank verse. He was a native of Essex, studied at both Universities, and became a lawyer in Gray's Inn. He travelled in Holland and France, and is said to have been all his life more proud of the ~~of the~~ character which he acquired abroad than of his literary ability which he afterwards earned

in his own country. The motto, "*Tam Marti quam Mercurio*," which he chose and prefixed to his portrait,<sup>1</sup> and on various occasions to his writings, was characteristic of the man. Few specimens of his poetry are extant. The *Steel Glass*, published in 1576, was written in somewhat stiff blank verse, and is a spirited and healthy satire of his own age, which he represents as preferring "the chrystal glas which glimseth brave and bright, and shewes the thing much better than it is," to the mirror of steel, which had been used in bygone ages, and was "both trusty and true." His earliest work was *A hundreth sundrie Flowres bounde up in a small Posie*, the first instalment of which was in 1572. The "small Posie" was augmented from time to time, until, in 1577, shortly before the poet's death, his "Pleasauntest Workes" were issued in one volume. In 1587 a second volume was added; and the collection when complete included the *Steel Glass*, a *Comedy* from Ariosto, a *Tragedy* from Euripides, and other selections from his previous publications. Nearly all this writer's extant poems are in Chalmers's Edition of the Poets.

#### THE CRYSTAL GLASS AND THE GLASS OF STEEL.

But now, ay me ! the glazing Crystal Glass  
 Doth make us think that realms and towns are rich  
 Where favour sways the sentence of the law,  
 Where all is fish that cometh to the net,  
 Where mighty power doth over-rule the right,  
 Where injuries do foster secret grudge,  
 Where bloody sword makes every booty prize,  
 Where banqueting is counted comely cost,  
 Where officers grow rich by princes' pens,  
 Where purchase comes by cunning and deceit,  
 And no man dreads but he that cannot shift,  
 Nor none serve God but only tongue-tied men.

Again I see within my Glass of Steel  
 But Four Estates to serve each country soil,—  
 The King, the Knight, the Peasant, and the Priest.  
 The King should care for all the subjects still;  
 The Knight should fight for to defend the same;  
 The Peasant he should labour for their ease;  
 The Priest should pray for them and for themselves.

<sup>1</sup> This portrait represents the author in armour, with ruff and beard, and was in the first edition of the *Steel Glass*, on the reverse of the title-page.

But out, alas, such mists do blear our eyes !  
 And Crystal Glass doth glister so therewith,  
 That Kings conceive their care is wondrous great  
 Whenas they beat their busy restless brains  
 To maintain pomp and high triumphal sighs,  
 To feed their fill of dainty delicates,  
 To glad their hearts with sight of pleasant sports,  
 To fill their ears with sound of instruments,  
 To break with bit the hot courageous horse,  
 To deck their halls with sumptuous cloth of gold,  
 To clothe themselves with silk of strange device,  
 To search the rocks for pearls and precious stones,  
 To delve the ground for mines of glistening gold ;  
 And never care to maintain peace and rest,  
 To yield relief where needy lack appears,  
 To stop one ear until the poor man speak,  
 To seem to sleep when justice still doth wake,  
 To guard their lands from sudden sword and fire,  
 To fear the cries of guiltless suckling babes,  
 Whose ghosts may call for vengeance on their blood  
 And stir the wrath of mighty thundering Jove.

---

THOMAS SACKVILLE.

(1536 ?-1608.)

A MISCELLANY of a somewhat different kind from Tottel's appeared in 1559, entitled the *Mirror for Magistrates*. This collection of poems by various authors has a long and somewhat intricate history ; but its importance as a literary production is derived mainly from the fact that a portion of it was the composition of Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset, one of the principal statesmen of Queen Elizabeth's reign, successor of Burleigh in 1598 as Lord High Treasurer of England, and known otherwise as the author, in part, of *Gorboduc*, the first English tragedy. The *Mirror for Magistrates* was devised, in the first instance, in the reign of Queen Mary, and was intended to be a continuation in verse, with English heroes instead of foreign ones, of Boccaccio's prose work *De Casibus Virorum Illustrium*. Lydgate's *Fall of Princes* was a verse

translation. The publication of the *Mirroure* was delayed by Bishop Gardiner, Mary's Chancellor; and the book did not appear till 1559. The title was as follows :—

"A MYRROURE FOR MAGISTRATES, wherein may be seen by esample of others with howe grevous plages vices are punished, and howe frayl and unstable worldly prosperity is founde, even of those whom Fortune seemeth most highly to favour. *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.* Anno 1559. Londini, in ædibus Thomæ Marshe."

The book thus marshalled into publicity consisted of nineteen Legends of unfortunate and illustrious Englishmen, from the reign of Richard II. to that of Edward IV., twelve of which are ascribed to Richard Baldwin, its editor. It was not in this edition of 1559, however, but in a second, published in 1563, that Sackville himself first appeared as a contributor. Sackville's conception, unlike that of the originators of the *Mirroure*, was borrowed rather from Dante's *Inferno* than from Boccaccio and Lydgate. Baldwin's ghosts appear to the poet in dreams; but Sackville represents himself as conducted in a waking state to the region of departed spirits by Sorrow, as Dante had been conducted by Virgil. And, if the entire series had been completed by him as projected, we should have had an *Induction* or preface poem, followed by recitations of the lives of illustrious Englishmen, from the Conquest downwards. This was Sackville's plan; but he achieved only the *Induction* and the recited story of one departed spirit, namely that of Henry Duke of Buckingham, slain by King Richard III. Fragmentary as this composition is, it is all we have of Sackville's non-dramatic writings. The series of melancholy Legends thus started was extended by successive editors and authors; but not until 1610 did it attain its final form. At this date it had grown in bulk from the nineteen Legends, devised and executed by Baldwin and his companions, to a thick quarto volume, containing a vast collection of Lives and Legends by miscellaneous writers, together with two Inductions, in addition to Sackville's, and carrying the series of tragic stories from Brutus, the mythical founder of Britain, to the sixteenth century. Even in this extended form, Sackville's

*Induction* and *Legend*, comprising little more than five hundred lines in all, are the only portions of the book to which our modern critics assign any considerable literary value. Warton places Sackville's *Induction* in dignified juxtaposition with Dante's *Inferno*, and quotes largely from Elizabethan writers, including Sir Philip Sidney and Chapman, in proof of the high esteem in which this poem and the entire *Mirror* was held. The poet Campbell reviews the gloomy monotony of these ghostly recitations with less reverence than Warton, but perhaps with more judgment, when he remarks that "Sackville's contribution to the *Mirror for Magistrates* is the only part of it that is tolerable." Hallam, with his usual judicial fairness, gives Sackville what we may regard as his correct place in literature when he calls him "the herald in the first days of Elizabeth's reign of the splendour in which it was to close."

## FROM THE INDUCTION.

## SORROW.

And straight, forth stalking with redoubled pace,  
For that I saw the night drew on so fast,  
In black all clad, there fell before my face  
A piteous wight whom woe had all forwaste.<sup>1</sup>  
Forth from her eyen the crystal tears outbrast;<sup>2</sup>  
And, sighing sore, her hands she wrong and fold,<sup>3</sup>  
Tare all her hair, that ruth was to behold:

Her body small, forwithered and forspent,  
As is the stalk that summer's drought oppress;  
Her welkèd<sup>4</sup> face with woeful tears besprent;<sup>5</sup>  
Her colour pale; and, as it seemed her best,  
In woe and plaint reposèd was her rest.  
And, as the stone that drops of water wears,  
So dented were her cheeks with fall of tears.

Her eyès swoln, with flowing streams afloat,  
Wherewith her looks thrown up full piteously,  
Her forceless hands together oft she smote,

<sup>1</sup> Wasted away.  
<sup>4</sup> Clouded.

<sup>2</sup> Burst forth.  
<sup>5</sup> Besprinkled.

<sup>3</sup> Wrung and folded.

With doleful shrieks that echoed in the sky :  
 Whose plaint such sighs did straight accompany,  
 That, in my doom,<sup>1</sup> was never man did see  
 A wight but half so woe-begone as she.

## OLD AGE.

And, next in order, sad Old Age we found,  
 His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind ;  
 With drooping cheer, still poring on the ground,  
 As on the place where Nature him assigned  
 To rest, when that the Sisters had untwined  
 His vital thread, and ended with their knife  
 The fleeting course of fast declining life.

Crook-backed he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed ;  
 Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four ;<sup>2</sup>  
 With old lame bones that rattled by his side ;  
 His scalp all pilled,<sup>3</sup> and he with eld forlore ;<sup>4</sup>  
 His withered fist still knocking at Death's door ;  
 Trembling and drivelling as he draws his breath :  
 For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

## WAR.

Lastly, stood War in glittering arms y-clad,  
 With visage grim, stern looks, and blackly hued ;  
 In his right hand a naked sword he had,  
 That to the hilt was all with blood imbrued ;  
 And in his left, that kings and kingdoms rued,  
 Famine and fire he held ; and therewithal  
 He rasèd towns, and threw down towers and all.

## GEORGE TURBERVILLE.

(1530?-1594 ?)

GEORGE TURBERVILLE was descended from an ancient family of Bere-Regis in Dorsetshire. He was born at Whitchurch in that county, was educated at Oxford, and became a noted sonneteer in Elizabeth's reign. His writings included a volume

<sup>1</sup> Judgment.

<sup>2</sup> Went with a stick or staff, and sometimes with two sticks or crutches.

<sup>3</sup> Bald.

<sup>4</sup> With old age forlorn.

of *Epitaphs, Epigrams, Songs and Sonnets*, 1567, and some prose *Tragical Tales*, translated from the Italian, 1576. He spent some time in Russia, where he held the post of Secretary to Sir Thomas Randolph, the Queen's Ambassador to the Russian Emperor; and his poetical epistles, descriptive of Russian customs and manners, published in 1568, are contained in Hakluyt's *Voyages*, vol. i., p. 384, etc.<sup>1</sup> He also translated the *Eclogues* of Mantuan, and the *Heroical Epistles* of Ovid. His *Epitaphs*, etc., are reprinted in Chalmers's edition of the Poets.

## A LOVER'S VOW.

When Phoenix shall have many makes,<sup>2</sup>  
 And fishes shun the silver lakes,  
 When wolves and lambs y-fere<sup>3</sup> shall play,  
 And Phœbus cease to shine by day,  
 When grass on marble stone shall grow,  
 And every man embrace his foe,  
 When moles shall leave to dig the ground,  
 And hares accord with hateful hound,  
 When Pan shall pass Apollo's skill,  
 And fools of fancies have their fill,  
 When hawks shall dread the silly fowl,  
 And men esteem the nightish owl,  
 When pearl shall be of little price,  
 And golden virtue friend to vice,  
 When fortune hath no change in store,—  
 Then will I false, and not before !  
 Till all these monsters<sup>4</sup> come to pass,  
 I am *Timetus*, as I was.  
 My love as long as life shall last,  
 Not forcing<sup>5</sup> any fortune's blast ;  
 No threat, no thralldom, shall prevail  
 To cause my faith one jot to fail ;  
 But, as I was, so will I be,  
 A lover, and a friend to thee.

## THE PINE TO THE MARINER.

O Man of little wit,  
 What means this frantic fit ?  
 To make thy ship of me,  
 That am a slender tree.

<sup>1</sup> Ellis.<sup>2</sup> Mates.<sup>3</sup> Friendly.<sup>4</sup> Wonders.<sup>5</sup> Regarding.

Whom every blast that blows  
     Full lightly overthrows.  
 Doth this not move thy mind,  
     That rage of roaring wind  
 Did beat my boughs agood  
     When erst I grew in wood?  
 How can I here avoid  
     The foe that there annoy'd?  
 Think'st thou, now I am made  
     A vessel for thy trade,  
 I shall be more at ease  
     Amid the flashing seas?  
 I fear, if Æole<sup>1</sup> frown,  
     Both thou and I shall drown.

THE LOVER TO HIS LADY, WHO GAZED MUCH UP TO THE SKIES.

My girl, thou gazest much  
     Upon the golden skies:  
 Would I were Heaven! I would behold  
     Thee then with all mine eyes!

---

SIR EDWARD DYER.

(1540-1607.)

SIR EDWARD DYER, born in the reign of Henry VIII., lived till some years after King James's accession to the English throne. He was a friend of Sir Philip Sidney, and of Sir Philip's sister, the Countess of Pembroke. His verses are found scattered in the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, 1578, the *Phoenix Nest*, 1593, in various contemporary manuscripts, and in *England's Helicon*. This last was by far the most valuable of the Elizabethan *Miscellanies*. It was published in London in 1600, and again in 1614, and contained specimens from all the favourite poets and sonneteers of the sixteenth century. A complete collection of Dyer's writings in verse and prose has been edited by Mr. Grosart for the Fuller Worthies Library, 1872.

<sup>1</sup> Æolus, the god of winds.



TO PHILLIS THE FAIR SHEPHERDESS,<sup>1</sup>

My Phillis hath the morning sun  
 At first to look upon her ;  
 And Phillis hath morn-waking birds  
 Her risings still to honour.

My Phillis hath prime-feathered flowers,  
 That smile when she treads on them ;  
 And Phillis hath a gallant flock,  
 That leaps since she doth own them.

But Phillis hath too hard a heart ;  
 Alas, that she should have it !  
 It yields no mercy to desert,  
 Nor grace to those that crave it.

Sweet Sun, when thou lookest on,  
 Pray her regard my moan !  
 Sweet Birds, when you sing to her,  
 To yield some pity woo her !  
 Sweet Flowers, that she treads on,  
 Tell her her beauty deads one !  
 And, if in life her love she will<sup>2</sup> agree me,  
 Pray her before I die she will come see me !

## MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS !

My mind to me a kingdom is !  
 Such present joys therein I find  
 That it excels all other bliss  
 That earth affords or grows by kind :<sup>3</sup>  
 Though much I want which most would have,  
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,  
 No force to win the victory,  
 No wily wit to salve a sore,  
 No shape to feed a loving eye,—  
 To none of these I yield as thrall ;<sup>4</sup>  
 For why ? My mind doth serve for all.

<sup>1</sup> From *England's Helicon*. Mr. Grosart doubts whether this is Dyer's.

<sup>2</sup> Will not.

<sup>3</sup> Nature.

<sup>4</sup> Slave.

I see how plenty suffers oft,  
And hasty climbers soon do fall ;  
I see that those which are aloft  
Mishap doth threaten most of all.  
They get with toil, they keep with fear :  
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content I live, this is my stay ;  
I seek no more than may suffice ;  
I press to bear no haughty sway ;  
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.  
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,  
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave ;  
I little have, and seek no more :  
They are but poor though much they have,  
And I am rich with little store :  
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;  
They lack, I leave ; they pine, I live !

I laugh not at another's loss ;  
I grudge not at another's gain ;  
No worldly waves my mind can toss ;  
My state at one doth still remain.  
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend ;  
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,  
Their wisdom by their rage of will ;  
Their treasure is their only trust,  
A cloaked craft<sup>1</sup> their store of skill :  
But all the pleasure that I find  
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease ;  
My conscience clear my choice defence ;  
I neither seek by bribes to please,  
Nor by deceit to breed offence :  
Thus do I live, thus will I die ;  
Would all did so well as I !

<sup>1</sup> A cunning craftiness.

## EDWARD VERE, EARL OF OXFORD.

(1541-1604.)

EDWARD VERE, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, was a contributor to *England's Helicon* of 1600, as well as to the *Paradise of Dainty Devices* of 1576, to Breton's *Bower of Delights* of 1597, and to other contemporary publications. This nobleman married a daughter of Lord Burleigh, and, because of his rank and his talents, was highly popular among the literary men of his day.

## THE SHEPHERD'S COMMENDATION OF HIS NYMPH.

What shepherd can express  
The favour of her face,  
To whom, in this distress,  
I do appeal for grace?  
A thousand Cupids fly  
About her gentle eye,

From which each throws a dart,  
That kindleth soft sweet fire  
Within my sighing heart,  
Possessed by desire :  
No sweeter life I try<sup>1</sup>  
Than in her love to die !

The lily in the field,  
That glories in his<sup>2</sup> white,  
For pureness now must yield  
And render up his right :  
Heaven pictured in her face  
Doth promise joy and grace.

Fair Cynthia's silver light,  
That beats on running streams,  
Compares not with her white,  
Whose hairs are all sunbeams :  
So bright my Nymph doth shine,  
As day unto my eyne !

With this, there is a red  
Exceeds the damask-rose,  
Which in her cheeks is spread,  
Whence every favour grows :  
In sky there is no star,  
But she surmounts it far.

<sup>1</sup> Endeavour.<sup>2</sup> Old form of *its*

When Phœbus from the bed  
 Of Thetis doth arise,  
 The morning, blushing red  
 In fair carnation-wise,  
     He shows in my Nymph's face,  
     As Queen of every grace.

This pleasant lily-white,  
 This taint of roseate red,  
 This Cynthia's silver-light,  
 This sweet fair Dea spread,  
     These sunbeams in my eye,  
     These beauties, make me die !

## AN EPIGRAM.

Were I a king, I might command content ;  
 Were I obscure, unknown should be my cares ;  
 And, were I dead, no thoughts should me torment,  
 Nor words, nor wrongs, nor love, nor hate, nor fears :  
 A doubtful choice for me, of three things one to crave,—  
     A kingdom, or a cottage, or a grave.

*Answered thus by Sir Philip Sidney.*

Wert thou a king, yet not command content,  
 Sith empire none thy mind could yet suffice ;  
 Wert thou obscure, still cares would thee torment ;  
 But, wert thou dead, all care and sorrow dies :  
 An easy choice, of three things one to crave,—  
     No kingdom, nor a cottage, but a grave.

## GEORGE PEELE.

(1552?-1596.)

PEELE held a high place among the Elizabethan dramatists. He was of Devonshire origin ; graduated at Oxford as Master of Arts in 1579, and went to London, where he lived "on the bankside over against Blackfriars,"<sup>1</sup> says his historian ; was made City-poet, and had the ordering of the pageants. Of his

<sup>1</sup> Wood's *Athena*.

non-dramatic verse three pieces are found in *England's Helicon*, while others are scattered in *England's Parnassus*, 1600, in *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, 1576, and the various miscellanies of the period.

THE ENAMOURED SHEPHERD.<sup>1</sup>

O gentle Love, ungentle for thy deed !  
 Thou mak'st my heart  
 A bloody mark,  
 With piercing shot to bleed.

Shoot soft, sweet Love, for fear thou shoot  
 For fear too keen  
 Thy arrows been,  
 And hit the heart where my Beloved is.

Too fair that fortune were, nor never I  
 Shall be so blest  
 Among the rest,  
 That Love shall seize on her by sympathy.

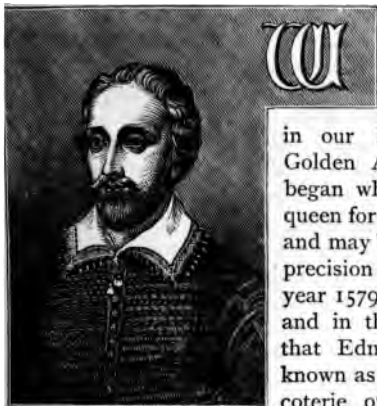
Then, since with Love my prayers bear no boot,<sup>2</sup>  
 This doth remain  
 To ease my pain,—  
 I take the wound, and die at Venus' foot.

<sup>1</sup> From *England's Helicon*.

<sup>2</sup> Are of no avail.

## EDMUND SPENSER.

(1552-1599.)



WE are accustomed to regard the last half of Elizabeth's reign as the most brilliant period in our literary annals. This Golden Age of English poetry began when Elizabeth had been queen for nearly twenty-two years, and may be dated with still closer precision from the winter of the year 1579; for it was in that year, and in the winter of that year, that Edmund Spenser, hitherto known as a writer only among a coterie of college and literary friends, appeared for the first time in print, and was publicly recognised as "the new poet." His first volume, entitled *The Shepherd's Calendar*, is also memorable as having helped more than any other single production to popularise pastoral poetry in England.

Pastoral poetry, or that kind of poetry which represents the life and talk of shepherds and rustics, had its origin, so far as we know, in the Idylls of Theocritus, a Sicilian Greek, who lived in the third century before our era. With his name are linked those of two of his contemporaries,—Bion, also a Sicilian, and Moschus, a native of Asia Minor. It is difficult to decide to what extent these ancient Idylls were literally descriptive of Greek life in Sicily; but it is natural to surmise that, so far as they go (for they touch upon only a few of the relations of human society), they do represent that life as their authors found it. The picture which these Greek Idylls have perpetuated is that of an extremely simple but artistically tempered people, as observed by writers of the highest possible culture and refinement. The pastorals of these three

Greeks, composed in the Doric, or rustic, dialect, and in the Homeric measure, are still the most pure and perfect specimens of pastoral poetry in existence; and all poetry of this kind written since has been, directly or indirectly, in imitation of them. Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, had no contemporaries or successors of their own nation equal to them; but in the golden age of Latin literature Virgil (70-19 B.C.) composed his Eclogues or Bucolics, partly in imitation, partly in direct translation, of the Idylls of Theocritus. Some of Virgil's Eclogues were much more artificially constructed than those of Theocritus, and, while perfectly pastoral in form, were made to embody a passage of his own life, a satire, or a eulogy on some living person. This extension of the purpose of pastoral poetry led to the introduction into it by other writers of Allegory, more or less complicated. After Virgil's time, another and a greater gap occurred in the history of pastoral verse. During the fifteen hundred years which elapsed between the propagation of Christianity in Europe and the Revival of Letters, no pastoral poetry of note was produced, and the beauties of Theocritus and Virgil were almost forgotten. Mr. Hallam assigns to the Portuguese the honour of having first resuscitated this classic form of poesy. But it is probable that in every nation where pastoral habits of life existed side by side with an artistic and poetic national temperament, the expression of these would take the form of pastoral verses more or less cultured. It is also likely that, even through the middle ages, wherever there was access to the half-forbidden poetry of the Greek and Roman pagans, stray efforts were made to construct verses upon the classic pastoral model. In the list which our own Northumbrian Bede (670-735) has left of his numerous works, one notes a Latin Eclogue entitled *The Conflict of Winter and Summer*. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, at all events, pastoral poetry came again into fashion, and pastoral poems were produced in Italy which became popular throughout Europe. Angelo Poliziano, an eminent professor of Latin and Greek at Florence, who died in 1494, has left in *Amor-rime*, a pastoral story called *Amor*; and the *Idylls* of Niccolò da Correggio was recited in public by its author in 1486. The most famous

Of all the mediæval writers of pastoral poetry was Jacobo Sannazaro, a Neapolitan (1458-1532). His chief work, the *Arcadia*, published in 1504, was read not only in Italy, but also in Spain, Portugal, and France, and was quickly followed by a burst of pastorals in these countries. English readers of foreign poetry were intimate with Sannazaro and other continental writers, and the writings of our early Elizabethans contain allusions to them; but, until Spenser published his first volume of poems, the pastoral cannot be said to have made its way into our national literature as an accepted literary form. Barnaby Googe's *Eclogs* preceded Spenser's *Calendar* by sixteen years, and there is a certain resemblance of tone between the two sets of pastorals. It is indeed only fair to remember Googe as, in date, the first pastoral poet. But it was Spenser's genius, the grace and vigour of his imagination, and his scholarly mastery of this difficult and highly artificial form of composition, that finally popularised it in England. Before the age of Spenser and Sidney, although lyric verses written in a pastoral and rustic style were not wanting in our literature, the absence of any series of Eclogues or Idylls, properly and expressly so named, is very marked. Nor was this omission due to any lack of willingness among English writers to invest their energies in the forms which foreign poets of high culture and genius had adopted. The Sonnet is perhaps the most difficult kind of poem to write well, especially in the English tongue. The greatest poets have sometimes failed as sonneteers, and some of the most correct sonnets are very bad poetry. But no difficulty deterred our early Elizabethans from imitating the Petrarchian sonnet; and a large mass of the poetry of the sixteenth century consists of sonnets. After 1579, however, or after Spenser and Sidney had produced their famous pastorals, a distinct modification was apparent in our methods of poetic expression. The sonnet continued as hitherto a favourite form; the narrative poem was as much sought after as before, and indeed had acquired new importance from the services it rendered to the drama by supplying the dramatists with endless plots for their plays. Short poems of a sentimental or reflective character called "Sonnetts" or "Songes,"





lovers ; and a very little of this is enough to break a true Arcadian's heart and level him to the earth with woe. It would be difficult to argue altogether in favour of the merits of a kind of poetry which holds in disdain the axioms of science and common sense, and which absolutely precludes the poet from dealing with much that is most beautiful and poetical in the lives of men. But we must not be led into the opposite error of condemning pastoralism merely because it is artificial and unscientific. When Spenser began to write, he was, more than almost any man of his time, intimately acquainted with the works of English and foreign poets. He had a filial tenderness for Chaucer and the old English school. But he was discontented with much in the literature of his own age ; and, at the very outset, in the preface to his *Shepherd's Calendar*, he announced, or allowed his friends to announce for him, that his Eclogues were in some sense an innovation, and were intended to improve, if not to remodel, English taste in non-dramatic verse. That he deliberately selected the form of Eclogues for this purpose, quoting as his precedents the examples of Theocritus, Virgil, Mantuan, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Marot, Sannazaro, and "divers other excellent both Italian and French poets," is of itself a powerful apology for the pastoral form. But it is necessary to look into the writings of Spenser's contemporaries and successors in order to estimate fully the beneficial effect of the introduction of this form into English poetry. In his *Tears of the Muses*, published after the first instalment of the *Faerie Queen* in 1591, but probably written much earlier, and known for many years in manuscript before it was printed, Spenser reviews with sorrow the lamentable state in which he found the condition of literature, learning, and the arts in this country. The criticism, though poetically expressed, was, we cannot doubt, both accurate and wise. But how different would have been his judgment had he come upon the age with the same passionate sympathies of youth some fifteen years later ! Nay, even when this criticism was published, in 1591, it was already out of date. Had the Muses re-strung their harps then to suit the time, we should have heard, not

mournful complaints and yelling shrieks of disapproval, but such a chorus of triumph as had never yet resounded by the "sacred springs of horsefoot Helicon."

Although born in London, educated at Cambridge University, and bred up amid associations peculiarly and affectionately English, Spenser was fated to spend many years of his life in Ireland, in various official posts, among a race of people with whom he had but few interests in common. Not the romantic beauty of Kilcolman Castle in county Cork, with its three thousand surrounding acres of forfeited lands of the Earls of Desmond granted to him by Queen Elizabeth, could altogether compensate the poet for the loss of more familiar, if less lovely, English scenes; and a prevailing melancholy and discontent may be observed in most of Spenser's allusions to his own life-story.

In 1589, when he had been resident in Ireland for nine years, Spenser returned to England in company with Sir Walter Raleigh, who had been lately his guest at Kilcolman Castle; and he brought with him the first three Books of the *Faerie Queene* for publication. Accordingly, during this visit, which lasted for a year and a half, and was memorable besides for his introduction by Raleigh to the Queen, and his consequent pension, he did make his second appearance in print in this new venture. Nor was the reception of his poem affected, as one might have surmised it would be at that date, by the growing bulk and popularity of dramatic poetry. Between the brilliant but ephemeral performances of the early Elizabethan dramatists and such a laboriously executed poem as Spenser's there was but little chance of rivalry. The three books of the *Faerie Queene*, published in 1590, had been the continuous work of ten years of the poet's life, and were at once hailed as the greatest English poem produced since the days of Chaucer.

The population of London did not in the sixteenth century exceed 250,000; the central life of the city nestled much more closely along its glittering river-banks and among its "bricky towers" than it now does; and the proud, pensive face of Spenser, as he walked along the Strand, where were the houses of his noble friends, or in St. Paul's and Fleet

Street among the book-shops, might easily become familiar to the Londoners during his eighteen months' stay among them. In the pastoral poem called *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, written upon his return to Ireland in 1591, there are allusions to many of his contemporary fellow-poets; but there is no proof that Spenser counted Shakespeare among his friends, or that they ever met. We may dream what we like; but it is not improbable that differences of age, of occupation, of social position, were sufficient to keep them apart, even when they were, for the time, living within a walk of one-another's dwellings. And, when Spenser looked across the river, spanned by its one cumbrous bridge, towards the less populated district of the "painted theatres" and the pleasure gardens, it was not of the young Shakespeare, but of Sir Philip Sidney, his dear Astrophel, that he thought,—dead four years ago,—whose

"Sports were fair, his joyance innocent,  
Sweet without sour, and honey without gall,  
And he himself seemed made for merriment,  
Merrily masking both in bower and hall:  
There was no pleasure, no delightful play,  
When Astrophel so-ever was away."

Spenser's second visit to London was in 1595. In the interval between the two visits his London publisher collected some of his early poems and translations, and printed them in a 4to volume, with the title, *Complaints: containing sundry small poems of the World's Vanity*. Among these "small poems" were *The Tears of the Muses* and *Mother Hubbard's Tale*. The *Amoretti* and *Epithalamium* were published in November, 1594, within six months of the poet's marriage, which they commemorate; and in 1595, during his second stay in London, were published, *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, written five years before, and containing much interesting autobiographic matter, and also the *Four Hymns in honour of Beauty and Love*. During this visit of 1595 were likewise published the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of the *Faerie Queene*, together with a re-issue of the first, second, and third. Of the remaining six books needed to

complete the work, only one canto and a fragment of another canto exist.

Spenser had long been upon ill terms with his Irish neighbours. There had been law-pleas against him by the original owners of certain plough-lands about Kilcolman; and, among the native Irish who knew him only as "one Edmond Spenser, gentleman," he was not loved. On the contrary, he was bitterly hated, as an interloper, "a heavy adversary," and an able advocate of hard measures. His *View of the Present State of Ireland*, written in 1595, was, although not printed, already in wide circulation when Spenser returned to Kilcolman in 1597, and into the immediate district of that arch-rebel, the Earl of Tyrone, to whom Spenser had asked in that pamphlet that no mercy, even upon surrender, should be shown. The insurrection which he had foreseen and dreaded broke out in his own neighbourhood; and his house, the ancient home of Irish earls, was made a principal point of attack. Kilcolman Castle was burnt by the rebels in the autumn of 1598; and in the confusion of flight an infant child of the poet was left behind to perish in the flames. This cruel disaster drove Spenser, with his wife and remaining children, once more to England; where, in King Street, Westminster, he died on January 16th, 1599. He was buried with much honour in the Abbey, near to Chaucer's tomb.

The *Faerie Queene*, like the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, remained unfinished at its author's death; but, from a letter to Raleigh by Spenser which accompanies the poem, we learn that it was meant, if completed, to represent, in the form of allegory, the education of a noble soul in quest of glory. The prevailing "note" of the poem is that of *Arcadianism* developed into what may be called *Arthurianism*. The scene is in a land geographically hazy, boundless, and bewilderingly beautiful, yet which is somehow all the time our own familiar Britain. The heroic Arthur, representing Magnanimity, wanders abroad over this ideal land; he meets with knights of Queen Gloriana, who are doing her errands of chivalry; and he becomes entangled with them in their adventures and enchantments. That is the outline of the

story ; but what a filling-up ! Then the verse in which it is told, that magical "Spenserian stanza" which seems to wile us on so fitly through the quiet luscious labyrinths and the measureless gleamings and openings of the wood-embosomed dream !

## FROM THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

COLIN CLOUT,<sup>1</sup> or JANUARY.

A shepherd's boy, (no better do him call,)
 When Winter's wasteful night was almost spent,
 All in a sunshine day, as did befall,
 Led forth his flock that had been long y-pent :<sup>2</sup>
 So faint they wox<sup>3</sup> and feeble in the fold,
 That now unnethes<sup>4</sup> their feet could them uphold.

All as the sheep, such was the shepherd's look,
 For pale and wan he was, alas the while !
 May-seem he loved, or else some care he took ;
 Well couth<sup>5</sup> he tune his pipe and frame his style :
 Tho<sup>6</sup> to a hill his fainting flock he led,
 And thus him plained,<sup>7</sup> the while his sheep there fed :—

"Ye gods of love, that pity lovers' pain,  
 (If any gods the pain of lovers pity !)  
 Look from above where you in joys remain,  
 And bow your ears unto my doleful ditty !  
 And Pan, thou shepherd's god, that once didst love,  
 Pity the pains that thou thyself didst prove !

"Thou barren ground, whom winter's wrath hath wasted,  
 Art made a mirror to behold my plight :  
 Whilom<sup>8</sup> thy fresh spring flowered ; and after hasted  
 Thy summer proud, with daffadillies dight ;<sup>9</sup>  
 And now is come thy winter's stormy state,  
 Thy mantle marred wherein thou maskedst late.

"Such rage as Winter's reigneth in my heart,  
 My life-blood freezing with unkindly cold ;  
 Such stormy stours<sup>10</sup> do breed my baleful smart,  
 As if my year were waste and woxen old ;

<sup>1</sup> This rustic name, which Spenser adopted for himself in his pastorals, was borrowed from Skelton.—(See p. 149.) <sup>2</sup> In fold. <sup>3</sup> Grew.

<sup>4</sup> Scarcely.<sup>5</sup> Could.<sup>6</sup> Then.<sup>7</sup> Complained.<sup>8</sup> Long since, formerly.<sup>9</sup> Decked.<sup>10</sup> Tumults.

#### 4 THREE CENTURIES OF ENGLISH

And yet, alas ! but now my spring begun,  
And yet, alas ! it is already done.

"You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,  
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bower,  
And now are clothed with moss and hoary frost,  
Instead of blossoms wherewith your buds did flower ;  
I see your tears that from your boughs do rain,  
Whose drops in dreary icicles remain.

"All so my lustful leaf is dry and sere ;  
My timely buds with wailing all are wasted ;  
The blossom which my branch of youth did bear  
With breathèd sighs is blown away and blasted ;  
And from mine eyes the drizzling tears descend,  
As on your boughs the icicles depend.

"Thou feeble flock, whose fleece is rough and rent,  
Whose knees are weak through fast and evil fare,  
Mayst witness well, by thy ill government,  
Thy maister's mind is overcome with care :  
Thou weak, I wan ; thou lean, I quite forlorn ;  
With mourning pine I ; you with pining mourn.

"A thousand sithes<sup>1</sup> I curse that careful<sup>2</sup> hour  
Wherein I longed the neighbour Town to see ;  
And eke ten thousand sithes I bless the stour<sup>3</sup>  
Wherein I saw so fair a sight as she :  
Yet all for naught : such sight hath bred my bane.  
Ah, God ! that love should breed both joy and pain !

"It is not Hobbinol wherefore I plain,  
All-be my love he seek with daily suit ;  
His clownish gifts and courtesies<sup>4</sup> I disdain,  
His kids, his cracknels, and his early fruit.  
Ah, foolish Hobbinol ! thy gifts been vain ;  
Colin them gives to Rosalind again.

"I love thilk lass (alas ! why do I love ?),  
And am forlorn (alas ! why am I lorn ?) ;  
She deigns not my good will, but doth reprove,  
And of my rural music holdeth scorn ;  
Shepherds devise<sup>5</sup> she hateth as the snake,  
And laughs the songs that Colin Clout doth make.

<sup>1</sup> Times.

<sup>4</sup> Courtesies.

<sup>2</sup> Full of care.

<sup>5</sup> The manner of shepherds, *i.e.* wooing in verse.

<sup>3</sup> Moment of tumult, passion.

"Wherefore, my pipe, all-be rude Pan thou please,  
 Yet, for thou pleaseth not where most I would ;  
 And thou, unlucky Muse, that won't to ease  
 My musing mind, yet canst not when thou should ;  
 Both pipe and Muse shall sore the while abyë."<sup>1</sup>  
 So broke his oaten pipe, and down did lie.

By that, the welked Phoebus<sup>2</sup> gan avail<sup>3</sup>  
 His weary wain :<sup>4</sup> and now the frosty night  
 Her mantle black through heaven gan overhaul :  
 Which seen, the pensive Boy, half in despite,  
 Arose, and homeward drove his sunned sheep,  
 Whose hanging heads did seem his careful case to weep.

# FROM COLIN CLOUT'S COME HOME AGAIN.<sup>5</sup>

THE LITERATURE OF ELIZABETH'S ENGLAND PASTORALLY  
 DESCRIBED.

"Why," said Alexis then, "what needeth she,<sup>6</sup>  
 That is so great a shepherdess herself,<sup>7</sup>  
 And hath so many shepherds in her fee,  
 To hear *thee* sing, a simple silly elf?  
 Or be the shepherds which do serve her lazy,  
 That they list not their merry pipes apply?  
 Or be their pipes untuneable and crazy,  
 That they cannot her honour worthily?"  
 "Ah, nay," said Colin, "neither so, nor so ;  
 For better shepherds be not under sky,  
 Nor better hable,<sup>8</sup> when they list to blow  
 Their pipes, aloud her name to glorify.

<sup>1</sup> Pay the penalty.

<sup>2</sup> Clouded sun.

<sup>3</sup> To drop.

<sup>4</sup> Chariot.

<sup>5</sup> This poem contains, in a pastoral guise, a very literal account of Spenser's first visit to England, in the years 1590 and 1591. The poet represents himself as "Colin Clout," borrowing the name from his own first Eclogue of 1579. (See p. 223.) Colin, "the shepherd's boy (best known by that name)," is sitting, after an absence of many months, among his fellow-swains, his Irish friends, and is charming their "greedy listful ears" by the "curious skill" of his oaten pipe. One of these swains, "hight Hobbinol," begs him to repeat to them the "passed fortunes" which befell him in his late voyage. Accordingly the story is told,—of Raleigh's visit to Kilcolman, their sea-voyage to England, and of the poet's adventures and friendships in the court of "Great Cynthia"—with occasional interruptions in its course from an inquisitive "Alexis," a "Cuddy," or a "Thestylia." The poem is rich in personal allusion and in literary criticism. To the contemporaries of Spenser the rustic names he chose for the "nymphs" and "shepherds" of Cynthia's "noble crew," were, we may suppose, a riddle easy to read ; but at this date it is often difficult, sometimes impossible, to refer them to their rightful owners.

<sup>6</sup> Queen Elizabeth.

<sup>7</sup> The Queen was the authoress of some verses which, though not very poetical, fairly entitled her to the appellation of "shepherdess."

<sup>8</sup> Able.



There is good Harpalus,<sup>1</sup> now woxen agèd  
 In faithful service of fair Cynthia ;  
 And there is Corydon,<sup>2</sup> though meanly wagèd,  
 Yet hablest wit of most I know this day.  
 And there is sad Alcyon,<sup>3</sup> bent to mourn,  
 Though fit to frame an everlasting ditty ;  
 Whose gentle spright for Daphne's death doth ~~tour~~ <sup>turn</sup>  
 Sweet lays of love to endless plaints of pity.  
 Ah, pensive boy ! pursue that brave conceit  
 In thy sweet *Eglantine of Merefture* ;  
 Lift up thy notes unto their wonted height,  
 That may thy Muse and mates to mirth allure.  
 There eke is Palin, worthy of great praise,  
 All-be he envy at my rustic quill :<sup>4</sup>  
 And there is pleasing Alcon,<sup>5</sup> could he raise  
 His tunes from lays to matter of more skill.  
 And there is old Palemon,<sup>6</sup> free from spite,  
 Whose careful pipe may make the hearer rue ;  
 Yet he himself may ruèd be more right,  
 That sung so long until quite hoarse he grew.  
 And there is Alabaster,<sup>7</sup> thoroughly<sup>8</sup> taught  
 In all this skill, though known yet to few ;  
 Yet, were he known to Cynthia<sup>10</sup> as he ought,  
 His *Eliseis* would be read anew.  
 Who lives that can match that heroic song  
 Which he hath of that mighty Princess made ?  
 O dreaded Dread ! do not thyself that wrong,  
 To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade :  
 But call it forth, O call him forth to thee,  
 To end thy glory which he hath begun !  
 That, when he finished hath as it should be,  
 No braver Poem can be under sun ;  
 Nor Po nor Tiber's swans so much renowned,  
 Nor all the brood of Greece so highly praised,  
 Can match that Muse when it with bays is crowned,  
 And to the pitch of her perfection raised.

<sup>1</sup> Possibly Barnaby Googe, who was about fifty-six years old in 1591, when this was written, and some seventeen years Spenser's senior. (See p. 201.)

<sup>2</sup> Abraham Fraunce. (See p. 304.)

<sup>3</sup> A Sir Arthur Gorges, author of an unpublished poem called *Eglantine of Merifture*. Spenser wrote an *Elegy* upon the death of his wife. <sup>4</sup> Turn.

<sup>5</sup> Supposed by Malone to mean Peele (see p. 213), in reference to Peele's *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584, and to the character of Colin Clout in that pastoral play ; but Todd is of opinion that Spenser refers in this couplet to Thomas Chaloner. <sup>6</sup> Thomas Watson. (See p. 289.)

<sup>7</sup> Thomas Churchyard. (See p. 195.)

<sup>8</sup> William Alabaster, a poet and scholar, whose *Eliseis*, a poem in Elizabeth's praise, Spenser is anxious to bring to the Queen's notice.

<sup>9</sup> Thoroughly.

<sup>10</sup> The Queen.

And there is a new shepherd, late up-sprong,  
 The which doth all afore him far surpass ;  
 Appearing well in that well-tuned song,  
 Which late he sung unto a scornful lass.  
 Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly fly,  
 As daring not too rashly mount on hight,  
 And doth her tender plumes as yet but try  
 In love's soft lays and looser thought's delight ;  
 Then rouse thy feathers quickly, Daniel,<sup>1</sup>  
 And to what course thou please thyself advance ;  
 But most, me seems, thy accent will excel  
 In tragic plaints and passionate mischance.  
 And there that Shepherd of the Ocean is,<sup>2</sup>  
 That spends his wit in love's consuming smart :  
 Full sweetly tempered is that Muse of his,  
 That can empierce a Prince's mighty heart.  
 There also is—ah, no, he is not now !  
 But since I said "he is" he quite is gone ;  
 Amyntas<sup>3</sup> quite is gone, and lies full low,  
 Having his Amaryllis<sup>4</sup> left to moan.  
 Help, O ye shepherds ! help ye all in this,  
 Help Amaryllis this her loss to mourn ;  
 Her loss is yours, your loss Amyntas is,  
 Amyntas, flower of shepherds' pride, forlorn :<sup>5</sup>  
 He, whilst he livèd, was the noblest swain  
 That ever pipèd in an oaten quill :  
 Both did he other which could pipe maintain,<sup>6</sup>  
 And eke could pipe himself with passing skill.  
 And there, though last not least, is Aetion ;<sup>7</sup>  
 A gentler shepherd may nowhere be found :  
 Whose Muse, full of high thoughts' invention,  
 Doth, like himself, heroically sound.

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Daniel. (See p. 307.)

<sup>2</sup> Sir Walter Raleigh. (See p. 269.)

<sup>3</sup> Ferdinando Stanley, Lord Strange, fifth Earl of Derby, who died in 1594. He succeeded to the earldom only the year before his death, but, as Lord Strange, had been known as a poet of note, and a munificent patron of literature and the stage.

<sup>4</sup> The wife of Lord Strange was Alice, youngest of the three daughters of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, Northamptonshire, kinswomen of the poet. This lady, Lady Strange till 1593, then Countess of Derby for a few months, and known for the rest of her life as the Dowager Countess of Derby, is renowned in our literary history. Spenser was proud of the "bands of affinity" which connected him with the Spencers of Althorpe, dedicated poems to each of the three sisters, and sang their praise in his *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*. The widowed "Amaryllis" married again, in 1600, Lord Keeper Egerton, afterwards Lord Chancellor to King James. She lived to be the heroine of Milton's *Arcades*, written about 1631.

<sup>5</sup> Lost for ever.

<sup>6</sup> He was a patron of poets as well as himself a poet.

<sup>7</sup> Critics differ in deciphering this passage, and it is uncertain whether it applies to Drayton (see p. 311), Chapman (see p. 293), or Shakespeare.

All these, and many others mo,<sup>1</sup> remain  
 Now, after Astrophel<sup>2</sup> is dead and gone :  
 But, while-as Astrophel did live and reign,  
 Amongst all these was none his paragon !  
 All these do flourish in their sundry kind,  
 And do their Cynthia immortal make ;  
 Yet found I liking in her royal mind,  
 Not for my skill, but for that shepherd's sake.

## FROM THE EPITHALAMIUM.

## THE TRIUMPH OF VICTORY.

Wake now, my Love, awake ! For it is time ;  
 The rosy Morn long since left Tithon's bed,  
 All ready to her silver coach to climb ;  
 And Phœbus gins to show his glorious head.  
 Hark, how the cheerful birds do chant their lays,  
 And carol of Love's praise !  
 The merry lark her matins sings aloft ;  
 The thrush replies ; the mavis<sup>3</sup> descant plays ;  
 The ouzel<sup>4</sup> shrills ; the ruddock<sup>5</sup> warbles soft ;  
 So goodly all agree with sweet consent  
 To this day's merriment.  
 Ah, my dear Love, why do ye sleep thus long ?  
 When meeter were that ye should now awake,  
 To await the coming of your joyous make,<sup>6</sup>  
 And hearken to the birds' love-learned song  
 The dewy leaves among ;  
 For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,  
 That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

My Love is now awake out of her dreams ;  
 And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed were  
 With darksome cloud, now show their goodly beams  
 More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.  
 Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight !  
 Help quickly her to dight :<sup>7</sup>  
 But first come, ye fair Hours, which were begot,  
 In Jove's sweet paradise, of Day and Night ;  
 Which do the seasons of the year allot ;  
 And all that ever in this world is fair  
 Do make, and still repair ;

<sup>1</sup> More.<sup>4</sup> Kind of thrush.<sup>2</sup> Sir Philip Sidney. (See p. 275.)<sup>5</sup> Redbreast.<sup>6</sup> Mate.<sup>3</sup> Thrush.<sup>7</sup> Clothe.

And ye, three handmaids of the Cyprian Queen,  
 The which do still adorn her beauty's pride,  
 Help to adorn my beautifullest bride:  
 And, as ye her array, still throw between  
 Some graces to be seen;  
 And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,  
 The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

Now is my Love all ready forth to come:  
 Let all the virgins, therefore, well await;  
 And ye, fresh boys, that tend upon her groom,  
 Prepare yourselves; for he is coming straight;  
 Set all your things in seemly good array,  
 Fit for so joyful day;  
 The joyfullest day that ever sun did see!  
 Fair Sun! show forth thy favorable ray,  
 And let thy life-full heat not fervent be,  
 For fear of burning her sunshiny face,  
 Her beauty to disgrace.  
 O fairest Phœbus, father of the Muse!  
 If ever I did honour thee aright,  
 Or sing the thing that mote<sup>1</sup> thy mind delight,  
 Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse;  
 But let this day, let this one day, be mine;  
 Let all the rest be thine.  
 Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,  
 That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Hark! How the Minstrels gin to shrill aloud  
 Their merry music that resounds from far,  
 The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling crowd,<sup>2</sup>  
 That well agree withouten breach or jar:  
 But, most of all, the Damsels do delight,  
 When they their timbrels smite,  
 And thereunto do dance and carol sweet,  
 That all the senses they do ravish quite:  
 The whiles the boys run up and down the street,  
 Crying aloud with strong confusèd noise,  
 As if it were one voice;—  
 "Hymen, ið Hymen, Hymen!" do they shout,  
 That even to the heavens their shouting shrill  
 Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;  
 To which the people, standing all about,  
 As in appearance, do thereto applaud,  
 And loud advance her laud;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Might.<sup>2</sup> Violin.<sup>3</sup> Praise.

And evermore they "Hymen, Hymen !" sing,  
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

Lo ! where she comes along with portly pace,  
Like Phœbe from her chamber of the East  
Arising forth to run her mighty race,  
Clad all in white, that seems<sup>1</sup> a virgin best.  
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween<sup>2</sup>  
Some angel she had been.  
Her long loose yellow locks, like golden wire,  
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,  
Do, like a golden mantle, her attire ;  
And, being crownèd with a garland green,  
Seem like some maiden queen.  
Her modest eyes, abashèd to behold  
So many gazers as on her do stare,  
Upon the lowly ground affixèd are ;  
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,  
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,  
So far from being proud.  
Nathless<sup>3</sup> do ye still loud her praises ring,  
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring. . .

Open the Temple gates unto my Love,  
Open them wide that she may enter in ;  
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,  
And all the pillars deck with garland trim,  
For to receive this Saint with honour due,  
That cometh into you.  
With trembling steps and humble reverence  
She cometh in, before the Almighty's view.  
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,  
When so ye come into those holy places,  
To humble your proud faces.  
Bring her up to the High Altar, that she may  
The sacred ceremonies there partake  
The which do endless matrimony make ;  
And let the roaring organs loudly play  
The praises of the Lord in lively notes ;  
The whiles, with hollow throats,  
The Choristers the joyous anthems sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,  
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,

<sup>1</sup> Beseems.<sup>2</sup> Suppose.<sup>3</sup> Nevertheless.

And blesseth her with his two happy hands,  
 How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,  
 And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stain,  
 Like crimson dyed in grain :  
 That even the Angels, which continually  
 About the sacred altar do remain,  
 Forget their service and about her fly,  
 Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair  
 The more they on it stare.  
 But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,  
 Are governèd with goodly modesty,  
 That suffers not one look to glance away  
 Which may let in a little thought unsound.  
 Why blush ye, Love, to give to me your hand,  
 The pledge of all our band ?  
 Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluia sing,  
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Now all is done : bring home the bride again ;  
 Bring home the triumph of our victory ;  
 Bring home with you the glory of her gain ;  
 With joyance bring her and with jollity.  
 Never had man more joyful day than this,  
 Whom heaven would heap with bliss !  
 Make feast, therefore, now all this livelong day ;  
 This day forever to me holy is.  
 Pour out the wine without restraint or stay ;  
 Pour, not by cups, but by the bellyful ;  
 Pour out to all that wull ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine,  
 That they may sweat, and drunken be withal.  
 Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal ;  
 And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vine ;  
 And let the Graces dance unto the rest,  
 For they can do it best ;  
 The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,  
 To which the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

### FROM MOTHER HUBBARD'S TALE.

#### THE APE AND THE FOX AT COURT.

Then gan this crafty couple to devise  
 How for the Court themselves they might aguise ;<sup>2</sup>  
 For thither they themselves meant to address,  
 In hope to find there happier success.

<sup>1</sup> Will.

<sup>2</sup> Clothe.

So well they shifted that the Ape anon  
 Himself had clothèd like a gentleman,  
 And the sly Fox as like to be his groom ;  
 That to the Court in seemly sort they come :  
 Where the fond Ape, himself uprearing high  
 Upon his tiptoe, stalketh stately by,  
 As if he were some great Magnifico,  
 And boldly doth amongst the boldest go ;  
 And his man Reynold, with fine counterfeisance,  
 Supports his credit and his countenance.  
 Then gan the Courtiers gaze on every side,  
 And stare on him with big looks basen<sup>1</sup> wide,  
 Wondering what mister wight<sup>2</sup> he was, and whence  
 For he was clad in strange accoutrements,  
 Fashioned with quaint devices never seen  
 In Court before, yet there all fashions been ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Yet he them in new-fangleness did pass.<sup>4</sup>  
 But his behaviour altogether was  
*Alla Turchesca*,<sup>5</sup> much the more admired ;  
 And his looks lofty, as if he aspired  
 To dignity and 'sdained the low degree ;  
 That all which did such strangeness in him see  
 By secret means gan of his state enquire,  
 And privily his servant thereto hire :  
 Who, throughly<sup>6</sup> armed against such coveture,  
 Reported unto all that he was sure<sup>7</sup>  
 A noble Gentleman of high regard,  
 Which through the world had with long travel fare  
 And seen the manners of all beasts on ground ;  
 Now here arrived, to see if like he found.

## THE "RIGHTFUL COURTIER."

He stands on terms of honourable mind,  
 Ne will be carried with the common wind  
 Of Court's inconstant mutability,  
 Ne after every tattling fable fly ;  
 But hears and sees the follies of the rest,  
 And thereof gathers for himself the best.  
 He will not creep, nor crouch with feigned face,  
 But walks upright with comely stedfast pace,  
 And unto all doth yield due courtesy ;  
 But not with kissed hand below the knee,

<sup>1</sup> Extended.<sup>2</sup> Sort of creature.<sup>3</sup> Are found.<sup>4</sup> Surpass.<sup>5</sup> In Turkish fashion, i.e. grandiose.<sup>6</sup> Thoroughly.<sup>7</sup> Really was.

As that same apish crew is wont to do,  
 For he disdains himself to embase<sup>1</sup> thereto.  
 He hates foul lesings<sup>2</sup> and vile flattery,  
 Two filthy blots in noble genterie;  
 And loathful idleness he doth detest,  
 The canker worm of every gentle breast;  
 The which to banish with fair exercise  
 Of knightly feats he daily doth devise:  
 Now menacing<sup>3</sup> the mouths of stubborn steeds,  
 Now practising the proof of warlike deeds,  
 Now his bright arms assaying, now his spear,  
 Now the nigh-aimèd ring away to bear.  
 At other times he casts to sue<sup>4</sup> the chase  
 Of swift wild beasts, or run on foot a race,  
 To enlarge his breath (large breath in arms most needful),  
 Or else by wrestling to wax strong and heedful,  
 Or his stiff arms to stretch with yewen<sup>5</sup> bow. . . .

Thus, when this courtly Gentleman with toil  
 Himself hath wearièd, he doth recoil  
 Unto his rest, and there, with sweet delight  
 Of Music's skill, revives his toilèd spright;<sup>6</sup>  
 Or else with Love's and Ladies' gentle sports,  
 The joy of youth, himself he recomfòrts;  
 Or lastly, when the body list to pause,  
 His mind unto the Muses he withdraws:  
 Sweet lady Muses, ladies of delight,  
 Delights of life, and ornaments of light!  
 With whom he close confers, with wise discourse  
 Of Nature's works, of heaven's continual course,<sup>7</sup>  
 Of foreign lands, of people different,  
 Of kingdom's change, of divers government,  
 Of dreadful battles of renownèd knights;  
 With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights<sup>8</sup>  
 To like desire and praise of noble fame,  
 The only upshot<sup>9</sup> whereto he doth aim.

For all his mind on honour fixèd is,  
 To which he levels all his purposes,  
 And in his Prince's service spends his days;  
 Not so much for to gain, or for to raise  
 Himself to high degree, as for *his* grace,  
 And in *his* liking to win worthy place,  
 Through due deserts and comely carriage,  
 In whatso please<sup>10</sup> employ his personage

<sup>1</sup> Debase.<sup>2</sup> Lies.<sup>3</sup> Controlling.<sup>4</sup> He has a mind to follow.<sup>5</sup> Of yew.<sup>6</sup> Spirit.<sup>7</sup> The course of the planets in their spheres, *i.e.* Astronomy.<sup>8</sup> Thoughts.<sup>9</sup> Goal, end.<sup>10</sup> His prince pleases to employ him.



That may be manner meet to gain him praise :  
 For he is fit to use in all assays.<sup>1</sup>  
 Whether for arms and warlike amenance,<sup>2</sup>  
 Or else for wise and civil governance.  
 For he is practised well in policy,  
 And therein doth his Counting most apply ;  
 To learn the essentials<sup>3</sup> of Princes strange,  
 To mark the intent of Councils, and the change  
 Of States, and eke<sup>4</sup> of private men somehow,  
 Supplanted by fine falsehood and fair guile ;  
 Of all the which he gathereth what is fit  
 To enrich the store-house of his powerful wit ;  
 Which, through wise speeches and grave conference,  
 He daily ekes<sup>5</sup> and brings to excellence :  
 Such is the rightful Counsellor.

#### THE MISERIES OF A COURT-LIFE.

So pitiful a thing is Sutor's state :  
 Most miserable man, whom wicked Fate  
 Hath brought to Court, to sue for " had I wist,"<sup>6</sup>  
 That few have found and many one hath missed !  
 Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,  
 What hell it is in suing long to bide ;  
 To lose good days that might be better spent ;  
 To waste long nights in pensive discontent ;  
 To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow ;  
 To feed on hope ; to pine with fear and sorrow ;  
 To have thy Prince's grace, yet want her Peers' ;  
 To have thy asking, yet wait many years ;  
 To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares :  
 To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs ;  
 To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,  
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.  
 Unhappy wight, born to disastrous end,  
 That doth his life in so long tendance<sup>7</sup> spend !  
 Whoever leaves sweet home, where mean estate  
 In safe assurance, without strife or hate,  
 Finds all things needful for contentment meek,  
 And will to Court for shadows vain to seek,  
 Or hope to gain, himself will a daw try :<sup>8</sup>  
 That curse God send unto mine enemy !

<sup>1</sup> Undertakings.      <sup>2</sup> Behaviour.      <sup>3</sup> Negotiation with foreign princes.

<sup>4</sup> Also.      <sup>5</sup> Increases.

<sup>6</sup> Interpreted to mean "patronage," from the customary expression of poets to their suitors, "Had I wist, I might have done so and so."

<sup>7</sup> Waiting.

<sup>8</sup> Will prove a jackdaw, a fool.

## FROM THE TEARS OF THE MUSES.

## TEARS OF EUTERPE (THE LYRIC MUSE).

A stony coldness hath benumbed the sense  
 And lively spirits of each living wight,  
 And dimmed with darkness their intelligence ;  
 Darkness more than Cimmerians' daily night :  
 And monstrous Error, flying in the air,  
 Hath marred the face of all that seemed fair :

Image of hellish horror, Ignorance ;  
 Born in the bosom of the black Abyss,  
 And fed with Fury's milk for sustenance  
 Of his weak infancy ; begot amiss  
 By yawning, Sloth on his own mother, Night ;  
 So he<sup>1</sup> his son's both sire and brother hight.<sup>2</sup>

He, armed with blindness and with boldness stout  
 (For blind is bold), hath our fair light defaced ;  
 And, gathering unto him a ragged rout  
 Of Fauns and Satyrs, hath our dwellings rased ;  
 And our chaste bowers, in which all virtue reigned,  
 With brutishness and beastly filth hath stained.

The sacred springs of horse-foot Helicon,<sup>3</sup>  
 So oft bedewed with our learned lays,  
 And speaking streams of pure Castalion,<sup>4</sup>  
 The famous witness of our wonted praise,  
 They trampled have, with their foul footings trade,<sup>5</sup>  
 And like to troubled puddles have them made.

Our pleasant groves, which planted were with pains,  
 That with our music wont so oft to ring,  
 And arbours sweet, in which the shepherd swains  
 Were wont so oft their pastorals to sing,  
 They have cut down, and all their pleasaunce marred,  
 That now no pastoral is to be heard.

Instead of them, foul goblins and shriek-owls  
 With fearful howling do all places fill ;  
 And feeble Echo now laments and howls  
 The dreadful accents of their outcries shrill.

<sup>1</sup> Sloth.<sup>2</sup> Was called.<sup>3</sup> Helicon, the Muses' mountain in Boeotia, where was the fountain Hippocrene, ade by the dint of the foot of the horse of Pegasus.<sup>4</sup> Castalia, the fountain of Delphi on Mount Parnassus, in Phocis.<sup>5</sup> Trodden.

So all is turn'd into wilderness,  
Whilst Ignorance the Muses doth oppress.

And I, whose joy was erst with spirit full  
To teach the warbling pipe no sound shall,  
My spirits now dismayed with sorrow dull,  
Do moan my misery with silence soft :  
Therefore I mourn and wail incessantly,  
Till please the heavens afford me remedy.

## FROM FOUR HYMNS IN HONOUR OF BEAUTY AND LOVE.

### OF EARTHLY BEAUTY.

Hath white and red in it such wondrous power  
That it can pierce through the eyes unto the heart,  
And therein stir such rage and restless stour<sup>1</sup>  
As nought but Death can stint his dolor's smart :<sup>2</sup>  
Or can proportion of the outward part  
Move such affection in the inward mind  
That it can rob both sense and reason blind ?<sup>3</sup>

Why do not then the blossoms of the field,  
Which are arrayed with much more orient hue,  
And to the sense most dainty odours yield,  
Work like impression in the looker's view ?  
Or, why do not fair pictures like power show,  
In which oft-times we nature see of art  
Excelled, in perfect limning every part ?

But ah, believe me, there is more than so,  
That works such wonders in the minds of men :  
I, that have often proved, too well it know,—  
And who-so list<sup>4</sup> the like assays to ken<sup>5</sup>  
Shall find by trial, and confess it then,—  
That Beauty is not, as fond<sup>6</sup> men misdeem,  
An outward shew of things that only seem.

For that same goodly hue of white and red,  
With which the cheeks are sprinkled, shall decay,  
And those sweet rosy leaves, so fairly spread

<sup>1</sup> Tumult.

<sup>2</sup> Can stay the smart of its (the heart's) sorrow.

<sup>3</sup> Both rob the sense and blind the reason.

<sup>4</sup> Wishes.

<sup>5</sup> Trials to know.

<sup>6</sup> Foolish.

Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away  
 To that they were, even to corrupted clay ;  
 That golden wire, those sparkling stars so bright,  
 Shall turn to dust and lose their goodly light :

But that fair lamp, from whose celestial ray  
 That light proceeds which kindleth lovers' fire,  
 Shall never be extinguished nor decay ;  
 But, when the vital spirits do expire,  
 Unto her native planet shall retire ;  
 For it is heavenly born, and cannot die,  
 Being a parcel<sup>1</sup> of the purest sky.

For, when the Soul, the which derived was  
 At first out of that great immortal Spright<sup>2</sup>  
 By whom all live to love, whilom<sup>3</sup> did pass  
 Down from the top of purest heaven's height  
 To be embodied here, it then took light  
 And lively spirits from that fairest Star  
 Which lights the world forth from his fiery car. . . .

Thereof it comes that these fair souls, which have  
 The most resemblance of that heavenly light,  
 Frame to themselves most beautiful and brave  
 Their fleshly bower, most fit for their delight,  
 And the gross matter by a sovereign might  
 Tempers so trim, that it may well be seen  
 A palace fit for such a virgin queen.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,  
 And hath in it the more of heavenly light,  
 So it the fairer body doth procure  
 To habit in, and it more fairly dight<sup>4</sup>  
 With cheerful grace and amiable sight ;  
 For of the soul the body form doth take ;  
 For soul is form, and doth the body make.

### FROM THE FAERY QUEENE.

#### THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT AND LADY UNA.

A gentle Knight was pricking on the plain,  
 Y-clad in mighty arms and silver shield,  
 Wherein old dint of deep wounds did remain,  
 The cruel marks of many a bloody field ;  
 Yet arms till that time did he never wield.

<sup>1</sup> Part.

<sup>2</sup> Spirit.

<sup>3</sup> Once on a time, long ago.

<sup>4</sup> Adorn.

His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,  
 As much disdaining to the curb to yield;  
 Full jolly knight he seemed, and fair did sit,  
 As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fit.

And on his breast a bloody Cross he bore,  
 The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,  
 For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,  
 And dead, as living, ever him adored:  
 Upon his shield the like was also scored,  
 For sovereign hope which in his help he had.  
 Right faithful true he was in deed and word,  
 But of his cheer<sup>1</sup> did seem too solemn sad;  
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was y-drad.<sup>2</sup>

Upon a great adventure he was bound,<sup>3</sup>  
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave  
 (That greatest glorious Queen of Faery-lond),  
 To win him worship, and her grace to have,  
 Which of all earthly things he most did crave:  
 And ever as he rode his heart did yearn  
 To prove his puissance in battle brave  
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learn,  
 Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely Lady rode him fair beside,  
 Upon a lowly Ass more white than snow,  
 Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide  
 Under a veil, that wimpled<sup>4</sup> was full low;  
 And over all a black stole<sup>5</sup> she did throw:  
 As one that inly mourned, so was she sad,  
 And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow;  
 Seemèd in heart some hidden care she had,  
 And by her, in a line, a milkwhite lamb she lad.<sup>6</sup>

So pure and innocent, as that same lamb,  
 She was in life and every virtuous lore;  
 And by descent from royal lineage came  
 Of ancient Kings and Queens, that had of yore  
 Their sceptres stretched from East to Western shore,  
 And all the world in their subjection held;  
 Till that infernal fiend with foul uproar  
 Forwasted all their land, and them expelled;  
 Whom to avenge she had this Knight from far compelle

<sup>1</sup> Countenance. <sup>2</sup> Dreaded. <sup>3</sup> Bound. <sup>4</sup> Folded. <sup>5</sup> A long robe. <sup>6</sup> Led

Behind her, far away, a Dwarf did lag ;  
 That lazy seemed in being ever last,  
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag  
 Of needments at his back. Thus as they passed,  
 The day with clouds was sudden overcast,  
 And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain  
 Did pour into his leman's<sup>1</sup> lap, so fast  
 That every wight to shroud<sup>2</sup> it did constrain ;  
 And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforced to seek some covert nigh at hand,  
 A shady grove not far away they spied,  
 That promised aid the tempest to withstand ;  
 Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's pride,  
 Did spread so broad that heaven's light did hide ;  
 Not pierceable with power of any star ;  
 And all within were paths and alleys, wide  
 With footing worn, and leading inward far.  
 Fair harbour that them seems ; so in they entered are.

*Book I. Canto I.*

#### UNA AND THE LION.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,  
 From her unhasty beast she did alight ;  
 And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay  
 In secret shadow, far from all men's sight :  
 From her fair head her fillet she undight,<sup>3</sup>  
 And laid her stole aside. Her angel's face,  
 As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,  
 And made a sunshine in the shady place ;  
 Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood  
 A rampant Lion rushèd suddenly,  
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood.  
 Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,  
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,  
 To have at once devoured her tender corse ;<sup>4</sup>  
 But, to the prey whenas<sup>5</sup> he drew more nigh,  
 His bloody rage assuagèd with remorse,  
 And, with the sight amazed, forgat his furious force.

<sup>1</sup> Lady-love's (the Earth's).

<sup>4</sup> Body

<sup>2</sup> Every creature to shelter itself.

<sup>5</sup> When.

<sup>3</sup> Unloosed.

Instead thereof, he kissed her weary feet,  
 And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue,  
 As he her wrongèd innocence did weet.<sup>1</sup>  
 O, how can beauty maister the most strong,  
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong !  
 Whose yielded pride and proud submission,  
 Still dreading death, when she had marked long,  
 Her heart gan melt in great compassion ;  
 And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

"The Lion, Lord of every beast in field,"  
 Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,  
 And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,  
 Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late  
 Him pricked, in pity of my sad estate :  
 But he, my Lion, and my noble Lord,  
 How does he find in cruel heart to hate  
 Her that him loved, and ever most adored  
 As the God of my life? Why hath he me abhorred?"

Redounding tears did choke the end of her plaint,  
 Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood ;  
 And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,  
 The kingly Beast upon her gazing stood :  
 With pity calmed, down fell his angry mood.  
 At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,  
 Arose the virgin, born of heavenly brood,  
 And to her snowy palfrey got again,  
 To seek her strayed Champion if she might attain.

The Lion would not leave her desolate,  
 But with her went along, as a strong guard  
 Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate  
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard :  
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward ;  
 And, when she waked, he waited diligent,  
 With humble service to her will prepared :  
 From her fair eyes he took commandement,  
 And ever by her looks conceived her intent.

*Book I. Canto III.*

<sup>1</sup> Perceive.

## THE VISIT OF DUESSA TO NIGHT.

As, when a weary traveller, that strays  
 By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthèd Nile,  
 Unweeting of the perilous wandering ways,  
 Doth meet a cruel crafty Crocodile,  
 Which, in false grief hiding his harmful guile,  
 Doth weep full sore, and sheddeth tender tears,  
 The foolish man, that pities all this while  
 His mournful plight, is swallowed up unwares,  
 Forgetful of his own that minds another's cares :

So wept Duessa until eventide,  
 That shining lamps in Jove's high house were light.  
 Then forth she rose, ne longer would abide,  
 But comes unto the place where the Heathen knight,  
 In slumbering swowned, nigh void of vital spright,<sup>1</sup>  
 Lay covered with enchanted cloud all day :  
 Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,  
 To tail his woful case she would not stay,  
 But to the Eastern coast of heaven makes speedy way :

Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,  
 That Phœbus' cheerful face durst never view,  
 And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,  
 She finds forth coming from her darksome mew,  
 Where she all day did hide her hated hue.  
 Before the door her iron chariot stood,  
 Already harnessèd for journey new,  
 And coal black steeds yborn of hellish brood,  
 That on their rusty bits did champ as they were wood.<sup>2</sup>

Who when she saw Duessa, sunny bright,  
 Adorned with gold and jewels shining clear,  
 She greatly grew amazèd at the sight,  
 And the unacquainted light began to fear,  
 For never did such brightness there appear ;  
 And would have back retirèd to her cave,  
 Until the witch's speech she gan to hear,  
 Saying ; " Yet, O thou dreaded Dame ! I crave  
 Abide, till I have told the message which I have."

She stayed ; and forth Duessa gan proceed ;—  
 " O ! thou most auncient Grandmother of all ;  
 More old than Jove, whom thou at first didst breed,  
 Or that great house of God's celestial ;

<sup>1</sup> Spirit, breath.<sup>2</sup> Mad.



Which wast begot in Demogorgon's hall,  
 And sawst the secrets of the world unmade ;  
 Why sufferedst thou thy Nephews dear to fall,  
 With Elfin sword most shamefully betrayed ?  
 Lo ! where the stout Sansjoy doth sleep in deadly sh

" And, him before, I saw with bitter eyes  
 The bold Sansjoy shrink underneath his spear :  
 And now the prey of fowls in field he lies,  
 Nor wailed of friends, nor laid on groaning bier,  
 That whilom was to me too dearly dear.  
 O ! what of gods then boots it to be born,  
 If old Aveugle's sons so evil hear ?  
 Or who shall not great Night's children scorn,  
 When two of three her Nephews are so foul forlorn ?

" Up, then ! up, dreary Dame, of darkness Queen  
 Go, gather up the relics of thy race :  
 Or else go them avenge, and let be seen  
 That dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,  
 And can the children of fair light deface."  
 Her feeling speeches some compassion moved  
 In heart, and change in that great mother's face :  
 Yet pity in her heart was never proved  
 Till then ; for evermore she hated, never loved :

And said, " Dear daughter, rightly may I rue  
 The fall of famous children born of me,  
 And good successes which their foes ensue :  
 But who can turn the stream of destiny,  
 Or break the chain of strong necessity,  
 Which fast is tied to Jove's eternal seat ?  
 The sons of Day he favoureth, I see,  
 And by my ruins thinks to make them great :  
 To make one great by others' loss is bad excheat.<sup>1</sup>

" Yet they shall not escape so freely all,  
 For some shall pay the price of others' guilt ;  
 And he, the man that made Sansjoy to fall,  
 Shall with his own blood price<sup>2</sup> that he hath spilt.  
 But what art thou, that tellst of Nephews kilt ?"<sup>3</sup>  
 " I, that do seem not I, Duessa, am,"  
 Quoth she, " however now, in garments gilt  
 And gorgeous gold arrayed, I to thee came ;  
 Duessa I, the daughter of Deceit and Shame."

<sup>1</sup> Foully lost.<sup>2</sup> Exchange.<sup>3</sup> Pay the price of.<sup>4</sup> Ki

Then, bowing down her aged back, she kissed  
 The wicked witch, saying, "In that fair face  
 The false resemblaunce of Deceit, I wist,<sup>1</sup>  
 Did closely lurk ; yet so true-seeming grace  
 It carried that I scarce in darksome place  
 Could it discern, though I the mother be  
 Of Falsehood, and root of Duessa's race.  
 O welcome, child, whom I have longed to see,  
 And now have seen unwares ! Lo ! now I go with thee."

Then to her iron waggon she betakes,  
 And with her bears the foul well-favoured witch.  
 Through mirksome air her ready way she makes :  
 Her twyfold team, of which two black as pitch,  
 And two were brown, yet each to each unlich,<sup>2</sup>  
 Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp,  
 Unless she chaunced their stubborn mouths to twitch ;  
 Then, foaming tar, their bridles they would champ,  
 And, trampling the fine element, would fiercely ramp.

So well they sped that they be come at length  
 Unto the place whereas<sup>3</sup> the Paynim lay,<sup>4</sup>  
 Devoid of outward sense and native strength,  
 Covered with charmed cloud from view of day,  
 And sight of men, since his late luckless fray.  
 His cruel wounds, with cruddy blood congealed,  
 They binden up so wisely as they may,  
 And handle softly, till they can be healed :  
 So lay him in her chariot, close in night concealed.

And, all the while she stood upon the ground,  
 The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay,  
 As giving warning of the unwonted sound  
 With which her iron wheels did them affray,  
 And her dark griesly look them much dismay :  
 The messenger of death, the ghastly owl,  
 With dreary shrieks did also her bewray,<sup>5</sup>  
 And hungry wolves continually did howl  
 At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowl.

Thence, turning back in silence soft, they stole ;  
 And brought the heavy corse with easy pace  
 To yawning gulf of deep Avernus' hole.  
 By that same hole, an entrance dark and base,  
 With smoke and sulphur hiding all the place,

<sup>1</sup> Knew.<sup>2</sup> Unlike.<sup>3</sup> Where.<sup>4</sup> Sanfoy.<sup>5</sup> Betray her presence.

Descends to Hell : there creature never passed  
 That back returnèd without heavenly grace ;  
 But dreadful furies, which their chains have brast,<sup>1</sup>  
 And damnèd sprights, sent forth to make ill men aghas

By that same way the direful dames do drive  
 Their mournful chariot filled with rusty blood,  
 And down to Pluto's house are come belive :<sup>2</sup>  
 Which passing through, on every side them stood  
 The trembling ghosts with sad amazèd mood,  
 Chattering their iron teeth, and staring wide  
 With stony eyes ; and all the hellish brood  
 Of fiends infernal flocked on every side,  
 To gaze on earthly wight that with the Night durst ride——  
*Book I. Canto V.*

## UNA AMONG THE SATYRS.

The wild wood-gods, arrivèd in the place,  
 There find the virgin, doleful, desolate,  
 With ruffled raiments and fair blubbered face,  
 As her outrageous foe had left her late,  
 And trembling yet through fear of former hate.  
 All stand amazèd at so uncouth sight,  
 And gin to pity her unhappy state ;  
 All stand astonied<sup>3</sup> at her beauty bright,  
 In their rude eyes unworthy of so woeful plight.

She, more amazed, in double dread doth dwell ;  
 And every tender part for fear does shake.  
 As, when a greedy wolf, through hunger fell,<sup>4</sup>  
 A seely<sup>5</sup> lamb far from the flock does take,  
 Of whom he means his bloody feast to make,  
 A Lion spies fast running towards him,  
 The innocent prey in haste he does forsake ;  
 Which, quit from death, yet quakes in every limb  
 With change of fear to see the Lion look so grim :

Such fearful fit assayed her trembling heart,  
 Ne word to speak, ne joint to move she had :  
 The salvage<sup>6</sup> nation feel her secret smart,  
 And read her sorrow in her countenance sad :  
 Their frowning foreheads with rough horns yclad,

<sup>1</sup> Burst asunder. <sup>2</sup> Forthwith. <sup>3</sup> Astonished. <sup>4</sup> Fierce. <sup>5</sup> Simple. <sup>6</sup> Savage.

And rustic horror, all aside do lay ;  
 And, gently grinning, show a semblance glad  
 To comfort her ; and, fear to put away,  
 Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obey.

The doubtful damsel dare not yet commit  
 Her single person to their barbarous truth ;  
 But still twixt fear and hope amazed does sit,  
 Late learned<sup>1</sup> what harm to hasty trust ensu'th.  
 They, in compassion of her tender youth,  
 And wonder of her beauty sovereign,  
 Are won with pity and unwonted ruth ;  
 And, all prostrate upon the lowly plain,  
 Do kiss her feet, and fawn on her with countenance fain.

Their hearts she guesseth by their humble guise,  
 And yields her to extremity of time.  
 So from the ground she fearless doth arise,  
 And walketh forth without suspect of crime.  
 They, all as glad as birds of joyous Prime,<sup>2</sup>  
 Thence lead her forth, about her dancing round,  
 Shouting and singing all a shepherd's rhyme ;  
 And, with green branches strowing all the ground,  
 Do worship her as Queen with olive garland crowned.

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,  
 That all the woods with doubled echo ring ;  
 And with their hornèd feet do wear the ground,  
 Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.  
 So to-wards old Sylvanus they her bring ;  
 Who, with the noise awakèd, cometh out  
 To weet<sup>3</sup> the cause, his weak steps governing,  
 And aged limbs, on cypress stadle<sup>4</sup> stout ;  
 And with an ivy-twine his waist is girt about.

*Book I. Canto VI.*

#### PRINCE ARTHUR.

At last she chancèd by good hap to meet  
 A goodly knight, fair marching by the way,  
 Together with his squire arrayèd meet :  
 His glitterand armour shined far away,  
 Like glauncing light of Phœbus' brightest ray ;  
 From top to toe no place appearèd bare,  
 That deadly dint of steel endanger may.

<sup>1</sup> Having learned.

<sup>2</sup> Spring.

<sup>3</sup> Learn.

<sup>4</sup> Staff.

Athwart his breast a bauldric brave he ware,<sup>1</sup>  
That shined, like twinkling stars, with stones most  
precious rare.

And in the midst thereof one precious stone  
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous might,  
Shaped like a Lady's head,<sup>2</sup> exceeding shone,  
Like Hesperus amongst the lesser lights,  
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights :  
Thereby his mortal blade full comely hong<sup>3</sup>  
In ivory sheath, ycarved with curious slights,<sup>4</sup>  
Whose hilts were burnished gold, and handle strong  
Of mother pearl ; and buckled with a golden tong.<sup>5</sup>

His haughty helmet, horrid<sup>6</sup> all with gold,  
Both glorious brightness and great terror bred :  
For all the crest a Dragon did enfold  
With greedy paws, and over all did spread  
His golden wings : his dreadful hideous head,  
Close couchèd on the beaver, seemed to throw  
From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery red,  
That sudden horror to faint hearts did show ;  
And scaly tail was stretched adown his back full low.

Upon the top of all his lofty crest,  
A bunch of hairs,<sup>7</sup> discoloured diversely,<sup>8</sup>  
With sprinkled pearl and gold full richly drest,  
Did shake, and seemed to dance for jollity,  
Like to an almond tree ymounted high  
On top of green Selinis<sup>9</sup> all alone,  
With blossoms brave bedeckèd daintily :  
Whose tender locks do tremble every one  
At every little breath that under heaven is blown.

*Book I. Canto VII.*

#### THE CAVE OF DESPAIR.

Ere long they come where that same wicked wight<sup>10</sup>  
His dwelling has, low in an hollow Cave,  
For-underneath<sup>11</sup> a craggy cliff ylight,<sup>12</sup>  
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,  
That still for carrion carcases doth crave :

<sup>1</sup> Wore.

<sup>2</sup> This was a likeness of the mighty Gloriana, Queen of Faery-land, whom Prince Arthur served.

<sup>3</sup> Hung.

<sup>4</sup> Devices.

<sup>5</sup> Tongue, strap.

<sup>6</sup> Rough.

<sup>7</sup> Feathers, plumes.

<sup>8</sup> Variouslly coloured.

<sup>9</sup> Probably Selinus in Sicily.

<sup>10</sup> Creature, Despair.

<sup>11</sup> Quite under.

<sup>12</sup> Placed.

On top whereof aye dwelt the ghastly owl,  
 Shrieking his baleful note, which ever drave  
 Far from that haunt all other cheerful fowl ;  
 And all about it wandering ghosts did wail and howl.

And all about old stocks and stubs of trees,  
 Whereon nor fruit nor leaf was ever seen,  
 Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees ;  
 On which had many wretches hangèd been,  
 Whose carcases were scattered on the green,  
 And thrown about the cliffs. Arrivèd there,  
 That bare-head knight, for dread and doleful teen,<sup>1</sup>  
 Would fain have fled, ne durst approachen near ;  
 But the other forced him stay, and comforted in fear.

That darksome Cave they enter, where they find  
 That cursèd man, low sitting on the ground,  
 Musing full sadly in his sullen mind :  
 His griesy<sup>2</sup> locks, long grown and unbound,  
 Disordered hung about his shoulders round,  
 And hid his face, through which his hollow eyn  
 Looked deadly dull, and starèd as astound ;<sup>3</sup>  
 His raw-bone cheeks, through penury and pine,<sup>4</sup>  
 Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,  
 With thorns together pinned and patchèd was,  
 The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts ;  
 And him beside there lay upon the grass  
 A dreary corse,<sup>5</sup> whose life away did pass,  
 All wallowed in his own yet luke-warm blood,  
 That from his wound yet wellèd fresh, alas !  
 In which a rusty knife fast fixèd stood,  
 And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

*Book I. Canto IX.*

#### MINISTERING ANGELS.

And is there care in heaven ? And is there love  
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,  
 That may compassion of their evils move ?  
 There is : else much more wretched were the case  
 Of men than beasts. But O ! the exceeding grace  
 Of highest God that loves his creatures so,  
 And all his works with mercy doth embrace,

<sup>1</sup> Grief.

<sup>2</sup> Grey.

<sup>3</sup> Wildly.

<sup>4</sup> Grief.

<sup>5</sup> Body.

That blessed Angels he sends to and fro,  
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,  
To come to succour us that succour want !  
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,<sup>1</sup>  
Against foul fiends to aid us militant !  
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward.  
And their bright Squadrons round about us plant ;  
And all for love, and nothing for reward.  
Oh ! why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

*Book II. Canto VIII.*

#### PRIMEVAL BRITAIN.<sup>2</sup>

Thy name, O sovereign Queen !<sup>3</sup> thy realm, and race,  
From this renowned Prince derivèd are,  
Who mightily upheld that royal mace  
Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended far  
From mighty kings and conquerors in war,  
Thy fathers and great grandfathers of old,  
Whose noble deeds above the Northern star  
Immortal fame forever hath enrolled ;  
As in that old man's book they were in order told.

The land which warlike Britons now possess,  
And therein have their mighty empire raised,  
In antique times was salvage wilderness,  
Unpeopled, unmanured, unproved, unpraised ;  
Ne was it Island then, ne was it peised<sup>4</sup>  
Amid the ocean waves, ne was it sought  
Of merchants far for profits therein praised ;  
But was all desolate, and of some thought  
By sea to have been from the Celtic mainland brought.

<sup>1</sup> Herald, messenger.

<sup>2</sup> Prince Arthur and Sir Guyon, in the course of their wanderings, visit the Lady Alma, and are shown by her over her castle, the House of Temperance, where, in a half ruined upper-chamber they discover *Eumnestes*, the "man of infinite remembrance." He is "an old, old man, half blind," sitting among his worm-eaten books and parchments, "tossing and turning them withouten end," and waited upon by a little boy called *Anamnestes*, who brings him the books he cannot reach. The knights come upon two ancient books in this library, both of which are of surpassing interest to them. The name of that selected by Prince Arthur is *Briton Moniments*, "a chronicle of Briton kings, from Brute to Uther's rayne," and Sir Guyon's is called *Antiquitee of Faery Lond*, containing the "rolls of the Elfin Emperours, till time of Gloriane." It is from the first of these that the account of primeval Britain is supposed to have been taken. Spenser's *Chronicle* is, in fact, a versified reduction from Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History of the Britons*. <sup>3</sup> This is addressed directly to Queen Elizabeth. <sup>4</sup> Poised.

Ne did it then deserve a name to have,  
 Till that the venturous Mariner that way,  
 Learning his ship from those white rocks to save  
 Which all along the Southern sea-coast lay  
 Threatening unheedy wreck and rash decay,  
 For safety that same his sea-mark made,  
 And namd it ALBION ; but later day,  
 Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,  
 Gan more the same frequent, and further to invade.

But far inland a salvage nation dwelt  
 Of hideous Giants, and half beastly men,  
 That never tasted grace, nor goodness felt ;  
 But wild like beasts lurking in loathsome den,  
 And flying fast as roebuck through the fen,  
 All naked, without shame or care of cold,  
 By hunting and by spoiling livèden ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,  
 That sons of men amazed their sternness to behold. . . .

They held this land, and with their filthiness  
 Polluted this same gentle soil long time,  
 That their own mother loathed their beastliness,  
 And gan abhor her brood's unkindly crime,  
 All were they born of her own native slime :  
 Until that Brutus, anciently derived  
 From royal stock of old Assarac's line,<sup>2</sup>  
 Driven by fatal error here arrived,  
 And them of their unjust possession deprived.

But, ere he had established his throne,  
 And spread his empire to the utmost shore,  
 He fought great battles with his salvage foen ;<sup>3</sup>  
 In which he them defeated evermore,  
 And many Giants left on groaning floor :  
 That well can witness yet unto this day  
 The western Hogh,<sup>4</sup> besprinkled with the gore  
 Of mighty Goëmot,<sup>5</sup> whom in stout fray  
 Corineus<sup>6</sup> conquerèd, and cruelly did slay :

And eke that ample Pit, yet far renowned  
 For the large leap which Debon did compel  
 Coulin to make, being eight lugs<sup>7</sup> of ground,  
 Into the which returning back he fell :

<sup>1</sup> Lived.

<sup>2</sup> Brutus, the mythical founder of Britain, was described as descended from  
 neas, whose great-grandfather was Assaracus, a mythical king of Troy.

<sup>3</sup> Foes.

<sup>4</sup> Now "the Hoe," near Plymouth.

<sup>5</sup> Gogmagog.

<sup>6</sup> The comrade of Brutus. <sup>7</sup> Eight lugs, or rods, in length measure = 132 feet.



But those three monstrous stones do most excel  
Which that huge son of hideous Albion,  
Whose father Hercules in France did quell,  
Great Godmer, threw in fierce contention  
At bold Canutus, but of him was slain anon.<sup>1</sup>

In meed of these great conquests by them got,  
Corineus had that Province utmost west,  
To him assigned for his worthy lot,  
Which of his name and memorable gest  
He called Cornwall, yet so called best :  
And Debon's share was that is Devonshire :  
But Canute had his portion from the rest,  
The which he called Canutium, for his hire,  
Now Cantium, which Kent we commonly inquire.<sup>2</sup>

Thus Brut this Realm unto his rule subdued,  
And reignèd long in great felicity,  
Loved of his friends, and of his foes eschewed :  
He left three sons, his famous progeny,  
Born of fair Imogene of Italy ;  
Mongst whom he parted his imperial state,  
And Locrine left chief Lord of Brittany.  
At last ripe age bade him surrender late  
His life, and long good fortune, unto final fate.

Locrine was left the sovereign Lord of all :  
But Albanact had all the Northern part,  
Which of himself Albania he did call ;  
And Camber did possess the Western quart,<sup>3</sup>  
Which Severn now from Logris doth depart :<sup>4</sup>  
And each his portion peaceably enjoyed,  
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in heart,  
That once their quiet government annoyed ;  
But each his pains to others' profit still employed.

*Book II. Canto X*

#### AN ADVENTURE IN FAERIE-LAND.

The famous Briton Prince and Faery Knight,<sup>5</sup>  
After long ways and perilous pains endured,  
Having their weary limbs to perfect plight  
Restored, and sorry wounds right well recured,  
Of the fair Alma greatly were procured<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This legend is told by the chronicler Holinshed (died 1580).

<sup>2</sup> Call.

<sup>3</sup> District, *i.e.* Wales.

<sup>4</sup> Separate.

<sup>5</sup> Prince Arthur and Sir Guyon.

<sup>6</sup> Entreated.

To make there longer sojourn and abode ;  
 But, when thereto they might not be allured  
 From seeking praise and deeds of arms abroad,  
 They courteous congè<sup>1</sup> took, and forth together yode.<sup>2</sup> . . .

Long so they travellèd through wasteful ways,  
 Where dangers dwelt, and perils most did won,<sup>3</sup>  
 To hunt for glory and renownèd praise.  
 Full many countries they did overron,<sup>4</sup>  
 From the uprising to the setting sun,  
 And many hard adventures did achieve ;  
 Of all the which they honour ever won,  
 Seeking the weak oppressèd to relieve,  
 And to recover right for such as wrong did grieve. . . .

Long they thus travellèd in friendly wise,  
 Through countries waste, and eke well edified,  
 Seeking adventures hard to exercise  
 Their puissance,<sup>5</sup> whilom full dernly<sup>6</sup> tried.  
 At length they came into a forest wide,  
 Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sound  
 Full griesly seemed : Therein they long did ride,  
 Yet tract of living creature none they found,  
 Save bears, lions, and bulls, which roamèd them around.

All suddenly, out of the thickest brush,  
 Upon a milkwhite palfrey all alone,  
 A goodly Lady did foreby<sup>7</sup> them rush,  
 Whose face did seem as clear as crystal stone,  
 And eke, through fear, as white as whales-bone :  
 Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,  
 And all her steed with tinsel trappings shone ;  
 Which fled so fast that nothing mote<sup>8</sup> him hold,  
 And scarce them leisure gave her passing to behold.

Still as she fled her eye she backward threw,  
 As fearing evil that pursued her fast ;  
 And her fair yellow locks behind her flew,  
 Loosely dispersed with puff of every blast :  
 All as a blazing star doth far outcast  
 His hairy beams and flaming locks dispread,  
 At sight whereof the people stand aghast ;  
 But the sage wizard tells, as he has read,  
 That it importunes death and doleful drearihead.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Leave.<sup>2</sup> Went.<sup>3</sup> Dwell.<sup>4</sup> Over-run.<sup>5</sup> Strength.<sup>6</sup> Severely.<sup>7</sup> Close past.<sup>8</sup> Might.<sup>9</sup> Affliction

So, as they gazèd after her a while,  
 Lo ! where a griesly forster<sup>1</sup> forth did rush, . . .  
 His tiring jade<sup>2</sup> he fiercely forth did push  
 Through thick and thin, both over bank and bush,  
 In hope her to attain by hook or crook,  
 That from his gory sides the blood did gush.  
 Large were his limbs, and terrible his look,  
 And in his clownish hand a sharp boar-spear he shook.

Which outrage when those gentle Knights did see,  
 Full of great envy and fell jealousy,  
 They stayed not to avise who first should be,  
 But all spurred after, fast as they mote fly,  
 To rescue her from shameful villany.

*Book III. Canto I.*

#### BRITOMART, AND MERLIN'S MAGIC GLOBE.

Such was the glassy Globe that Merlin made,  
 And gave unto King Ryence for his guard,  
 That never foes his kingdom might invade,  
 But he it knew at home before he hard<sup>3</sup>  
 Tidings thereof, and so them still debarred.  
 It was a famous Present for a Prince,  
 And worthy work of infinite reward,  
 That treasons could bewray,<sup>4</sup> and foes convince :  
 Happy this Realm, had it remainèd ever since !

One day it fortunèd fair Britomart<sup>5</sup>  
 Into her father's closet to repair ;  
 For nothing he from her reserved apart,  
 Being his only daughter and his heir ;  
 Where when she had espied that mirrour fair,  
 Herself awhile therein she viewed in vain :  
 Tho,<sup>6</sup> her avising of the virtues rare  
 Which thereof spoken were, she gan again  
 Her to bethink of that mote<sup>7</sup> to herself pertain.

But, as it falleth, in the gentlest hearts  
 Imperious Love hath highest set his throne,  
 And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts  
 Of them that to him buxom<sup>8</sup> are and prone :<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Forester.

<sup>2</sup> Horse.

<sup>3</sup> Daughter of King Ryence.

<sup>4</sup> Obedient.

<sup>5</sup> Heard.

<sup>6</sup> Then.

<sup>7</sup> Ready.

<sup>8</sup> Betray, disclose.

<sup>9</sup> Might.

So thought this Maid (as maidens use to done)<sup>1</sup>  
 Whom fortune for her husband would allot :  
 Not that she lusted after any one,  
 For she was pure from blame of sinful blot ;  
 Yet wist her life at last must link in that same knot.

Eftsoons there was presented to her eye  
 A comely Knight, all armed in complete wise,  
 Through whose bright ventayle,<sup>2</sup> lifted up on high,  
 His manly face, that did his foes agrise,<sup>3</sup>  
 And friends to terms of gentle truce entice,  
 Looked forth, as Phœbus' face out of the east  
 Betwixt two shady mountains doth arise :  
 Portly his person was, and much increased  
 Through his heroic grace and honorable gest.<sup>4</sup>

His crest was covered with a couchant hound,  
 And all his armour seemed of antique mould,  
 But wondrous massy and assured sound,  
 And round about yfretted all with gold,  
 In which there written was, with cyphers old,  
*Achilles' arms, which Artegall did win :*  
 And on his shield enveloped sevenfold  
 He bore a crownèd little ermelin,<sup>5</sup>  
 That decked the azure field with her fair pouldred<sup>6</sup> skin.

The Damsel well did view his personage  
 And likèd well, ne further fastened not,  
 But went her way ; ne her unguilty age  
 Did ween,<sup>7</sup> unwares, that her unlucky lot  
 Lay hidden in the bottom of the pot.  
 Of hurt unwist<sup>8</sup> most danger doth redound ;  
 But the false Archer, which that arrow shot  
 So silyly that she did not feel the wound,  
 Did smile full smoothly at her witless woful stound.<sup>9</sup>

Thenceforth the feather in her lofty crest,  
 Ruffed<sup>10</sup> of love, gan lowly to avail ;<sup>11</sup>  
 And her proud portance and her princely gest,<sup>12</sup>  
 With which she erst triumphèd, now did quail :  
 Sad, solemn, sour, and full of fancies frail,  
 She wox ;<sup>13</sup> yet wist she neither how, nor why.  
 She wist not, silly Maid, what she did ail,  
 Yet wist she was not well at ease, perdy ;<sup>14</sup>  
 Yet thought it was not love, but some melânccholy.

<sup>1</sup> Are used to do.<sup>2</sup> The front of the helmet.<sup>3</sup> Terrify.<sup>4</sup> Gesture, bearing.<sup>5</sup> Ermine.<sup>6</sup> Powdered, spotted.<sup>7</sup> Suspect.<sup>8</sup> Unknown.<sup>9</sup> Ignorant woful pain.<sup>10</sup> Ruffled.<sup>11</sup> Droop.<sup>12</sup> Bearing.<sup>13</sup> Grew.<sup>14</sup> Par-dieu !

So soon as Night had with her pallid hue  
 Defaced the beauty of the shining sky,  
 And reft from men the world's desired view,  
 She with her Nurse adown to sleep did lie ;  
 But sleep full far away from her did fly :  
 Instead thereof, sad sighs and sorrows deep  
 Kept watch and ward about her warily,  
 That nought she did but wail, and often steep  
 Her dainty couch with tears which closely she did weep.

*Book III. Canto II.*

MARINELL WOUNDED BY THE PRECIOUS SHORE.

Like as the sacred Ox that careless stands,  
 With gilden horns and flowery garlands crowned,  
 Proud of his dying honour and dear bands,<sup>1</sup>  
 Whiles the altars fume with frankincense around,  
 All suddenly, with mortal stroke astound,  
 Doth groveling fall, and with his streaming gore  
 Distains the pillars and the holy ground,  
 And the fair flowers that decked him afore ;—  
 So fell proud Marinell upon the Precious Shore.

The Martial Maid<sup>2</sup> stayed not him to lament,  
 But forward rode, and kept her ready way  
 Along the strand ; which, as she overwent,  
 She saw bestrowed all with rich array  
 Of pearls and precious stones of great assay,<sup>3</sup>  
 And all the gravel mixt with golden ore :  
 Whereat she wondered much, but would not stay  
 For gold, or pearls, or precious stones, an hour,  
 But them despised all ; for all was in her power.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,  
 Tidings hereof came to his mother's ear :  
 His mother was the black-browed Cymoënt,  
 The daughter of great Nereus, which did bear  
 This warlike son unto an earthly peer,<sup>4</sup>  
 The famous Dumarin. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Bonds.

<sup>2</sup> Britomart (see p. 252), who in the armour of Angela, a Saxon Queen, with her Nurse, also armed, for her Squire, has set out to Faeryland to seek for Arthegall, the Knight of her vision. Her first warlike encounter is with Marinell, the proud son of a sea-nymph, who holds possession of "the Precious Shore."

<sup>3</sup> Worth.

<sup>4</sup> Mate, equal.

There he this Knight of her begot, whom born,  
 She, of his father,<sup>1</sup> Marinell did name ;  
 And in a rocky cave, as wight forlorn,<sup>2</sup>  
 Long time she fostered up, till he became  
 A mighty man at arms, and mickle fame  
 Did get through great adventures by him done :  
 For never man he suffered by that same  
 Rich Strond<sup>3</sup> to travel, whereas he did won,<sup>4</sup>  
 But that he must do battle with the Sea-nymph's Son. . . .

And, for his more assurance, she inquired  
 One day of Proteus, by his mighty spell  
 (For Proteus was with prophecy inspired),  
 Her dear son's destiny to her to tell,  
 And the sad end of her sweet Marinell :  
 Who, through foresight of his eternal skill,  
 Bade her from womankind to keep him well,  
 For of a woman he should have much ill ;  
 A virgin strange and stout him should dismay or kill. . .

Too true the famous Marinell it found,  
 Who, through late trial, on that wealthy Strond  
 Inglorious now lies in senseless swoon,<sup>5</sup>  
 Through heavy stroke of Britomartis hond.<sup>6</sup>  
 Which when his mother dear did understand,  
 And heavy tidings heard, whereas she played  
 Amongst her watery sisters by a pond,  
 Gathering sweet daffadillies, to have made  
 Gay garlands from the Sun their foreheads fair to shade,

Eftsoons both flowers and garlands far away  
 She flung, and her fair dewy locks yrent ;<sup>7</sup>  
 To sorrow huge she turned her former play,  
 And gamesome mirth to grievous dreariment :  
 She threw herself down on the continent,<sup>8</sup>  
 Ne word did speak, but lay as in a swoon,<sup>9</sup>  
 Whiles all her sisters did for her lament  
 With yelling outcries, and with shrieking soun ;<sup>10</sup>  
 And every one did tear her garland from her crown.

Soon as she up out of her deadly fit  
 Arose, she bade her chariot to be brought ;  
 And all her sisters that with her did sit  
 Bade eke at once their chariots to be sought :

<sup>1</sup> After his father.<sup>2</sup> As a lonely creature.<sup>3</sup> The Precious Shore.<sup>4</sup> Where he dwelt.<sup>5</sup> Swoon.<sup>6</sup> Britomart's hand.<sup>7</sup> Rent.<sup>8</sup> Shore.<sup>9</sup> Swoon.<sup>10</sup> Sound.

Tho,<sup>1</sup> full of bitter grief and pensive thought,  
 She to her waggon clomb ; clomb all the rest,  
 And forth together went with sorrow fraught.  
 The waves, obedient to their behest,  
 Them yielded ready passage, and their rage surceast.<sup>2</sup>

Great Neptune stood amazed at their sight,  
 Whiles on his broad round back they softly slid,  
 And eke himself mourned at their mournful plight,  
 Yet wist not what their wailing meant ; yet did,  
 For great compassion of their sorrow, bid  
 His mighty waters to them buxom<sup>3</sup> be :  
 Eftsoons the roaring billows still abid,<sup>4</sup>  
 And all the griesly<sup>5</sup> Monsters of the Sea  
 Stood gaping at their gate,<sup>6</sup> and wondered them to see.

A team of Dolphins ranged in array  
 Drew the smooth chariot of sad Cymoënt :  
 They were all taught by Triton to obey  
 To the long reins at her commandement :  
 As swift as swallows on the waves they went,  
 That their broad flaggy fins no foam did rear  
 Ne bubbling roundel they behind them sent.  
 The rest of other fishes drawn were,  
 Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did shear.

Soon as they been arrived upon the brim  
 Of the Rich Strond, their chariots they forlore,<sup>7</sup>  
 And let their teamèd fishes softly swim  
 Along the margent of the foamy shore,  
 Lest they their fins should bruise, and surbate<sup>8</sup> sore  
 Their tender feet upon the stony ground :  
 And, coming to the place where all in gore  
 And cruddy blood enwallowèd they found  
 The luckless Marinell lying in deadly swound,

His mother swoonèd thrice, and the third time  
 Could scarce recovered be out of her pain :  
 Had she not been devoid of mortal slime,<sup>9</sup>  
 She should not then have been re-lived<sup>10</sup> again ;  
 But, soon as life recovered had the reign,  
 She made so piteous moan and dear wayment,<sup>11</sup>  
 That the hard rocks could scarce from tears refrain ;

<sup>1</sup> Then.      <sup>3</sup> Ceased.<sup>5</sup> Obedient.<sup>4</sup> Rested.<sup>6</sup> Horrible.<sup>6</sup> Procession.<sup>7</sup> Quitted.<sup>8</sup> Battered.<sup>9</sup> Base mortal matter.<sup>10</sup> Brought to life.<sup>11</sup> Lamentation.

And all her sister Nymphs with one consent  
Supplied her sobbing breaches<sup>1</sup> with sad complement.

"Dear image of my self," she said, "that is  
The wretched son of wretched mother born,  
Is this thine high advancement? O! is this  
The immortal name with which thee, yet unborn,  
Thy grandsire Nereus promised to adorn?  
Now liest thou of life and honour reft;  
Now liest thou a lump of earth forlorn;  
Ne of thy late life memory is left,  
Ne can thy irrevocable destiny be weft."<sup>2</sup> . . .

Thus when they all had sorrowèd their fill,  
They softly gan to search his griesly<sup>3</sup> wound:  
And, that they might him handle more at will,  
They him disarmed; and, spreading on the ground  
Their watchet<sup>4</sup> mantles fringed with silver round,  
They softly wiped away the gealy<sup>5</sup> blood  
From the orifice; which having well upbound,  
They poured in sovereign balm and nectar good,  
Good both for earthly medicine and for heavenly food. . . .

Tho,<sup>6</sup> up him taking in their tender hands,  
They easily unto her chariot bear:  
Her team at her commandment quiet stands,  
Whiles they the corse into her waggon rear,  
And strow with flowers the lamentable bier.  
Then all the rest into their coaches clim,<sup>7</sup>  
And through the brackish waves their passage shear;  
Upon great Neptune's neck they softly swim,  
And to her watery chamber swiftly carry him.

Deep in the bottom of the sea her bower  
Is built of hollow billows heaped high,  
Like to thick clouds that threat a stormy shower,  
And vaulted<sup>8</sup> all within, like to the Sky  
In which the Gods do dwell eternally;  
There they him laid in easy couch well dight,<sup>9</sup>  
And sent in haste for Tryphon, to apply  
Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might;  
For Tryphon of sea gods the sovereign leech is hight.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pauses.<sup>5</sup> Congealed.<sup>8</sup> Vaulted.<sup>2</sup> Avoided.<sup>6</sup> Then.<sup>9</sup> Arrayed, covered.<sup>3</sup> Horrible.<sup>7</sup> Climb.

S

<sup>4</sup> Pale sea-blue.<sup>10</sup> Called.



The whiles the Nymphs sit all about him round,  
 Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight ;  
 And oft his mother, viewing his wide wound,  
 Curs'd the hand that did so deadly smite  
 Her dearest son, her dearest heart's delight :  
 But none of all those curses overtook  
 The warlike Maid, the ensample of that might ;  
 But fairly well she thrived, and well did brook  
 Her noble deeds, ne her right course for ought forsook.

*Book III. Canto IV.*

FLORIMEL IN THE WITCH'S HUT.

So long she travelled, till at length she came  
 To an hill-side, which did to her bewray<sup>1</sup>  
 A little valley subject to the same,  
 All covered with thick woods that quite it overcame.

Through the tops of the high trees she did descry  
 A little smoke, whose vapour thin and light  
 Reeking aloft uproll'd to the sky :  
 Which cheerful sign did send unto her sight  
 That in the same did won<sup>2</sup> some living wight.<sup>3</sup>  
 Eftsoons her steps she thereunto applied,  
 And came at last in weary wretched plight  
 Unto the place to which her hope did guide,  
 To find some refuge there, and rest her weary side.

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found  
 A little cottage, built of sticks and reeds  
 In homely wise, and walled with sods around ;  
 In which a Witch did dwell, in loathly weeds  
 And wilful want, all careless of her needs ;  
 So choosing solitary to abide  
 Far from all neighbours, that her devilish deeds  
 And hellish arts from people she might hide,  
 And hurt far off unknown whom-ever she envied.

The Damsel there arriving entered in ;  
 Where sitting on the floor the Hag she found  
 Busy (as seemed) about some wicked gin :<sup>4</sup>  
 Who, soon as she beheld that sudden stound,<sup>5</sup>  
 Lightly upstart from the dusty ground,  
 And with fell look and hollow deadly gaze  
 Star'd on her a while, as one astound,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Betray.    <sup>2</sup> Dwell.    <sup>3</sup> Being.    <sup>4</sup> Snare.    <sup>5</sup> Disturbance.    <sup>6</sup> Astounded.

Ne had one word to speak for great amaze,<sup>1</sup>  
But shewed by outward signs that dread her sense did daze.

At last, turning her fear to foolish wrath,  
She asked what devil had her thither brought,  
And who she was, and what unwonted path  
Had guided her, unwelcomèd, unsought?  
To which the Damsel, full of doubtful thought,  
Her mildly answered: "Beldame, be not wroth  
With silly virgin, by adventure brought  
Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,  
That crave but room to rest while tempest overblowth."

With that, adown out of her crystal eyne  
Few trickling tears she softly forth let fall,  
That like to orient pearls did purely shine  
Upon her snowy cheek; and therewithal  
She sighèd soft, that none so bestial  
Nor salvage heart but ruth of her sad plight  
Would make to melt, or piteously appal;  
And that vile Hag, all<sup>2</sup> were her whole delight  
In mischief, was much movèd at so piteous sight;

And gan recomfort her in her rude wise,  
With womanish compassion of her plaint,  
Wiping the tears from her suffusèd eyes,  
And bidding her sit down, to rest her faint  
And weary limbs a while. She, nothing quaint<sup>3</sup>  
Nor 'sdainful of so homely fashion,  
Sith<sup>4</sup> brought she was now to so hard constraint,  
Sate down upon the dusty ground anon,  
As glad of that small rest as bird of tempest gone.<sup>5</sup>

Tho<sup>6</sup> gan she gather up her garments rent,  
And her loose locks to dight<sup>7</sup> in order due  
With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament;  
Whom such when-as the wicked Hag did view,  
She was astonished at her heavenly hue,  
And doubted her to deem<sup>8</sup> an earthly wight,  
But or<sup>9</sup> some Goddess, or of Dian's crew,  
And thought her to adore with humble spright:<sup>10</sup>  
To adore thing so divine as beauty were but right.

This wicked woman had a wicked son,  
The comfort of her age and weary days,

<sup>1</sup> Amazement.  
<sup>6</sup> Then.

<sup>2</sup> Although.  
<sup>7</sup> Dress.

<sup>3</sup> Nice, fanciful.  
<sup>8</sup> Judge.

<sup>4</sup> Since.  
<sup>9</sup> Either.

<sup>5</sup> Past, over.  
<sup>10</sup> Spirit.

A lazy loord,<sup>1</sup> for nothing good to done,<sup>2</sup>  
 But stretchèd forth in idleness always,  
 Ne ever cast his mind to covet praise,  
 Or ply himself to any honest trade,  
 But all the day before the sunny rays  
 He used to slug,<sup>3</sup> or sleep in slothful shade :  
 Such laziness both lewd<sup>4</sup> and poor at once him made.

He, coming home at undertime,<sup>5</sup> there found  
 The fairest creature that he ever saw  
 Sitting beside his mother on the ground ;  
 The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,<sup>6</sup>  
 And his base thought with terror and with awe  
 So inly smote that, as one which hath gazed  
 On the bright sun unwares doth soon withdraw  
 His feeble eyne, with too much brightness dazed,  
 So stared he on her, and stood long while amazed.

Softly at last he gan his mother ask  
 What mister wight<sup>7</sup> that was, and whence derived,  
 That in so strange disguisement there did mask,  
 And by what accident she there arrived ?  
 But she, as one nigh of her wits deprived,  
 With nought but ghastly looks him answerèd ;  
 Like to a ghost, that lately is revived  
 From Stygian shores where late it wanderèd :  
 So both at her, and each at other wonderèd.

But the fair Virgin was so meek and mild  
 That she to them vouchsafed to embase<sup>8</sup>  
 Her goodly port,<sup>9</sup> and to their senses vild<sup>10</sup>  
 Her gentle speech applied, that in short space  
 She grew familiar in that desert place.  
 During which time the Churl, through her so kind  
 And courteis<sup>11</sup> use, conceived affection base,  
 And cast<sup>12</sup> to love her in his brutish mind : . . .

Oft from the forest wildings<sup>13</sup> he did bring,  
 Whose sides empurpled were with smiling red ;  
 And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing,  
 His maistress' praises sweetly carollèd :  
 Garlands of flowers sometimes for her fair head  
 He fine would dight ;<sup>14</sup> sometimes the squirrel wild  
 He brought to her in bands,<sup>15</sup> as conquerèd

<sup>1</sup> Lout.<sup>2</sup> Good for no kind of work.<sup>3</sup> Dawdle.<sup>4</sup> Ignorant.<sup>5</sup> Evening.<sup>6</sup> Tame, abash.<sup>7</sup> Kind of creature.<sup>8</sup> Bring down, humble.<sup>9</sup> Deportment.<sup>10</sup> Vile.<sup>11</sup> Courteous.<sup>12</sup> Took, began.<sup>13</sup> Wild fruits.<sup>14</sup> Arrange.<sup>15</sup> Bonds.

To be her thrall,<sup>1</sup> his fellow-servant vild :<sup>2</sup>  
 All which she of him took with countenance meek and mild.

But, past a while,<sup>3</sup> when she fit season saw  
 To leave that desert mansion, she cast  
 In secret wise herself thence to withdraw,  
 For fear of mischief, which she did forecast  
 Might by the Witch or by her son come past.  
 Her weary palfrey, closely<sup>4</sup> as she might,  
 Now well recovered after long repast,  
 In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,  
 His late miswandered ways now to remeasure right ;

And early, ere the dawning day appeared,  
 She forth issued, and on her journey went.

*Book III. Canto VII.*

#### ATÈ, MOTHER OF DEBATE.

Hard by the gates of Hell her dwelling is ;  
 There, whereas<sup>5</sup> all the plagues and harms abound  
 Which punish wicked men that walk amiss :  
 It is a darksome delve<sup>6</sup> far under ground,  
 With thorns and barren brakes environed round,  
 That none the same may easily out-win :<sup>7</sup>  
 Yet many ways to enter may be found,  
 But none to issue forth when one is in ;  
 For discord harder is to end than to begin.

And all within the riven walls were hung  
 With ragged monuments of times forepast,  
 All which the sad effects of discord sung :  
 There were rent robes and broken sceptres placed ;  
 Altars defiled, and holy things defaced ;  
 Disshivered spears, and shields ytorn in twain ;  
 Great cities ransacked, and strong castles rased ;  
 Nations captivèd, and huge armies slain :  
 Of all which ruins there some relics did remain . . .

Her face most fowl and filthy was to see,  
 With squinted eyes contráry ways intended,  
 And loathly mouth, unmeet a mouth to be,  
 That nought but gall and venom comprehended,  
 And wicked words that God and man offended.

<sup>1</sup> Slave.  
<sup>6</sup> Hole.

<sup>2</sup> Vile.

<sup>3</sup> After a time.  
<sup>7</sup> Get out.

<sup>4</sup> Secretly.

<sup>5</sup> Where.

Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,  
 And both the parts did speak, and both contended ;  
 And as her tongue so was her heart discided,<sup>1</sup>  
 That never thought one thing, but doubly still was guided.

Als<sup>2</sup> as she double spake, so heard she double,  
 With matchless<sup>3</sup> ears deformed and distort,  
 Filled with false rumours and seditious trouble,  
 Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,  
 That still are led with every light report :  
 And as her ears, so eke her feet were odd,  
 And much unlike ; the one long, the other short,  
 And both misplaced : that, when the one forward yode,<sup>4</sup>  
 The other back retirèd and contràry trode.

Likewise unequal were her handè twain ;  
 That one did reach the other pushed away ;  
 That one did make the other marred again,  
 And sought to bring all things unto decay ;  
 Whereby great riches, gathered many a day,  
 She in short space did often bring to nought,  
 And their possessors often did dismay :  
 For all her study was and all her thought  
 How she might overthrow the things that Concord wrought.  
*Book IV. Canto I.*

## ENVY.

Tho,<sup>5</sup> as he back returnèd from that land,  
 And there arrivèd again whence forth he set,  
 He had not passèd far upon the strand  
 When-as<sup>6</sup> two old ill-favoured Hags he met,  
 By the wayside being together set ;  
 Two griesly<sup>7</sup> creatures : and, to that their faces  
 Most foul and filthy were, their garments yet,  
 Being all ragged and tattered, their disgraces  
 Did much the more augment, and made most ugly cases.

The one of them, that elder did appear,  
 With her dull eyes did seem to look askew,  
 That her mis-shape much helped ; and her foul hear<sup>8</sup>  
 Hung loose and loathsomely : thereto her hue  
 Was wan and lean, that all her teeth arew,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cut in two.  
<sup>6</sup> When.

<sup>2</sup> Also.  
<sup>7</sup> Horrible.

<sup>3</sup> Unmatched.  
<sup>8</sup> Hair.

<sup>4</sup> Went.  
<sup>9</sup> In a row.

<sup>5</sup> Then.

And all her bones, might through her cheeks be read :<sup>1</sup>  
 Her lips were, like raw leather, pale and blue :  
 And as she spake therewith she slaverèd ;  
 Yet spake she seldom, but thought more the less she said.

Her hands were foul and dirty, never washed  
 In all her life, with long nails over-raught,  
 Like puttock's claws ;<sup>2</sup> with the one of which she scratched  
 Her cursèd head, although it itchèd naught :  
 The other held a snake with venom fraught,  
 On which she fed and gnawèd hungrily,  
 As if that long she had not eaten aught ;  
 That round about her jaws one might descry  
 The bloody gore and poison dropping loathsomely.

*Book V. Canto XII.*

#### BLANDINA.

Thus having all things well in peace ordained,  
 The Prince himself there all that night did rest ;  
 Where him Blandina fairly entertained  
 With all the courteous glee and goodly feast  
 The which for him she could imagine best :  
 For well she knew the ways to win good will  
 Of every wight, that were not too infest ;<sup>3</sup>  
 And how to please the minds of good and ill,  
 Through tempering of her words and looks by wondrous skill.

Yet were her words and looks but false and feigned,  
 To some hid end to make more easy way,  
 Or to allure such fondlings whom she trained  
 Into her trap unto their own decay :  
 Thereto, when needed, she could weep and pray,  
 And when her listed she could fawn and flatter ;  
 Now smiling smoothly, like to summer's day,  
 Now glooming sadly, so to cloak her matter ;  
 Yet were her words but wind, and all her tears but water.

*Book VI. Canto VI.*

#### SIR CALIDORE AND THE FAIR PASTORELLA.

There on a day, as he pursued the chase,  
 He chanced to spy a sort of shepherd grooms,  
 Playing on pipes and carolling apace,  
 The whiles their beasts there in the budded brooms

<sup>1</sup> Seen.

<sup>2</sup> Kite's claws.

<sup>3</sup> Hostile.

Beside them fed, and nipt the tender blooms ;  
 For other worldly wealth they cared nought.  
 To whom Sir Calidore yet sweating comes,  
 And them to tell him courteously besought  
 If such a beast they saw, which he had thither brought

They answered him that no such beast they saw,  
 Nor any wicked fiend that mote offend  
 Their happy flocks, nor danger to them draw ;  
 But if that such there were (as none they kened <sup>1</sup>)  
 They prayed high God them far from them to send  
 Then one of them, him seeing so to sweat,  
 After his rustic wise, that well he weened,  
 Offered him drink to quench his thirsty heat,  
 And, if he hungry were, him offered eke to eat.

The Knight was nothing nice, where was no need,  
 And took their gentle offer : so adown  
 They prayed him sit, and gave him for to feed  
 Such homely what as serves the simple clown,  
 That doth despise the dainties of the town.  
 Tho,<sup>2</sup> having fed his fill, he there beside  
 Saw a fair Damsel, which did wear a crown  
 Of sundry flowers with silken ribbands tied,  
 Yclad in home-made green that her own hands had dyed.

Upon a little hillock she was placed  
 Higher then all the rest, and round about  
 Environed with a garland, goodly graced,  
 Of lovely lasses ; and them all without  
 The lusty shepherd swains sate in a rout,<sup>3</sup>  
 The which did pipe and sing her praises due,  
 And oft rejoice, and oft for wonder shout,  
 As if some miracle of heavenly hue  
 Were down to them descended in that earthly view.

And soothly sure she was full fair of face,  
 And perfectly well shaped in every limb,  
 Which she did more augment with modest grace  
 And comely carriage of her countenance trim,  
 That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim :  
 Who, her admiring as some heavenly wight,  
 Did for their sovereign goddess her esteem,  
 And, carolling her name both day and night,  
 The fairest Pastorella her by name did hight.

<sup>1</sup> Knew<sup>2</sup> Then.<sup>3</sup> Crowd.

Ne was there herd,<sup>1</sup> ne was there shepherd's swain,  
 But her did honour ; and eke many a one  
 Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing pain  
 Full many a night for her did sigh and groan :  
 But most of all the shepherd Coridon  
 For her did languish, and his dear life spend ;  
 Yet neither she for him nor other none  
 Did care a whit, ne any liking lend :  
 Though mean her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend.

Her whiles Sir Calidore there viewèd well,  
 And marked her rare demeanour, which him seemed  
 So far the mean<sup>2</sup> of shepherds to excel,  
 As that he in his mind her worthy deemed  
 To be a Prince's paragon<sup>3</sup> esteemed,  
 He was unware surprised in subtle bands<sup>4</sup>  
 Of the blind Boy ; ne thence could be redeemed  
 By any skill out of his cruel hands ;  
 Caught like the bird which, gazing still on others, stands.

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,  
 Ne any will had thence to move away,  
 Although his quest were far afore him gone :  
 But after he had fed, yet did he stay  
 And sate there still, until the flying day  
 Was far forth spent, discoursing diversely  
 Of sundry things as fell, to work delay ;  
 And evermore his speech he did apply  
 To the herds, but meant them to the Damsel's fantasy.

By this, the moisty night, approaching fast,  
 Her dewy humour gan on the earth to shed ;  
 That warned the shepherds to their homes to haste  
 Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,  
 For fear of wetting them before their bed.  
 Then came to them a good old aged Sire,  
 Whose silver locks bedecked his beard and head,  
 With shepherd's hook in hand, and fit attire,  
 That willed the Damsel rise, the day did now expire.

He was, to weet, by common voice esteemed  
 The Father of the fairest Pastorell,  
 And of herself in very deed so deemed ;  
 Yet was not so ; but, as old stories tell,  
 Found her by fortune, which to him befell,

<sup>1</sup> Keeper of cattle.    <sup>2</sup> Demeanour.    <sup>3</sup> Companion, equal.    <sup>4</sup> Bonds.



In the open fields, an Infant left alone ;  
 And, taking up, brought home and nursèd well  
 As his own child ; for other he had none ;  
 That she in tract of time accounted was his own.  
*Book VI. Canto IX.*

## PROCESSION OF THE MONTHS.

These,<sup>1</sup> marching softly, thus in order went ;  
 And after them the Months all riding came.  
 First, sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent  
 And armèd strongly, rode upon a Ram,  
 The same which over Hellespontus swam ;  
 Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,<sup>2</sup>  
 And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,<sup>3</sup>  
 Which on the earth he strowèd as he went,  
 And filled her womb with fruitful hope of nourishment.

Next came fresh April, full of lustihead,  
 And wanton as a kid whose horn new buds :  
 Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led  
 Europa floating through the Argolick floods :  
 His horns were gilden all with golden studs,  
 And garnishèd with garlands goodly dight<sup>4</sup>  
 Of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds  
 Which the earth brings forth ; and wet he seemèd in sight  
 With waves, through which he waded for his love's delight.

Then came fair May, the fairest maid on ground,  
 Decked all with dainties of her season's pride,  
 And throwing flowers out of her lap around :  
 Upon two brethrens' shoulders she did ride,  
 The Twins of Leda ; which on either side  
 Supported her like to their sovereign Queen :  
 Lord ! how all creatures laughed when her they spied,  
 And leapt and danced as they had ravished been !  
 And Cupid self about her fluttered all in green.

And after her came jolly June, arrayed  
 All in green leaves, as he a Player were ;  
 Yet in his time he wrought as well as played,  
 That by his plough-irons mote<sup>5</sup> right well appear.  
 Upon a Crab he rode, that him did bear  
 With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pace,  
 And backward yode,<sup>6</sup> as bargemen wont to fare<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Seasons.<sup>2</sup> Held.<sup>3</sup> Together.<sup>4</sup> Made.<sup>5</sup> Might.<sup>6</sup> Went.<sup>7</sup> Go.

Bending their force contráry to their face ;  
Like that ungracious crew which feigns demurest grace.

Then came hot July, boiling like to fire,  
That all his garments he had cast away.  
Upon a Lion raging yet with ire  
He boldly rode, and made him to obey :  
It was the beast that whilom did forray  
The Nemæan forest, till th' Amphytrionide  
Him slew, and with his hide did him array.  
Behind his back a scythe, and by his side  
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

The sixth was August, being rich arrayed  
In garment all of gold down to the ground ;  
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely maid  
Forth by the lily hand, the which was crowned  
With ears of corn, and full her hand was found :  
That was the righteous Virgin,<sup>1</sup> which of old  
Lived here on earth, and plenty made abound ;  
But after wrong was loved, and justice sold,  
She left the unrighteous world, and was to heaven extolled.

Next him September marchèd, eke on foot,  
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoil  
Of harvest's riches, which he made his boot,<sup>2</sup>  
And him enriched with bounty of the soil :  
In his one hand, as fit for harvest's toil,  
He held a knife-hook ; and in the other hand  
A Pair of Weights, with which he did assoil<sup>3</sup>  
Both more and less, where it in doubt did stand,  
And equal gave to each as Justice duly scanned.

Then came October, full of merry glee ;  
For yet his noule was totty of the must,<sup>4</sup>  
Which he was treading in the wine-vats' see,<sup>5</sup>  
And of the joyous oil, whose gentle gust<sup>6</sup>  
Made him so frolic and so full of lust :  
Upon a dreadful Scorpion he did ride,  
The same which by Diana's doom unjust  
Slew great Orion ; and eke by his side  
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tied.

<sup>1</sup> Astræa.<sup>2</sup> Booty.<sup>3</sup> Determine.<sup>4</sup> For his head was still shaky (tottering) with the new wine.<sup>5</sup> Liquor in the vats.<sup>6</sup> Taste.

Next was November : he full games and fro  
 As ~~set~~ with hard, and that night well might seem ;  
 For he had been a-fighting bogs of mire,  
 That yet his brows with sweat did reek and sear,  
 And yet the season was full sharp and green :  
 In plucking rice he took no small delight.  
 Whereto he rode not easy was to deem ;  
 For in a dreadful Canoe<sup>1</sup> was in sight,  
 The wheel of Saturn and fair Nais, Caron high<sup>2</sup>

And after him came next the chill December :  
 Yet he, through merry feasting which he made  
 And great bonfires, did not the cold remember ;  
 His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad.  
 Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,  
 The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender years,  
 They say, was nourished by the Idæan maid ;  
 And in his hand a broad deep bowl he bears,  
 Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peers.

Then came old January, wrapped well  
 In many weeds to keep the cold away ;  
 Yet did he quake and quiver, like to quell,<sup>3</sup>  
 And blow his nails to warm them if he may ;  
 For they were numbed with holding all the day  
 An hatchet keen, with which he felled wood  
 And from the trees did lop the needless spray :  
 Upon an huge great earth-pot stone he stood,  
 From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Roman  
 flood.<sup>4</sup>

And lastly came cold February, sitting  
 In an old waggon, for he could not ride,  
 Drawn of two fishes, for the season fitting,  
 Which through the flood before did softly slide  
 And swim away : yet had he by his side  
 His plough and harness fit to till the ground,  
 And tools to prune the trees, before the pride  
 Of hasting Prime<sup>5</sup> did make them burgeon<sup>6</sup> round.  
 So passed the twelve Months forth, and their due places  
 found. *Book VII. Canto VII.*

<sup>1</sup> Boisterous.

<sup>4</sup> Aquarius, a sign of the Zodiac, was represented with a water-pot of stone,  
 from which flowed the river Po.

<sup>2</sup> Called.

<sup>5</sup> Spring.

<sup>3</sup> Perish.

<sup>6</sup> To bud.

## SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

(1552-1618.)

IN the pastoral poem of *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* Spenser thus describes a visit paid to him at Kilcolman Castle, in 1590, by his friend Sir Walter Raleigh :—

“One day, quoth he, I sat, as was my trade,  
Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hoar,  
Keeping my sheep amongst the coolly shade  
Of the green alders, by the Mulla's shore.  
There a strange shepherd chanced to find me out ;  
Whether allured with my pipe's delight,  
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,  
Or thither led by chance, I know not right :  
Whom when I asked from what place he came,  
And how he hight, himself he did yclepe  
The Shepherd of the Ocean by name ;  
And said he came far from the main sea deep.  
He, sitting me beside in that same shade,  
Provokèd me to play some pleasant fit ;  
And, when he heard the musick which I made,  
He found himself full greatly pleased at it :  
Yet, emuling<sup>1</sup> my pipe, he took in hond  
My pipe, before that emulèd of many,  
And played thereon ; for well that skill he conned ;<sup>2</sup>  
Himself as skilful in that art as any.  
He piped, I sung ; and when he sung, I piped ;  
By change of turns, each making other merry ;  
Neither envying other, nor envied,  
So piped we, until we both were weary.”

Of the verses which entitled Raleigh to be thus included among the poets of the day, with the curiously fitting epithet of “Shepherd of the Ocean,” only a few authentic specimens remain. Scattered, in the first instance, anonymously in manuscripts or printed miscellanies, they were not systematically collected until 1715. The complete works of Raleigh, including the *History of the World*, written during his imprisonment in the Tower (1603-1615), and a number of prose

<sup>1</sup> Emulating.<sup>2</sup> Knew.

treatises, one of which, called *The Cabinet Council*, was edited in 1658 by John Milton, were published at Oxford in eight 8vo volumes in 1829. This is the present standard edition. In the last of the eight Oxford octavos, and in less than forty pages of it, are contained the forty short poems on miscellaneous subjects attributed, with tolerable certainty, to Raleigh. So small a quantity of verse cannot be regarded as adequately representing the man's genius and power in literature. His life was one of the busiest and fullest of results on record. From his youth he was a sailor, a warrior, and a courtier; but he was also a student. Aubrey relates that "he studied most in his sea voyages, when he carried always a trunk of books along with him, and had nothing to divert him." From the same source we learn that the companions of his youth "were boisterous blades, but generally those that had wit." The famous Mermaid Club, frequented by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and the other "wits" of the day, was founded by Raleigh; who, through his whole life, had a strong sympathy with literature and learning. His verses are vigorous and original, full of splendid courage and a proud impetuosity. The prevailing tone is one of scorn at the world's meanness; and the scraps of verse written in prison, shortly before his execution in 1618, are as brave and as scornful as any he had ever dashed from his pen in more fortunate days. It is, however, in his prose writings that we must look for the fullest evidence of Raleigh's genius, of his varied learning, and his intimate experience of life and men.

#### THE SHEPHERD TO HIS FLOWERS.

Sweet Violets, Love's paradise, that spread  
 Your gracious odours, which you couchèd bear  
     Within your paly faces,  
 Upon the gentle wing of some calm breathing wind  
     That plays amidst the plain!  
 If, by the favour of propitious stars, you gain  
 Such grace as in my lady's bosom place to find,  
     Be proud to touch those places!  
 And when her warmth your moisture forth doth wear,  
     Whereby her dainty parts are sweetly fed,

You, honours of the flowery meads, I pray,  
You pretty daughters of the earth and sun,  
With mild and seemly breathing straight display  
My bitter sighs, that have my heart undone.

## A PILGRIM TO HEAVEN IN SEARCH OF JUSTICE.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,  
My staff of faith to walk upon,  
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,  
My bottle of salvation,  
My gown of glory, Hope's true gage,  
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage !

Blood must be my body's balmer,  
No other balm will here be given,  
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,  
Travels to the Land of Heaven,  
Over all the silver mountains,  
Where dō spring those nectar fountains.

And I there will sweetly kiss  
The happy bowl of peaceful bliss,  
Drinking mine eternal fill,  
Flowing on each milky hill.  
My soul will be a-dry before ;  
But, after, it will thirst no more.

In that happy peaceful day,  
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see ;  
That have cast off their rags of clay,  
And walk apparelled fresh, like me.  
I'll take them first  
To slake their thirst,  
And then to taste of nectar suckets,  
At those clear wells  
Where sweetness dwells,  
Drawn up by Saints in crystal buckets.

And, when our bottles, and all we,  
Are filled with immortality,  
Then those holy paths we'll travel,  
Strewed with rubies thick as gravel :  
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,  
High walls of coral, and pearly doors.

From thence to Heaven's bribeless Hall,  
 Where no corrupted voices brawl,  
 No conscience molten unto gold,  
 No forged accuser bought or sold,  
 No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,  
 For there Christ is the King's Attorney :

Who pleads for all without degrees,  
 And he hath *angels*,<sup>1</sup> but no fees.  
 And, when the grand twelve million jury  
 Of our sins, with direful fury  
 'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,  
 Christ pleads His death, and then we live.

Be Thou my speaker, taintless pleader,  
 Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder !  
 Thou giv'st salvation even for alms,  
 Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.

Then this is mine eternal plea  
 To him that made Heaven, Earth and Sea :—  
 Seeing my flesh must die so soon,  
 And want a head to dine next noon,  
 Just at the stroke of death, my arms being spread,  
 Set on my soul an everlasting head :  
 So shall I ready, like a palmer fit,  
 Tread those blest paths shown in Thy holy writ.

Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,  
 Who oft doth think must needs die well.

#### THE FAREWELL.<sup>2</sup>

Go, Soul, the body's guest,  
 Upon a thankless errand ;  
 Fear not to touch the best,  
 The truth shall be thy warrant.  
 Go, since I needs must die,  
 And give them all the lie.

Go, tell the Court it glows  
 And shines like painted wood ;  
 Go, tell the Church it shews  
 What's good, but does no good :

<sup>1</sup> A coin.

<sup>2</sup> This poem exists in a MS. collection of poems in the British Museum, of the date 1596. It was printed with alterations in "Davison's Rhapsody" in 1608.

If Court and Church reply,  
Give Court and Church the lie.

Tell Potentates, they live  
Acting, but O their actions !  
Not loved unless they give,  
Nor strong but by their factions :  
If Potentates reply,  
Give Potentates the lie.

Tell Men of high condition  
That rule affairs of state,  
Their purpose is ambition,  
Their practice only hate.  
And if they do reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,  
They beg for more by spending  
Who, in their greatest cost,  
Seek nothing but commending.  
And if they make reply,  
Spare not to give the lie.

Tell Zeal, it lacks devotion,  
Tell Love, it is but lust,  
Tell Time, it is but motion,  
Tell Flesh, it is but dust :  
And wish them not reply,  
For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age, it daily wasteth,  
Tell Honour, how it alters,  
Tell Beauty, how it blasteth,  
Tell Favour that she flatters :  
And as they do reply,  
Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles  
In fickle points of niceness ;  
Tell Wisdom she entangles  
Herself in over-wiseness ;  
And if they do reply,  
Then give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness,  
Tell Skill, it is pretension,



Tell Charity of coldness,  
 Tell Law, it is contention :  
 And if they yield reply,  
 Then give them still the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness,  
 But vary by esteeming ;  
 Tell Schools they want profoundness,  
 And stand too much on seeming :  
 If Arts and Schools reply,  
 Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell Faith it's fled the city ;  
 Tell how the country erreth ;  
 Tell, Manhood shakes off pity,  
 Tell, Virtue least preferreth :  
 And if they do reply,  
 Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I  
 Commanded thee, done blabbing,  
 Although to give the lie  
 Deserves no less than stabbing,  
 Yet, stab at thee who will,  
 No stab the Soul can kill.

#### ON THE SNUFF OF A CANDLE.

THE NIGHT BEFORE HE DIED.

Cowards fear to die ; but courage stout,  
 Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.

#### THE POET'S EPITAPH.<sup>1</sup>

Even such is Time, that takes on trust  
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
 And pays us but with age and dust :  
 Who, in the dark and silent grave,  
 When we have wandered all our ways,  
 Shuts up the story of our days.  
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
 The Lord shall raise me up, I trust !

<sup>1</sup> In some copies this is entitled "Verses said to have been found in his Bible in the Gate-house at Westminster." Archbishop Sancroft, who transcribed the lines, called them his "Epitaph made by himself, and given to one of his, the night before his suffering."—(Oxford Edition, vol. viii. p. 729.)

## SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

(1554-1586.)

PHILIP SIDNEY, eldest son of Sir Henry Sidney, was born at Penshurst in Kent. His father, in whose arms, it is said, the young Edward VI. drew his last breath, filled during many years of Elizabeth's reign the double post of Lord Deputy of Ireland and President of the Welsh Marches, and died in 1586, only a few weeks before the death of his son. On his mother's side, Sidney was a grandson of the Earl of Warwick, and nephew of the Earl of Leicester. He was educated at Oxford, but quitted the University at seventeen; and by the time he was four and twenty he was recognised as one of Elizabeth's 'ablest and most trustworthy statesmen. Much of his brief life was spent in political and diplomatic business. His fortunes were linked with those of Leicester, his uncle and patron, and it was in the years 1580-83, during a period of retirement from court, when Leicester's private marriage had incensed the Queen, that Sidney's principal literary works were accomplished. In these years he wrote *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, a prose romance after the manner of Sannazaro, and interspersed with pastoral verses; also a valuable prose treatise called *Apologie for Poetrie*. His series of sonnets entitled *Astrophel and Stella*, of which Lady Rich was the real or assumed object, were probably also complete before 1583, in which year he married Frances Walsingham, and was knighted by the Queen. Sidney sat in the parliament which met during 1584 and 1585, advocating with his party a policy of active war against Philip of Spain. His project of joining Drake in an expedition against the Spaniards in the West Indies was set aside by the Queen; and in 1586 he took a command under the Earl of Leicester in the War in the Netherlands. His death occurred in the autumn of the same year from wounds received at the Assault of Zutphen. He was then only thirty-two years of age.

The high esteem in which Sidney's verses were held among his contemporaries was due chiefly to the scholarly

and methodic grace of his style. He made style a subject of study and experiment as none of our writers had till then attempted to do, and he became at an early age the centre of a group, or school, of purists in literature, young men of his own age and tastes, who gladly acknowledged him as their leader and patron. Another source of Sidney's influence was his eminently loveable and sympathetic disposition; while his premature death left a generation, still young enough to be enthusiastic, to remember his generous acts of patronage, his refined companionships and unrealised aspirations. The *Arcadia*, together with the *Shepherd's Calendar* of Spenser, dedicated by its author, in 1579, "to the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and chevalrie, Maister Philip Sidney," established the popularity of pastoral composition in England. Some of Sidney's sonnets are models of grace, both in thought and expression; but the most faultless of them are not free from a certain cold fastidiousness. Among his songs will be found measures of surpassing sweetness.

#### FROM ASTROPHEL AND STELLA.<sup>1</sup>

##### NOT AT FIRST SIGHT.

Not at the first sight, nor with a dribbed<sup>2</sup> shot  
 Love gave the wound, which, while I breathe, will bleed;  
 But known worth did in mine of time proceed,  
 Till, by degrees, it had full conquest got.  
 I saw, and liked; I liked, but loved not;  
 I loved, but straight did not what Love decreed:  
 At length, to Love's decrees I, forced, agreed,  
 Yet with repining at so partial lot.  
 Now, even that footstep of lost liberty  
 Is gone; and now, like slave-born Muscovite,  
 I call it praise to suffer tyranny;  
 And now employ the remnant of my wit  
 To make myself believe that all is well,  
 While, with a feeling skill, I paint my hell.

<sup>1</sup> Published first in 1591.

<sup>2</sup> A term used in archery: its exact sense is lost, but the context suggests "with a weak, ineffectual, shot."

## TO THE MOON.

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies !  
 How silently, and with how wan a face !  
 What, may it be that even in heavenly place  
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries ?  
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes  
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case !  
 I read it in thy looks ; thy languished grace,  
 To me that feel the like, thy state describes.<sup>1</sup>  
 Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me :  
 Is constant love deemed there but want of wit ?  
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?  
 Do they above love to be loved, and yet  
 Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess :  
 Do they call virtue there ungratefulness ?

## THE UNKIND GUEST.

This night, while Sleep begins with heavy wings  
 To hatch<sup>2</sup> mine eyes, and that unbitted thought  
 Doth fall to stray, and my chief powers are brought  
 To leave the sceptre of all subject things ;  
 The first that straight my fancy's error brings  
 Unto my mind is Stella's image, wrought  
 By Love's own self, but with so curious drought,  
 That she, methinks, not only shines but sings.  
 I start, look, hark ; but what in closed-up sense  
 Was held, in opened sense it flies away,  
 Leaving me nought but wailing eloquence.  
 I, seeing better sights in sight's decay,  
 Called it anew, and woo'd Sleep again ;  
 But him, her host, that unkind guest had slain.

## A SONG.

Go, my flock, go, get you hence,  
 Seek a better place of feeding,  
 Where you may have some defence  
 Fro the storms in my heart breeding,  
 And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

Leave a wretch in whom all wo  
 Can abide to keep no measure ;  
 Merry flock, such one forego,

<sup>1</sup> Points out.<sup>2</sup> Close.

Unto whom mirth is displeasure,  
Only rich in mischief's treasure.

Yet, alas, before you go,  
Hear your woful master's story,  
Which to stones I else would show :  
Sorrow only then hath glory  
When 'tis excellently sorry.

Stella, fiercest shepherdess,  
Fiercest, but yet fairest ever ;  
Stella, whom, O heavens still bless,  
Though against me she persèver,  
Though I bliss inherit never ;

Stella hath refusèd me !  
Stella, who more love hath provèd  
In this caitiff heart to be,  
Then can in good ewes be movèd  
To-ward lambkins best belovèd.

Stella hath refused me !  
Astrophel, that so well servèd,  
In this pleasant Spring must see,  
While in pride flowers be preservèd,  
Himself only winter-stervèd.<sup>1</sup>

Why, alas, doth she then swear  
That she loveth me so dearly,  
Seeing me so long to bear  
Coals of love that burn so clearly,  
And yet leave me helpless merely ?

Is that love ? forsooth, I trow,  
If I saw my good dog grievèd,  
And a help for him did know,  
My love should not be believèd,  
But<sup>2</sup> he were by me relievèd.

No, she hates me, well-away,  
Feigning love somewhat, to please me ;  
For she knows, if she display  
All her hate, death soon would seize me,  
And of hideous torments ease me.

<sup>1</sup> Destroyed.

<sup>2</sup> Unless.

Then adieu, dear flock, adieu ;  
 But, alas, if in your straying  
 Heavenly Stella meet with you,  
 Tell her in your piteous blaying,  
 Her poor slave's unjust decaying.

---

FROM SIDERA.<sup>1</sup>

"LOVE IS DEAD."

Ring out your bells, let mourning shews be spread ;  
 For Love is dead :

    All Love is dead, infected  
 With plague of deep disdain :  
     Worth, as nought worth, rejected,  
 And Faith fair scorn doth gain.  
     From so ungrateful fancy,  
     From such a female franzy,<sup>2</sup>  
     From them that use men thus,  
     Good Lord, deliver us !

Weep, neighbours, weep ; do you not hear it said  
 That Love is dead ?

    His death-bed, peacock's folly ;  
 His winding-sheet is shame ;  
     His will, false-seeming holy ;  
 His sole executor, blame.  
     From so ungrateful fancy,  
     From such a female franzy,  
     From them that use men thus,  
     Good Lord, deliver us !

Let dirge be sung, and trentals<sup>3</sup> rightly read,  
 For Love is dead ;

    Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth  
 My mistress' marble heart ;  
     Which epitaph containeth,  
*Her eyes were once his dart.*

A name given by Mr. Grosart to a set of poems first printed in an edition of *Arcadia*, 1598, and entitled in all the after folios *Certaine Sonets*. The *Sidera* is meant to express an apparent relation of this series to that of *ophel* and *Stella*.

An effeminate frenzy.

Services of thirty masses, usually celebrated upon thirty successive days, he dead.

From so ungrateful fancy,  
 From such a female franzy,  
 From them that use men thus,  
 Good Lord, deliver us !

Alas, I lie ; rage hath this error bred ;  
 Love is not dead ;  
     Love is not dead, but sleepeth  
 In his unmatched mind,  
     Where she his counsel keepeth,  
 Till due deserts she find :  
     Therefore from so vile fancy,  
     To call such wit a franzy,  
     Who Love can temper thus,  
 Good Lord, deliver us !

FROM THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE'S  
 ARCADIA.<sup>1</sup>

ON DYING.

Since Nature's works be good, and death doth serve  
 As Nature's work, why should we fear to die ?  
 Since fear is vain but when it may preserve,  
 Why should we fear that which we cannot fly ?  
 Fear is more pain than is the pain it fears,  
 Disarming human minds of native might ;  
 While each conceit an ugly figure bears,  
 Which were not evil well viewed in reason's light.  
 Our only eyes, which dimmed with passions be,  
 And scarce discern the dawn of coming day,  
 Let them be cleared, and now begin to see  
 Our life is but a step in dusty way :  
 Then let us hold the bliss of peaceful mind ;  
 Since this we feel, great loss we cannot find.

<sup>1</sup> First printed in 1590.

## JOHN LYLY.

(1554 ?-1601.)

LYLY was a native of Kent. He received his education at Oxford, and was one of the most popular writers in Elizabeth's reign. His principal work was a prose romance called *Euphues*, published in two parts, in 1579 and 1580. He also wrote nine plays, in which some songs occur. Lyly was obsequiously followed by other writers as a master of style. His literary mannerisms were adopted in England among all classes of educated persons, and were in favour with the Queen herself and her court. The name of his book has passed as an abstract term into our language; but the book itself is no longer read, and the "Euphuistic" method of expression is known to most of us in these days only through the caricatures of it which Shakespeare, Scott, and other writers have produced. Lyly's songs, about a score in all, are graceful, and one or two of them may help us to realise the popularity of their author, whose plays we are told were often acted "before Queen Elizabeth by the Children of her Majesty's Chapel, and the Children of Paul's," or in presence of a less select audience at Blackfriars Theatre.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.<sup>1</sup>

Cupid and my Campaspe played  
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid;  
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,  
His Mother's doves, and team of sparrows;  
Loses them too; then down he throws  
The coral of his lip, the rose  
Growing on his cheek, but none knows how;  
With these, the crystal of his brow;  
And then the dimple of his chin;  
All these did my Campaspe win.  
At last, he set her both his eyes;  
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
O Love! has she done this to thee?  
What shall, alas! become of me?

<sup>1</sup> From the play of *Campaspe*, 1584.



THE SONG OF BIRDS.<sup>1</sup>

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?  
 O 'tis the ravished Nightingale!  
*Jug-jug! jug-jug! tereu!* she cries  
 And still her woes at midnight rise.

Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?  
 None but the Lark so shrill and clear;  
 At Heaven's gate she claps her wings,  
 The morn not waking till she sings.

Hark, hark! with what a pretty throat  
 Poor Robin Redbreast tunes his note;  
 Hark how the jolly Cuckoos sing,  
*Cuckoo!* to welcome in the spring!  
*Cuckoo!* to welcome in the spring!

VULCAN'S SONG.<sup>2</sup>

My shag-hair Cyclops, come let's ply  
 Our Lemnian hammers lustily.  
 By my wife's sparrows,  
 I swear these arrows,  
 Shall singing fly  
 Through many a wanton's eye.

These headed are with golden blisses,  
 These silver ones feathered with kisses;  
 But this of lead  
 Strikes a clown dead,  
 When in a dance  
 He falls in a trance,  
 To see his black-brown lass not buss him,  
 And then whines out for Death to untruss him.

## NICHOLAS BRETON.

(1555-1624.)

THE life of this writer spanned the reigns of both Elizabeth and James. He composed a considerable quantity both of prose and verse; and, although nothing that he wrote was much above mediocrity, he was decidedly a popular favourite.

<sup>1</sup> Also from *Campaspe*.<sup>2</sup> From *Sappho and Phaon*, 1584.

*The Wit of Wit, Wit's Wit, or Wit's Wit, Chuse you whether*, a collection of prose pieces intermixed with verses, written in or before 1582, had been printed five times by 1606. To the *Melancholie Humours*, published in 1600, were prefixed some eulogistic lines by Ben Jonson, then twenty-six years old, and reverencing his senior Breton as "a mind attired in perfect strains." *The Soul's Harmony*, 1602, is a collection of "Comfortable Meditations," originally distinct sonnets and songs, but bound up by the poet in one consecutive poem and entitled *The Harmony of the Soul*, "who," he says, "in the gracious thoughts of God's blessing and humble talk with His mercy, thinks herself half in heaven ere she come there." Five of Breton's shorter pieces appeared in the *Phoenix Nest*, 1593, and eight in *England's Helicon*, 1600. A complete Edition of his works is now being edited by Mr. Grosart for the Chertsey Worthies' Library.

PHILLIDA AND CORIDON.<sup>1</sup>

In the merry month of May,  
 In a morn by break of day,  
 Forth I walked by the woodside,  
 Whenas<sup>2</sup> May was in his pride.  
 There I spied, all alone,  
 Phillida and Coridon.

Much ado there was, God wot !  
 He would love, and she would not ;  
 She said, " never man was true ;"  
 He said, " none was false to you ;"  
 He said, he had loved her long ;  
 She said, " Love shall have no wrong."

Coridon would kiss her then ;  
 She said, " maids must kiss no men  
 Till they did for good and all :"  
 Then she made the shepherd call  
 All the heavens to witness truth,  
 " Never loved a truer youth !"

Thus, with many a pretty oath,  
 Yea and nay, and faith and troth,

<sup>1</sup> From *England's Helicon*, 1600.<sup>2</sup> When.

Such as silly shepherds use  
 When they will not Love abuse,  
 Love, which had been long deluded,  
 Was with kisses sweet concluded ;  
 And Phillida, with garlands gay,  
 Was made the Lady of the May.

## FROM THE SOUL'S HARMONY.

## THE SOUL'S HEAVEN.

The worldly prince doth in his Sceptre hold  
 A kind of Heaven in his authorities ;  
 The wealthy miser in his mass of gold  
 Makes to his soul a kind of Paradise ;  
 The epicure that eats and drinks all day  
 Accounts no Heaven but in his hellish routs ;  
 And she, whose beauty seems a sunny day,  
 Makes up her Heaven but in her baby-clouds.<sup>1</sup>  
 But, my sweet God, I seek no prince's power,  
 No miser's wealth, nor beauty's fading gloss ;  
 Which pamper sin, whose sweets are inward sour,  
 And sorry gain that breed the spirit's loss.  
 No, my dear Lord, let *my* Heaven only be  
 In my Love's service but to live to Thee !

## FROM MELANCHOLY HUMOURS.

## A POET'S COMPLAINT OF HIS POVERTY.

While epicures are over-glut, I lie and starve for food ;  
 Because my conscience cannot thrive upon ill-gotten good. . . .  
 Some have their houses stately built and gorgeous to behold,  
 While in a cottage bare and poor I bide the bitter cold.  
 Some have their chariots and their horse to bear them to  
 and fro,  
 While I am glad to walk on foot, and glad I can do so. . . .  
 They, like the wielders of the world, command and have  
 their will.  
 While I, a weakling in the world, am slave to sorrow still.  
 The owl, that makes the night her day, delights yet in the  
 dark ;  
 But I am forced to play the owl, that have been bred a lark.

<sup>1</sup> Childish rags.

The eagle from the lowest vale can mount the lofty sky ;  
 But I am fallen down from the hill, and in the vale must  
     die. . . .  
 The horse, the ox, the silly ass, that tug out all the day,  
 At night come home and take their rest, and lay their work  
     away ;  
 While my poor heart, both day and night, in passions over-  
     toiled,  
 By over-labour of my brain doth find my spirit spoiled.  
 The winds do blow away the clouds that would obscure the  
     sun ;  
 And how all glorious is the sky, when once the storms are  
     done !  
 But in the heaven of my heart's hope, where my love's light  
     doth shine,  
 I nothing see but clouds of cares, or else my sun decline.  
 The earth is watered, smoothed, and drest, to keep her  
     gardens gay ;  
 While my poor heart in woeful thoughts must wither all  
     away. . . .  
 So that I see each bird and beast, the sea, the earth, the  
     sky,  
 All sometime in their pleasure live, while I alone must die.

## FROM THE WILL OF WIT.

THE SONG OF CARE.<sup>1</sup>

Come, all the world, submit yourselves to Care,  
 And him acknowledge for your chiefest king ;  
 With whom no king or raiser may compare,  
 Who bears so great a sway in everything :  
 At home, abroad, in peace, and eke in war,  
 Care chiefly stands ; to either make or mar.

The court he keeps is in a wise conceit,<sup>2</sup>  
 His house a head where reason rules the wit,  
 His seat the heart that hateth all deceit,  
 His bed the brain that feels no frantic fit,  
 His diet is the cates<sup>3</sup> of sweet content,—  
 Thus is his life in heavenly pleasure spent.

<sup>1</sup> "Care" is a personified virtue, offspring of Wisdom and Devise (another word for forethought or good sense), whose mission it is "to glean the good from ill," and "to comfort Misery." "Care," says Wit to Will, "is both a curse and a comfort ; all is in the use of it. Care is such a thing as has a great a-do in all things ; why, Care is a king in his kind. Did you never hear my discourse of Care in verse ?" and proceeds to rehearse the same to his friend Will.

<sup>2</sup> Concept, thinking.

<sup>3</sup> Dainties.

His kingdom is the whole world round about,  
 Sorrow his sword to such as do rebel,  
 His counsel wisdom that decides each doubt,  
 His skill fore-sight, of things to come to tell;  
 His chief delight is studies of devise<sup>1</sup>  
 To keep his subjects out of miseries.

Oh courteous king, oh high and mighty Care,  
 What shall I write in honour of thy name?  
 But to the world, by due desert,<sup>2</sup> declare  
 Thy royal state and thy immortal fame.  
 Then so I end as I at first begun,  
 Care is the king of kings, when all is done.

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THOMAS LODGE.

(1556?-1625.)

THOMAS LODGE was the son of a grocer who was at one time Lord Mayor of London. He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, and afterwards led a life of varied occupation and adventure. At successive periods he studied law in Lincoln's Inn, joined in two privateering expeditions to the Pacific, earned his living in London as an actor, and studied physic at Avignon. There he graduated as Doctor in Medicine; and finally he established himself as a Roman Catholic physician in London, with a considerable practice among his co-religionists. He died of the Plague in 1625. Lodge's literary works comprised both verse and prose. He wrote two dramas, one of them in company with Greene; a series of *Pastoral Sonnets* to Phyllis, published in 1593; also *Satires* in prose, and *Histories*, being stories in both prose and verse. The plot of Shakespeare's *As You Like It* is found in Lodge's pastoral tale of Rosalind, written during one of his voyages, and published in London in 1592. This was a prose idyll, with songs and sonnets interspersed, and had the following fanciful title:—

ROSALYNDE. EUPHUES' GOLDEN LEGACIE: found after his Death in his Cell at Silexandra. Bequeathed to Philautus Sonnes, noursed up with their Father in England. Fetcht from the Canaries by T. L. Gent.

<sup>1</sup> See note 1, p. 285.

<sup>2</sup> According to desert.

FROM EUPHUES' GOLDEN LEGACY.<sup>1</sup>

## ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL.

Love in my bosom like a bee  
Doth suck his sweet :  
Now with his wings he plays with me,  
Now with his feet.  
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,  
His bed amidst my tender breast,  
My kisses are his daily feast,  
And yet he robs me of my rest.  
Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he  
With pretty flight,  
And makes his pillow of my knee  
The live long night.  
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string ;  
He music plays if so I sing ;  
He lends me every lovely thing ;  
Yet, cruel, he my heart doth sting :  
Whist, wanton, still ye !

Else I with roses every day  
Will whip you hence,  
And bind you, when you long to play,  
For your offence.  
I'll shut my eyes to keep you in,  
I'll make you fast it for your sin,  
I'll count your power not worth a pin :  
Alas, what hereby shall I win,  
If he gainsay me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy  
With many a rod ?  
He will repay me with annoy,  
Because a god.  
Then sit thou safely on my knee,  
And let thy bower my bosom be ;  
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee ;  
O Cupid, so thou pity me,  
Spare not, but play thee.

[included in Mr. J. P. Collier's "Shakespeare's Library," a collection of unces, etc., used by Shakespeare as the foundation of his dramas.

## ROSALIND.

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,  
 Refining heaven by every wink ;  
 The gods do fear whenas<sup>1</sup> they glow,  
 And I do tremble when I think :  
     Heigh-ho, would she were mine !

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud  
 That beautifies Aurora's face,  
 Or like the silver-crimson shroud  
 That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace :  
     Heigh-ho, fair Rosalind !

Her lips are like two budded roses  
 Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,  
 Within which bounds she balm incloses,  
 Apt to entice a deity :  
     Heigh-ho, would she were mine !

Her neck, like to a stately tower,  
 Where Love himself imprisoned lies,  
 To watch for glances every hour  
 From her divine and sacred eyes :  
     Heigh-ho, fair Rosalind !

## LOVE IN SUMMER-TIME.

The earth, late choked with showers,  
 Is now arrayed in green ;  
 Her bosom springs with flowers,  
 The air dissolves her teen ;<sup>2</sup>  
 The heavens laugh at her glory,  
 Yet bide I, sad and sorry !

The woods are decked with leaves,  
 And trees are clothèd gay,  
 And Flora, crowned with sheaves,  
 With oaken boughs doth play ;  
 Where I am clad in black,  
     The token of my wrack.

The birds upon the trees  
 Do sing with pleasant voices,  
 And chant in their degrees  
 Their loves and lucky choices ;

<sup>1</sup> When.<sup>2</sup> Sorrow.

When I, whilst they are singing,  
With sighs my arms am wringing.

The thrushes seek the shade,  
And I my fatal grave ;  
Their flight to heaven is made,  
My walk on earth I have ;  
They free, I thrall ; they jolly,  
I sad and pensive wholly.

## TO A BROKEN FLOWER.

Ah, pale and dying infant of the spring,  
How rightly now do I resemble thee !  
That self-same hand that thee from stalk did wring  
Hath rent my breast and robbed my heart from me.

## THOMAS WATSON.

(1557?-1592.)

HE was a Londoner by birth, was educated at Oxford, and became one of the most distinguished sonneteers in Elizabeth's reign. His principal work consisted of a collection of a hundred sonnets expressive of the various phases of sentiment through which a lover may be supposed to glide on his way towards renouncing for ever the heartless object of his affections. Each sonnet is called, after the manner of the time, a "passion," but it is difficult to imagine verses written in a less impassioned mood. The original title of this work was ΕΚΑΤΟΜΗΘΙΑ or *passionate Centurie of Love, Divided into two Parts: whereof the first expresseth the Author's Sufferance in Love; the latter his long Farewell to Love and all his Tyrannie*. Watson was also the author of a later set of sixty sonnets, written upon the same studiously conceitful method as the "Centurie of Love." This last set, published in 1593, was called *The Teares of Fancie, or Love Disdained*.



FROM THE PASSIONATE CENTURY OF LOVE.<sup>1</sup>

## MY BIRD.

My gentle Bird, which sung so sweet of late,  
 Is not like those that fly about by kind ;  
 Her feathers are of gold, she wants a mate,  
 And, knowing well her worth, is proud of mind ;  
 And, whereas some do keep their birds in cage,  
 My Bird keeps me, and rules me as her page.

She feeds mine ear with tunes of rare delight,  
 Mine eye with loving looks, my heart with joy ;  
 Where-hence I think my servitude but light,  
 Although in deed I suffer great annoy.

And sure it is but reason, I suppose,  
 He feel the prick that seeks to pluck the rose.

And who so mad as would not, with his will,  
 Leave liberty and life to hear her sing

Whose voice excels those harmonies that fill  
 Elysian fields where grows eternal spring ?

If mighty Jove should hear what I have heard,  
 She sure were his, and all my market marred.

## FROM THE TEARS OF FANCY,

## IN SPRING.

Behold, dear Mistress, how each pleasant green  
 Will now renew his<sup>2</sup> summer's livery ;  
 The fragrant flowers, which have not long been seen,  
 Will flourish now ere long in bravery.

But I, alas, within whose mourning mind  
 The grafts of grief are only given<sup>3</sup> to grow,  
 Cannot enjoy the spring which others find,  
 But still my will must wither all in woe.

The lusty Ver,<sup>4</sup> that whilom<sup>5</sup> might exchange  
 My grief to joy, and my delight increase,  
 Springs now elsewhere, and shows to me but strange ;  
 My winter's woe, therefore, can never cease.

In other coasts his sun doth clearly shine,  
 And comfort lend to every mould<sup>6</sup> but mine.

<sup>1</sup> First printed in 1582.

<sup>2</sup> Old form of *its*.

<sup>3</sup> That is, "Only the grafts of grief are given."

<sup>4</sup> Spring-time.

<sup>5</sup> Once, formerly.

<sup>6</sup> Tract of earth.

## MY SUN'S ECLIPSE.

Each creature joys Apollo's happy sight,  
 And feed themselves with his fair beams reflecting ;  
 Night-wandering travellers, at Cynthia's sight,  
 Clear up their cloudy thoughts, fond fear rejecting ;  
 But dark disdain eclipsed hath my Sun,  
 Whose shining beams my wandering thoughts were guiding,  
 For want whereof my little world is done,  
 That I unneath<sup>1</sup> can stay my mind from sliding.  
 O happy birds, that at your pleasure may  
 Behold the glorious light of Sol's arrays !  
 Most wretched I, born in some dismal day,  
 That cannot see the beams my Sun displays !  
 My glorious Sun ! in whom all virtue shrouds,  
 That lights the world, but shines to me in clouds.

## WILLIAM WARNER.

(1558-1609.)

WARNER'S birthplace was London. He was born in the year of Elizabeth's accession ; studied at Oxford ; and became by profession an attorney. His poem of *Albion's England*, in thirteen books, was published in 1586, and five successive editions appeared between the years 1586 and 1602. In 1606 he produced a "Continuance" in three books, and the whole work was reprinted after his death in 1612. *Albion's England* may be said to have succeeded the *Mirror for Magistrates* as the most popular poetical work of its period, and was intended, in accordance with a fashion which began to prevail about that time, to combine amusement and information for its readers.

## FROM ALBION'S ENGLAND.

A SHEPHERD'S WOOING.<sup>2</sup>

A country wench, a neat herd's-maid, where Curan kept his  
 sheep  
 Did feed her drove : and now on her was all the shepherd's  
 keep.

<sup>1</sup> Scarcely.<sup>2</sup> From the story of Argentile and Curan, the best and oftenest quoted passage of the whole poem.

He borrowed, on the working days, his holy russets oft,  
 And of the bacon's fat to make his start-ups black and soft  
 And, lest his tar-box should offend, he left it at the fold :  
 Sweet growt or whig<sup>1</sup> his bottle had, as much as it would hold ;  
 A sheave<sup>2</sup> of bread as brown as nut, and cheese as white ~~as~~ <sup>s</sup>

snow,  
 And wildings, or the season's fruit, he did in scrip bestow ;  
 And whilst his pie-bald cur did sleep, and sheep-hook la-  
 him by,

On hollow quills of oaten straw he pipèd melody.  
 But, when he spyèd her, his saint, he wiped his greasy shoes,  
 And cleared the drivell from his beard, and thus the shepherd  
 woos :

"I have, sweet wench, a piece of cheese as good as teeth may  
 chew ;

And bread, and wildings, sowing<sup>3</sup> well : " and therewithal did  
 draw

His lardry.<sup>4</sup> . . . "Faith ! thou art too elvish and too coy :

Am I, I pray thee, beggarly, that such a flock enjoy ?

I wis<sup>5</sup> I am not ; yet, that thou dost hold me in disdain

Is brim<sup>6</sup> abroad, and made a jibe to all that keep this plain.

There be as quaint,<sup>7</sup> at least that think themselves as quaint,  
 that crave

The match which thou, I wot not why, mayst, but mislik'st  
 to have.

How would'st thou match (for well I wot thou art a female) ?  
 Ay,

I know not her that willingly with maidenhead would die.

The plowman's labour hath no end, and he a churl will prove ;

The craftsman hath more work in hand than fitteth unto  
 love ;

The merchant, trafficking abroad, suspects his wife at home ;

A youth will play the wanton, and an old man prove a  
 mome.<sup>8</sup>

Then choose a shepherd ! With the sun he doth his flock  
 unfold,

And all the day on hill or plain he merry chat can hold ;

And with the sun doth fold again ; then, jogging home betime,

He turns a crab, or tunes a round, or sings some merry rhyme ;

Nor lacks he gleeful tales, whilst round the nut-brown bowl  
 doth trot,

And sitteth, singing care away, till he to bed hath got.

There sleeps he soundly all the night, forgetting morrow-  
 cares,

<sup>1</sup> Gruel or whey.

<sup>2</sup> Know.

<sup>3</sup> Loaf or slice.

<sup>6</sup> Bruited.

<sup>5</sup> Victualling.

<sup>7</sup> Particular.

<sup>4</sup> Larder, stock of food.

<sup>8</sup> Mummy, dullard.

Nor fears he blasting of his corn, nor uttering<sup>1</sup> of his wares ;  
 Or storms by sea, or stirrs on land, or crack of credit lost,  
 Nor spending franklier<sup>2</sup> than his flocks shall still defray the  
 cost.

Well wot I sooth they say<sup>3</sup> that say, ' more quiet nights and  
 days

The shepherd sleeps and wakes than he whose cattle he doth  
 graze.'

Believe me, lass, a King is but a man, and so am I ;  
 Content is worth a monarchy, and mischiefs hit the high."

## GEORGE CHAPMAN.

(1559-1634.)

GEORGE CHAPMAN wrote translations, plays, and poems. His first work, the *Shadow of Night*, was published in 1594, when he was thirty-five years of age ; his first play in 1598 ; and the Translation of Homer, his most memorable production, appeared in instalments between the years 1598 and 1625. Thus it may be said that his literary life was almost wholly included in James's reign. While studying at the Universities, both of which he attended, he became completely enamoured of classical literature, abandoned all other learning for it, and made himself in some sense the priest and servant of Homer. He loved to imagine his old hero, blind and benignant, addressing him in dreamy visions.

" ' O thou that, blind, dost see

My heart and soul, what may I reckon thee,  
 Whose heavenly look shows not, nor voice sounds, man ?'

" I am," said he, " that spirit Elysian,  
 That in thy native air, and on the hill  
 Next Hitchin's left hand, did thy bosom fill  
 With such a flood of soul that thou wert fain  
 With exclamations of her rapture then,  
 To vent it to the echoes of the vale ;  
 When, meditating of me, a sweet gale

<sup>1</sup> Crying.<sup>2</sup> More extravagantly.<sup>3</sup> I know well that they speak the truth who say, etc.

Brought me upon thee ; and thou didst inherit  
 My true sense, for the time then, in my spirit ;  
 And I, invisibly, went prompting thee  
 To those fair greens where thou didst English me.' "

In his youth, Chapman had for his contemporaries and fellow-workers Spenser, Sidney, Shakespeare, Daniel, and Marlowe. But he outlived the age of demigods, and, in his later life, was the bosom friend of Inigo Jones. On the occasion of a royal marriage in 1613, Chapman supplied the words of a court masque for which Inigo Jones constructed the scene-work ; and, when Chapman died, old and respectable, in 1634, it was still this artistic friend who was ready with the last tribute, by his own care and charge erecting a monument above the poet's grave in St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, "built," says Wood, "after the way of the old Romans." Among the non-dramatic works of Chapman were *The Shadow of Night*, 1594 ; *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*, 1595 ; the completing portion of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1598 ; *The Tears of Peace*, dedicated to Prince Henry, 1609 ; and some occasional poems. His original poetry yields less than the average quantity of passages notable for the quality of beauty. His style was exceptionally lumbrous, involved, and pedantic ; he abounded in allegory and metaphor, but wanted the light grace with which many of even his smaller contemporaries so skilfully flung their fancies into the air of song. He regarded poesy as a "divine discipline" rather than a pastime or a delight, and was proud of the obscurity of his thoughts, likening them to rich minerals "digged out of the bowels of the earth."<sup>1</sup> But Chapman's vindication of his own methods was not ungrounded. There is a majesty in his verse and a wealth of words and imagery not to be found in any but his greatest contemporaries ; and in his most elevated mood he appears dignified, self-reliant, reflective, and, above all, conspicuously honest.

<sup>1</sup> Prefatory dedication of *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*

FROM THE SHADOW OF NIGHT.

OF NIGHT.

Rich-tapered sanctuary of the blest,  
 Palace of ruth, made all of tears and rest !  
 To thy black shades and desolation  
 I consecrate my life and living moan :  
 Where furies shall for ever fighting be,  
 And adders hiss the world for hating me,  
 Foxes shall bark, night-ravens belch in groans,  
 And owls shall halloo my confusions ;  
 There will I furnish up my funeral bed,  
 Strewed with the bones and relics of the dead :  
 Atlas shall let the Olympic burthen fall,  
 To cover my untombèd face withal.  
 And, when as well the matter of our kind  
 As the material substance of the mind  
 Shall cease their revolutions, in abode  
 Of such impure and ugly period  
 As the old essence and insensive prime,<sup>1</sup>  
 Then shall the ruins of the fourfold time,  
 Turned to that lump (as rapturing torrents rise),  
 For ever murmur forth my miseries.  
 Ye living spirits, then, if any live  
 Whom like extremes do like affections give,  
 Shun, shun this cruel light, and end your thrall<sup>2</sup>  
 In these soft shades of sable funeral. . . .  
 Kneel then with me, fall worm-like on the ground,  
 And from the infectious dunghill of this round,<sup>3</sup>  
 From men's brass wits and golden foolery,  
 Weep, weep your souls into felicity :  
 Come to this house of mourning, serve the Night.

FROM THE TEARS OF PEACE.

THE HIGHEST STANDARD.

Thou must not undervalue what thou hast,  
 In weighing it with that which more is graced.  
 The worth that weigheth inward should not long  
 For outward prices. This should make thee strong

<sup>1</sup> When visible things, as well as mental phenomena, shall have ceased the revolutions, and returned to their old first condition, the "insensive prime."

<sup>2</sup> Slavery.

<sup>3</sup> Globe.

In thy close value : Nought so good can be  
 As that which lasts good betwixt God and thee.  
 Remember thine own verse : *Should heaven turn hell*  
*For deeds well done, I would do ever well.*

### THREE KINDS OF MEN, FOES OF TRUE LEARNING.

Of men there are three sorts that most foes be  
 To Learning and her love, themselves, and me :<sup>1</sup>  
 Active, Passive, and Intellective men,  
 Whose self-loves Learning and her love disdain.  
 Your Active men consume their whole life's fire  
 In thirst of state-height ;<sup>2</sup> higher still and higher,  
 Like seelèd<sup>3</sup> pigeons, mounting to make sport  
 To lower lookers-on, in seeing how short  
 They come of that they seek, and with what trouble,  
 Lamely, and far from nature, they redouble  
 Their pains in flying more than humbler wits  
 To reach death more direct. For Death, that sits  
 Upon the fist of Fate past highest air,  
 Since she commands all lives within that sphere,  
 The higher men advance the nearer finds  
 Her seelèd quarries ;<sup>4</sup> when, in bitterest winds,  
 Lightnings and thunders, and in sharpest hails,  
 Fate casts her off at states,<sup>5</sup> when lower sails  
 Slide calmly to their ends. Your Passive men,—  
 So called of only passing time in vain,—  
 Pass it in no good exercise, but are  
 In meats and cups laborious, and take care  
 To lose without all care<sup>6</sup> their soul-spent time.  
 And, since they have no means nor spirits to climb,  
 Like fowls of prey, in any high affair,  
 See how, like kites, they bangle in the air  
 To stoop at scraps and garbage, in respect  
 Of that which men of true peace should select ;<sup>7</sup>  
 And how they trot out in their lives the ring  
 With idly iterating oft one thing—  
 A new-fought combat, an affair at sea,  
 A marriage, or a progress, or a plea,  
 No news but fits them, as if made for them,  
 Though it be forged but of a woman's dream—

<sup>1</sup> It is "Peace" who speaks.

<sup>2</sup> Blinded, a term used in falconry.

<sup>3</sup> Men in power, high objects.

<sup>4</sup> Public position.

<sup>5</sup> Her blinded prey.

<sup>6</sup> Without any care.

<sup>7</sup> With a petty nicety and decorum.

And stuff with such stolen ends their manless breasts,  
 Sticks, rags, and mud, they seem mere puttock's nests ;  
 Curious in all men's actions but their own,  
 All men and all things censure, though know none.  
 Your Intellectual men they study hard,  
 Not to get knowledge, but for mere reward ;  
 And, therefore, that True Knowledge, that should be  
 Their study's end, and is in nature free,  
 Will not be made their broker ; having power  
 With her sole self to bring both bride and dower.  
 They have some shadows of her,—as of me,  
 Adulterate outward Peace,—but never see  
 Her true and heavenly face. Yet, those shades serve,—  
 Like errant knights that by enchantments swerve  
 From their true lady's being, and embrace  
 An ugly witch with her fantastic face,—  
 To make them think Truth's substance in their arms,  
 Which that they have not, but her shadow's charms.  
 See, if my proofs be like their arguments,  
 That leave Opinion still her free dissents.<sup>1</sup>  
 They have not me<sup>2</sup> with them ; that all men know  
 The highest fruit that doth of knowledge grow ;  
 The bound of all true forms and only act.  
 If they be true, they rest,<sup>3</sup> nor can be racked  
 Out of their posture by Time's utmost strength,  
 But last, the more of force the more of length ;  
 For they become one substance with the soul,  
 Which Time with all his adjuncts shall control.

#### THE ADVENT OF PEACE.

Before her flew Affliction, girt in storms,  
 Gashed all with gushing wounds, and all the forms  
 Of bane and misery frowning in her face ;  
 Whom Tyranny and Injustice had in chase,  
 Grim Persecution, Poverty, and Shame,  
 Detraction, Envy, foul Mishap, and lame  
 Scruple of Conscience, Fear, Deceit, Despair,  
 Slander, and Clamour that rent all the air,  
 Hate, War, and Massacre, uncrowned Toil ;  
 And Sickness, to all the rest the base and foil,  
 Crept after ; and his deadly weight trod down  
 Wealth, Beauty, and the glory of a Crown.

<sup>1</sup> That prove nothing.

<sup>2</sup> That is, Peace.

<sup>3</sup> If forms, or methods, of knowledge be true, they endure.



These ushered her far off, as figures given  
 To show these crosses borne make peace with heaven.  
 But now, made free from them, next her before,  
 Peaceful and young, Herculean Silence bore  
 His craggy club ; which up aloft he held ;  
 With which, and his fore-finger's charm, he stilled  
 All sounds in air ; and left so free mine ears  
 That I might hear the music of the spheres,  
 And all the angels singing out of heaven ;  
 Whose tunes were solemn, as to passion given ;  
 For now, that Justice was the happiness there  
 For all the wrongs to Right inflicted here,  
 Such was the passion that Peace now put on.  
 And on all went ; when suddenly was gone  
 All light of heaven before us ; from a wood,  
 Whose light foreseen, now lost, amazed we stood.  
 The sun still gracing us ; when now, the air  
 Inflamed with meteors, we discovered fair  
 The skipping goat ; the horse's flaming mane ;  
 Bearded and trained comets ; stars in wane ;  
 The burning sword ; the firebrand-flying snake ;  
 The lance ; the torch ; the licking fire ; the drake ;  
 And all else meteors that did ill abode ;  
 The thunder chid, the lightning leaped abroad ;  
 And yet when Peace came in all heaven was clear,  
 And then did all the horrid wood appear,  
 Where mortal dangers more than leaves did grow ;  
 In which we could not one free step bestow,  
 For treading on some murdered passenger  
 Who thither was, by witchcraft, forced to err ;  
 Whose face the bird hid that loves humans best ;  
 That hath the bugle eyes and rosy breast,  
 And is the yellow Autumn's nightingale.

#### OF SUDDEN DEATH.

What action wouldst thou wish to have in hand  
 If sudden death should come for his command ?  
 I would be doing good to most good men  
 That most did need, or to their children,  
 And in advice (to make them their true heirs)  
 I would be giving up my soul to theirs.  
 To which effect if Death should find me given,  
 I would, with both my hands held up to heaven,  
 Make these my last words to my Deity :

"Those faculties thou hast bestowed on me  
 To understand thy government and will,  
 I have, in all fit actions, offered still  
 To thy divine acceptance ; and, as far  
 As I had influence from thy bounty's star,  
 I have made good thy form infused in me ;  
 The anticipations given me naturally  
 I have, with all my study, art, and prayer,  
 Fitted to every object and affair  
 My life presented and my knowledge taught.  
 My poor sail, as it hath been ever fraught  
 With thy free goodness, hath been ballast too  
 With all my gratitude. What is to do,  
 Supply it, sacred Saviour ; thy high grace  
 In my poor gifts, receive again, and place  
 Where it shall please thee ; thy gifts never die,  
 But, having brought one to felicity,  
 Descend again, and help another up."

---

 ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

(1560-1595.)

IT was the misfortune of this poet to be a Roman Catholic and a Jesuit. He was of a well-to-do Norfolk family, was educated abroad, and, in 1585, was despatched from Rome by the Society of Jesus in the capacity of a Jesuit missionary to his native country. This proceeding was in defiance of an English law which forbade the residence of Jesuits in England ; and accordingly, in 1592, Southwell was apprehended and committed to the Tower. After nearly three years of imprisonment he was tried, condemned, and executed. While in prison he published some prose works, and these were followed in 1595, the year of his death, by *S. Peter's Complaint*, with other Poems. This volume of verses was printed fourteen times between 1595 and 1634—namely, ten times in London, twice in Edinburgh, and twice at Douay ; and again at Nassau in 1636. Among his contemporaries, both Protestant and Catholic, Southwell's poems were highly esteemed for their graceful diction and for the amiable and religious spirit which they inculcated ; but, since the middle of the seventeenth

century, they appear to have fallen out of fashion. Among the tit-bits of literary chat recorded of Ben Jonson by *his* Scottish host, Drummond of Hawthornden, is one which refers to Southwell. "Southwell was hanged," Jonson said; "yet so he (Ben Jonson) had written that piece of his, *The Burning Babe*, he would have been content to destroy many of his." Southwell had been dead for twenty-three years when Ben Jonson said this about him.<sup>1</sup>

#### THE BURNING BABE.

As I in hoary winter's night  
 Stood shivering in the snow,  
 Surprised I was with sudden heat,  
 Which made my heart to glow.  
 And lifting up a fearful eye  
 To view what fire was near,  
 A pretty Babe, all burning bright,  
 Did in the air appear ;

Who, scorched with excessive heat,  
 Such floods of tears did shed,  
 As though his floods should quench his flames  
 Which with his tears were bred.  
 "Alas !" quoth he, " but newly born,  
 In fiery heats I fry ;  
 Yet none approach to warm their hearts,  
 Or feel my fire, but I.

" My faultless breast the furnace is,  
 The fuel, wounding thorns,  
 Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,  
 The ashes, shames and scorns.  
 The fuel Justice layeth on,  
 And Mercy blows the coals,  
 The metal in this furnace wrought  
 Are men's defiled souls :

For which, as now on fire I am  
 To work them to their good,  
 So will I melt into a bath  
 To wash them in my blood."

<sup>1</sup> A complete collection of Southwell's Poetical Works was edited by W. B. Turnbull and published by Whittingham, Lond. 1856. Mr. Grosart has included him among his *Fuller Worthies*.

With this he vanished out of sight,  
 And swiftly shrunk away ;  
 And straight I callèd unto mind  
 That it was Christmas Day.

## SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

Where words are weak and foes encountering strong,  
 Where mightier do assault than do defend,  
 The feebler part puts up<sup>1</sup> enforced wrong,  
 And silent sees that<sup>2</sup> speech could not amend.  
 Yet, higher powers must think, though they repine,  
 When sun is set the little stars will shine.

The merlin cannot ever soar on high,  
 Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase ;  
 The tender lark will find a time to fly,  
 And fearful hare to run a quiet race :  
 He that high growth on cedars did bestow  
 Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp the poor Mardochius wept,  
 Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe ;  
 The Lazar pined while Dives' feast was kept,  
 Yet he to heaven, to hell did Dives go.  
 We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May,  
 Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

## ROBERT GREENE.

(1560-1592.)

CONTEMPORARY with the gentle and unhappy "Father Southwell" was the play-wright, love-poet, and *roué*, Robert Greene; also a native of Norfolk. He obtained his degree of B.A. at Cambridge in 1578; travelled in Italy and Spain, where he is said to have recklessly wasted his father's means and his own; returned home and graduated as Master of Arts at Cambridge in 1583. He then betook himself to literature as a means of livelihood, and, during the nine years which remained for him to live, wrote on all kinds of

<sup>1</sup> Puts up with, endures.<sup>2</sup> That which.

subjects with considerable vigour and ability. Only five of his many plays are extant; but a number of his love-pamphlets and stories have been preserved, and these are interspersed with songs and pieces of verse, chiefly pastoral. He died in great poverty and friendlessness in 1592, leaving behind him a character for dissipation and ill-temper which is, however, somewhat belied by the grace and purity of his verses.

SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD.<sup>1</sup>

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;  
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

Mother's wag, pretty boy,  
Father's sorrow, father's joy!  
When thy father first did see  
Such a boy by him and me,  
He was glad, I was woe;  
Fortune changèd made him so,  
When he left his pretty boy,  
Last his sorrow, first his joy!

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;  
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

Streaming tears that never stint,  
Like pearl-drops from a flint,  
Fell by course from his eyes,  
That one another's place supplies;  
Thus he grieved in every part;  
Tears of blood fell from his heart  
When he left his pretty boy,  
Father's sorrow, father's joy!

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;  
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept;  
Mother cried, baby leapt;  
More he crowed more we cried;  
Nature could not sorrow hide.  
He must go; he must kiss  
Child and mother; baby bless;  
For he left his pretty boy,  
Father's sorrow, father's joy!

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;  
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

<sup>1</sup> From *Menaphon*.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG.<sup>1</sup>

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,  
 As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,  
     And sweeter too;  
 For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,  
 And cares can make the sweetest love to frown:  
     Ah then, ah then,  
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,  
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded; he comes home at night  
 As merry as a king in his delight,  
     And merrier too;  
 For kings bethink them what the state require,  
 Where shepherds carol careless by the fire:  
     Ah then, ah then,  
 If country loves such sweet desires gain,  
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat  
 His cream and curds as doth the king his meat,  
     And blither too;  
 For kings have often fears when they do sup,  
 Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup:  
     Ah then, ah then,  
 If country loves such sweet desires gain,  
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

A VISIT FROM CUPID.<sup>2</sup>

Cupid abroad was lated in the night;  
 His wings were wet with ranging in the rain;  
 Harbour he sought; to me he took his flight  
 To dry his plumes: I heard the boy complain,  
     I op'd the door and granted his desire;  
     I rose myself, and made the wag a fire.

Looking more narrow by the fire's flame,  
 I spied his quiver hanging by his back;  
 Doubting the boy might my misfortune frame,  
 I would have gone, for fear of further wrack.  
 But what I drad<sup>3</sup> did me, poor wretch, betide,  
 For forth he drew an arrow from his side.

<sup>1</sup> From *The Mourning Garment*.    <sup>2</sup> From *Penelope's Web*.    <sup>3</sup> Dreaded.

He pierced the quick, and I began to start ;  
 A pleasing wound, but that it was too high ;  
 His shaft procured a sharp yet sugared smart ;  
 Away he flew, for-why<sup>1</sup> his wings were dry,  
 But left the arrow sticking in my breast,  
 That sore I grieved I welcomed such a guest !

FAIR SAMELA.<sup>2</sup>

Like to Diana in her summer weed,  
 Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,  
 Goes fair Samela ;  
 Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,  
 When, washed by Arethusa, faint they lie,  
 Is fair Samela.

As fair Aurora in her morning grey,  
 Decked with the ruddy glister of her love,  
 Is fair Samela.  
 Like lovely Thetis on a calmèd day,  
 Whenas<sup>3</sup> her brightness Neptune's fancies move,  
 Shines fair Samela.

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,  
 Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory,  
 Of fair Samela ;  
 Her cheeks like rose and lily yield forth gleams ;  
 Her brows' bright arches framed of ebony :  
 Thus fair Samela

Passeth<sup>4</sup> fair Venus in her bravest hue,  
 And Juno in the show of majesty—  
 (For she's Samela !)  
 Pallas in wit ; all three, if you well view,  
 For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,  
 Yield to Samela.

## ABRAHAM FRAUNCE.

(1560?-1633 ?)

FRAUNCE, a native of Shropshire, was one of a clique of Cambridge men who, towards the close of the sixteenth century, advocated the use in English poetry of the old

<sup>1</sup> Because.<sup>2</sup> From *Menaphon*.<sup>3</sup> When.<sup>4</sup> Surpasseth.

classic hexameters. At the head of this pedantic school was Gabriel Harvey (1545-1630?), a Fellow of Pembroke Hall, and the intimate friend of Spenser; and with him were associated Sir Philip, then Mr. Sidney, and Spenser himself. Spenser, who at one time experimented zealously in the ancient metre, soon freed himself from the tyranny of his friends, but Fraunce to the last adhered to his hexameters. His chief work was a poem called *Emanuel* in rhyming hexameters, 1591; but he also was the author of some pastoral verses entitled *Lamentations of Corydon for the Love of Alexis*, whence it is inferred that Spenser alluded to him in the lines,—

“And there is Corydon, though meanly waged,  
Yet hablest wit of most I know this day.”<sup>1</sup>

#### FROM EMANUEL.

“THERE CAME WISE MEN FROM THE EAST.”

Come fro the East, you Kings, and make acceptable off’ring;  
Come fro the East by the light of a blessed Star that appeareth,

And to the King of Jews your footsteps rightly directeth.  
Lo, here lies your Lord: bow down, make peaceable off’ring,  
Gold to the golden Babe, of golden time the beginning;  
Frankincense and myrrh, to be sweet perfumes to the sweetest  
Child, that sweet sacrifice, acceptable unto the Highest,  
Sweet smelling sacrifice, once offered only forever  
For to appease God’s wrath and His most infinite anger.

Home to the East, you Kings, and bring the news to the  
godly,  
God suff’rèth for man, guiltless condemned for a guilty:  
Home to the East, you Kings, and tell this abroad for a  
wonder,

“We have seen that Babe of a Virgin, laid in a manger.”  
Home to the East, you Kings, and show that mighty resounding  
Of those sweet Angels, celestial harmony making.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 226.



## HENRY CONSTABLE.

(1561 ?-1610.)

THE writings of this poet consisted chiefly of *Sonnets*. Some of these, forming a series, and addressed to "Diana," were published in 1592, and again, with additions, in 1594. He also wrote some *Spiritual Sonnets*, and contributed *Songs* and pastoral pieces to *England's Helicon*, 1600, and to *England's Parnassus*.

## FROM THE SONNETS.

## A BEGGAR AT THE DOOR OF BEAUTY.

Pity refusing my poor Love to feed,  
 A beggar, starved for want of help, he lies ;  
 And at your mouth, the door of beauty, cries  
 That thence some alms of sweet grants may proceed.  
 But, as he waiteth for some almè-deed,  
 A cherry-tree before the door he spies :—  
 "O dear," quoth he, "two cherries may suffice,  
 Two only life may save in this my need."  
 But beggars can they nought but cherries eat ?  
 Pardon my Love, he is a goddess' son,  
 And never feedeth but of dainty meat,  
 Else need he not to pine as he hath done :  
 For only the sweet fruit of this sweet tree  
 Can give food to my Love and life to me.

A SHEPHERD'S SONG.<sup>1</sup>

Diaphenia, like the daffa-down-dilly,  
 White as the sun, fair as the lily,  
 Heigh-ho, how I do love thee !  
 I do love thee as my lambs  
 Are belovèd of their dams :  
 How blest were I if thou would'st prove me !

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,  
 That in thy sweets all sweets incloses,  
 Fair sweet, how I do love thee !  
 I do love thee as each flower  
 Loves the sun's life-giving power,  
 For, dead, thy breath to life might move me.

<sup>1</sup> From *England's Helicon*.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessèd,  
When all thy praises are expressed,  
    Dear joy, how I do love thee !  
As the birds do love the spring,  
Or the bees their careful king ;  
    Then, in requite, sweet virgin, love me !

---

## SAMUEL DANIEL.

(1562-1619.)

DANIEL was a native of Taunton in Somersetshire, and son of a teacher of music. He studied at Magdalene College, Oxford, but took no degree. He was appointed tutor to the Lady Anne Clifford, daughter and heir of the Earl of Cumberland, whose second husband was Philip Earl of Pembroke, a nephew of Sir Philip Sidney. This lady was a munificent patron of literature, and, in her old age, erected a monument above her poet-tutor's grave at Beckington in his native county. Daniel's earliest literary productions, published in 1592, consisted of a series of Sonnets entitled *Delia*, dedicated to Mary Countess of Pembroke, Sidney's renowned sister, and also of a narrative poem after the fashion of the *Legends* in the *Mirroure for Magistrates*, called *The Complaint of Rosamond*. In 1594 and 1595 these poems were reprinted, with added Sonnets to "Delia;" and in 1599 Daniel published a collection of *Poetical Essays*, including a narrative of the *Civil Wars*, *Musophilus*, a reprint of *Rosamond*, and other poems. He also produced in prose a *Defence of Rhyme*, 1601, and a *History of England*, 1613. His complete works were edited and published by his brother, John Daniel, with a portrait of the poet and a dedication to Prince Charles, in 1623.

It is interesting to remember that probably only the *Delia* Sonnets and the *Rosamond* were in existence, and even these not published, when, in 1591, Spenser included Daniel among the poets in his *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, and also to note that Spenser's preference was distinctly in favour of the *Rosamond*.

"But most, meseems, thy accent will excel  
In tragic plaints and passionate mischance."

Indeed, this richly imagined Legend of Fair Rosamond is perhaps the best example we have of the peculiarly dismal style of narrative poem which delighted the Elizabethans. The Sonnets were written in what is called the English form, used also by Shakespeare, consisting of twelve alternately rhyming lines closed by a couplet, giving seven rhymes in all. In the later volume, 1599, and especially in the *Musophilus*, we find a wonderful advance and originality both in the matter and in the expression. The modern character of his English, so often noted by his critics, and the modern character also of his thinking, are nowhere so observable as in this poetical treatise. His reverence for language and letters, his perception of what "one poor pen" can accomplish in the world, are worthy of note. The English people were, in a certain sense, still learning their own language, its powers and possibilities. What other nations and other tongues had done was before them, and, with the humility of students, they made this their first study. But, after all, was not their own native island speech "equal to the best"? And, in "the swelling tide and stream of words" that was inundating England in the form of a rapidly increasing literature of English books, Daniel perceived with a true foresight the future of our own language and the part it was to take in the culture of the world.

#### FROM THE SONNETS TO "DELIA."

##### TO DELIA.

Restore thy tresses to the golden ore,  
Yield Citherea's son those arcs of love,  
Bequeath the heavens the stars that I adore,  
And to the orient do thy pearls remove;  
Yield thy hands' pride unto the ivory white,  
To Arabian odours give thy breathing sweet,  
Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright,  
To Thetis give the honour of thy feet;  
Let Venus have thy graces her resigned,  
And thy sweet voice give back unto the spheres;

But yet restore thy fierce and cruel mind  
 To Hercan tigers and to ruthless bears :  
     Yield to the marble thy hard heart again ;  
     So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to plain.

## LOVE NOW !

Look, Delia, how we esteem the half-blown rose,  
 The image of thy blush, and Summer's honour,  
 Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose  
 That full<sup>1</sup> of beauty time bestows upon her :  
 No sooner spreads her glory in the air,  
 But straight her wide-blown pomp comes to decline ;  
 She then is scorned that late adorned the fair.  
 So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine !  
 No April can revive the withered flowers  
 Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now :  
 Swift speedy time, feathered with flying hours,  
 Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.  
     Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain,  
     But love now, whilst thou mayst be loved again.

## THOU MAYST REPENT.

When men shall find thy flower, thy glory, pass,  
 And thou, with careful brow sitting alone,  
 Received hath this message from thy glass,  
 That tells the truth and says that all is gone ;  
 Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou madest,  
 Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining :  
 I that have loved thee thus before thou fadest,  
 My faith shall wax<sup>2</sup> when thou art in thy waning  
 The world shall find this miracle in me,  
 That fire can burn when all the matter's spent.  
 Then, what my faith hath been thyself shalt see ;  
 And that thou wast unkind thou mayst repent.  
     Thou mayst repent that thou hast scorned my tears,  
     When winter snows upon thy sable hairs.

<sup>1</sup> Fulness.<sup>2</sup> Grow.

## FROM THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND.

## THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

Look, how a comet at the first appearing  
 Draws all men's eyes with wonder to behold it ;  
 Or, as the saddest tale at sudden hearing  
 Makes silent, listening unto him that told it ;  
 So did my speech when rubies did unfold it,  
 So did the blazing of my blush appear,  
 To amaze the world that holds such sights so dear.

Ah, Beauty, siren, fair enchanting good !  
 Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes !  
 Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood  
 More than the words or wisdom of the wise !  
 Still harmony, whose diapason lies  
 Within a brow, the key which passions move  
 To ravish sense and play a world in love !

What might I not then do, whose power was such ?  
 What cannot women do that know their power ?  
 What woman knows it not, I fear too much,  
 How bliss or bale lies in their laugh or frow,  
 Whilst they enjoy their happy blooming flower,  
 Whilst nature decks them in their best attires  
 Of youth and beauty, which the world admires !

## FROM MUSOPHILUS.

## CONTAINING A GENERAL DEFENCE OF LEARNING.

## ENGLAND'S BEST GLORY, HER LITERATURE.

And do not thou contemn this swelling tide  
 And stream of words that now doth rise so high  
 Above the usual banks, and spreads so wide  
 Over the borders of antiquity. . . .

Power above powers ! O heavenly Eloquence !  
 That, with the strong rein of commanding words,  
 Dost manage, guide, and master the eminence  
 Of men's affections more than all their swords ;  
 Shall we not offer to thy excellence  
 The richest treasure that our wit affords ?

Thou that canst do much more with one poor pen  
 Than all the powers of princes can effect,

And draw, divert, dispose, and fashion men  
 Better than force or rigour can direct ;  
 Should we this ornament of glory, then,  
 As the immaterial fruits of shades, neglect ?  
 Or, should we, careless, come behind the rest  
 In power of words, that go before in worth ?  
 Whenas our accent, equal to the best,  
 Is able greater wonders to bring forth ;  
 When all that ever hotter spirits expressed  
 Comes bettered by the patience of the north.

And who, in time, knows whither we may vent  
 The treasure of our tongue ; to what strange shores  
 This gain of our best glory shall be sent  
 To enrich unknowing nations with our stores ;  
 What worlds in the yet unformèd Occident  
 May come refined with the accents that are ours ?  
 Or, who can tell for what great work in hand  
 The greatness of our style is now ordained ?  
 What powers it shall bring in, what spirits command,  
 What thoughts let out, what humours keep restrained,  
 What mischiefs it may powerfully withstand,  
 And what fair ends may thereby be attained ?

---

 MICHAEL DRAYTON.

(1563-1631.)

ALTHOUGH only ten years younger than Spenser, Drayton outlived his great contemporary thirty-two years, and in his later life found himself in the midst of another generation of poets. He was born in Warwickshire, and was one of the most voluminous writers of his century. His great work was the *Polyolbion*, consisting of thirty Parts or "Songs," written in the Alexandrine metre, and containing a very elaborate chorographical description of England and Wales. The first eighteen of these Songs were published in 1613, with "Illustrations" or explanatory notes by the learned Selden. The remaining twelve Songs were published in 1622. In addition to the *Polyolbion*, Drayton wrote a number of *Legends*, that were inserted in the later editions of the *Mirror for Magistrates: The Harmonie of the Church*,

consisting of Sacred Songs and Hymns, 1591; a series of *Sonnets* to a fancied beauty whom he christened "Idea," 1593: a historical poem, called *The Civil Wars*, 1595; *The Baron's Wars*, 1596: *Englands Heroical Epistles*, 1597; *The battle of Agincourt*, 1627, etc. Drayton was emphatically a popular writer. His *Polyolbion*, now for most part unreadable, was admirably adapted to the time; and its readers were equally delighted by the hugeness of the artist's canvas and the minute delicacy of his detail. The songs and ballads of Drayton were intended, even more directly, for the people. His songs are extremely graceful, and the ballad of Agincourt is one of the most spirited in the language, and has furnished suggestions both in rhythm and expression to our later poets.

#### FROM THE POLYOLBION.

##### "HUNT'S UP!" IN THE WARWICKSHIRE WOODS.

When Phoebus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,  
No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom brave,  
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant spring,  
But "Hunt's up!" to the morn the feathered sylvans sing,  
And in the lower grove, as on the rising knoll,  
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,  
These quizzers are perched with many a speckled breast.

Then, from her burnished gaze, the goodly glittering East  
Gilds every lofty top which late the humorous Night  
Bespangled had with pearl to please the Morning's sight:  
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,  
Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes  
That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air  
Seems all composed of sounds about them everywhere. . .  
The softer with the shrill,—some hid among the leaves,  
Some in the taller trees, some in the lower groves,—  
Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting Sun  
Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath ran,  
And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps  
To kiss the gentle shade this while that sweetly sleeps.

And, near to these our thick, the wild and frightful<sup>2</sup> herds,  
Not hearing other noise but this of chattering birds,

<sup>1</sup> "The Hunt is up!" is the title of an English song of the time of Henry VIII.

<sup>2</sup> Tame.

Feed fairly on the lawns,—both sorts of seasoned deer.  
 Here walk the stately red ; the freckled fallow there ;  
 The bucks and lusty stags amongst the rascals<sup>1</sup> strewed,  
 As sometime gallant spirits amongst the multitude . . .

Now, when the hart doth hear  
 The often-bellowing hounds to vent<sup>2</sup> his secret lair,  
 He, rousing, rusheth out, and through the brakes doth drive,  
 As though up by the roots the bushes he would rive ;  
 And, through the cumbrous thicks as fearfully<sup>3</sup> he makes,  
 He with his branchèd head the tender saplings shakes,  
 That, sprinkling their moist pearl, do seem for him to weep :  
 When after goes the cry, with yellings loud and deep,  
 That all the forest rings, and every neighbouring place,  
 And there is not a hound but falleth to the chase,  
 Rechating<sup>4</sup> with his horn which then the hunter cheers :  
 Whilst still the lusty stag his high-palmed head upbears,  
 His body showing state, with unbent knees upright  
 Expressing from all beasts his courage in his flight.  
 But when, the approaching foes still following, he perceives  
 That he his speed must trust, his usual walk he leaves  
 And o'er the champain<sup>5</sup> flies : which when the assembly find,  
 Each follows as his horse were footed with the wind.  
 But, being then imboast,<sup>6</sup> the noble stately deer,  
 When he hath gotten ground,—the kennel cast arrear—  
 Doth beat the brooks and ponds for sweet refreshing soil :  
 That serving not, then proves if he his scent can foil ;  
 And makes amongst the herds and flocks of shag-woolled  
     sheep ;  
 Them frightening from the guard of those who had their keep :  
 But, whenas all his shifts his safety still denies,  
 Put quite out of his walk, the ways and fallows tries :  
 Whom when the ploughman meets, his team he letteth stand  
 To assail him with his goad : so, with his hook in hand,  
 The shepherd him pursues and to his dog doth hollow :  
 When, with tempestuous speed, the hounds and huntsmen  
     follow,  
 Until the noble deer, through toil bereaved of strength,  
 His long and sinewy legs then failing him at length,  
 The villages attempts ; enraged, not giving way  
 To anything he meets now at his sad decay.  
 The cruel ravenous hounds and bloody hunters near,  
 This noblest beast of chase, that vainly doth but fare,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lean, or worthless, deer.

<sup>2</sup> Snuff.

<sup>3</sup> Frightened.

<sup>4</sup> A "recheat" is one of the measures in winding the horn.

<sup>5</sup> Open country.

<sup>6</sup> Entangled in the thick woods.

<sup>7</sup> That proceeds, persists, in vain.



## 14 THREE CENTURIES OF ENGLISH POETRY

Some think it unlikely that to which he himself agreed,  
 He came from the lines that some have him accused :  
 The British-borned honours then waiting him at bay  
 And, as their cruel songs in his harsh soul they lay,  
 With his sharp-pointed head he testeth heavily wounds :  
 The monster, coming in to help his weakened limbs,  
 He desperately assails ; until, oppress'd by force,  
 He, who the monster is in his own dying course,  
 Lays on the ruthless earth his precious<sup>1</sup> tears and fall.

*Song XIII.*

### THE THAMES AND LONDON IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

But now this mighty flood,<sup>2</sup> upon his voyage pressed,—  
 That found how with his strength his beauty still increased,  
 From where brave Windsor stood on tip-toe to behold  
 The fair and goodly Thames, so far as e'er he could,  
 With kingly houses crowned, of more than earthly pride,  
 Upon his either banks as he along doth glide,—  
 With wonderful delight doth his long course pursue  
 Wherein (Islands, Hampton Court, and Richmond he doth  
 view,  
 Then Westminster, the next, great Thames doth entertain,  
 That vaunts her palace large<sup>3</sup> and her most sumptuous fane ;<sup>4</sup>  
 The land's tribunal seat,<sup>5</sup> that challengeth for hers  
 The crowning of our kings, their famous sepulchres.  
 Then goes he on along by that more beauteous Strand,<sup>6</sup>  
 Expressing both the wealth and bravery of the land.  
 So many sumptuous bowers within so little space  
 The all beholding Sun scarce sees in all his race :  
 And on by London leads, which like a crescent lies  
 Whose windows seem to mock the star-befreck'd skies ;  
 Besides her rising spires so thick themselves that show  
 As do the bristling reeds within his banks that grow :  
 There sees his crowded wharves and people-pestered shores,  
 His hums overspread with shoals of labouring oars ;

<sup>1</sup> The last weeps at his dying ; and his tears were held to be precious in  
 mythology.

<sup>2</sup> The river Thames.

<sup>3</sup> Westminster Palace was the principal seat of the English sovereigns from  
 Edward the Confessor to Queen Elizabeth. It was partly destroyed by fire in  
 1534 and Henry VIII., after Wolsey's disgrace, removed his palace to Whitehall.  
 When Charles II. came there were still standing, and in use, the Star Chamber,  
 or Archbishop's Chapel, and other parts of the old palace. The only portions now  
 remain are Westminster Hall and St. Stephen's Crypt ; but the name survives in  
 White Hall.

<sup>4</sup> The Abbey.

<sup>5</sup> See note 1, p. 102.

<sup>6</sup> The Strand, originally a mere roadway between the two cities of London  
 and Westminster, was first paved in the reign of Henry VIII., and became the  
 principal quarter of the lawyers and nobles. Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Buckleigh,  
 the Brouncker, and other great families had their town houses there.

h that most costly Bridge<sup>1</sup> that doth him most renown,  
which he clearly puts all other rivers down.

*Song XVII.*

# FROM THE SONNETS TO "IDEA."

## A PARTING.

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part :  
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me ;  
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,  
That thus so clearly I myself can free.  
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,  
And, when we meet at any time again,  
Be it not seen in either of our brows  
That we one jot of former love retain.  
Now, at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,  
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,  
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,  
And Innocence is closing up his eyes ;  
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,  
From death to life thou mightst him yet recover.

## THE CRIER.

Good folk, for gold or hire,  
But help me to a crier ;  
For my poor heart is run astray  
After two eyes that passed this way.  
O yes, O yes, O yes,  
If there be any man  
In town or country can  
Bring me my heart again,  
I'll please him for his pain.  
And by these marks I will you show  
That only I this heart do owe.<sup>2</sup>  
It is a wounded heart,  
Wherein yet sticks the dart ;

<sup>1</sup>Old London Bridge spanned the Thames from London to Southwark. It seeded a still older one of wood lower down the river, and was built between years 1176 and 1209. It was built upon piles ; had nineteen arches, the widest of, a drawbridge for large vessels, a gate-house at each end on which were dited the heads of traitors, and a chapel and crypt in the centre. There two rows of houses upon it, like a street, in one of which it is said the artist ein lived. It was the only bridge over the Thames at London until 1738.  
Own.

Every piece sore hurt throughout it ;  
 Faith and troth writ round about it.  
     It was a tame heart, and a dear,  
     And never used to roam ;  
 But, having got this haunt, I fear  
     'Twill hardly stay at home.  
 For God's sake, walking by the way,  
     If you my heart do see,  
 Either impound it for a stray,  
     Or send it back to me.

### THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

Fair stood the wind for France,  
 When we our sails advance,  
 Nor now to prove our chance  
     Longer will tarry ;  
 But, putting to the main,  
 At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,  
 With all his martial train,  
     Landed King Harry ;

And, taking many a fort  
 Furnished in warlike sort,  
 Marchèd towards Agincourt  
     In happy hour,  
 Skirmishing day by day  
 With those that stopped his way,  
 Where the French General lay  
     With all his power.

Which, in his height of pride  
 King Henry to deride,  
 His ransom to provide  
     To the King sending ;  
 Which he neglects the while  
 As from a nation vile,  
 Yet, with an angry smile,  
     Their fall portending.

And, turning to his men,  
 Quoth our brave Henry then,  
 " Though they to one be ten,  
     Be not amazèd ;

Yet have we well begun ;  
Battles so bravely won  
Have ever to the sun  
By fame been raisèd.

"And for myself," quoth he,  
"This my full rest shall be ;  
England ne'er mourn for me  
Nor more esteem me :  
Victor I will remain,  
Or on this earth lie slain ;  
Never shall she sustain  
Loss, to redeem me.

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,  
When most their pride did swell,  
Under our swords they fell :  
No less our skill is  
Than when our Grandsire great,<sup>1</sup>  
Claiming the regal seat,  
By many a warlike feat  
Lopped the French lilies."

The Duke of York, so dread,  
The eager van-ward led ;  
With the main Henry sped  
Amongst his henchmen ;  
Excester had the rear,  
A braver man not there ;  
O Lord, how hot they were  
On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone :  
Armour on armour shone ;  
Drum now to drum did groan ;  
To hear was wonder ;  
That with the cries they make  
The very earth did shake ;  
Trumpet to trumpet spake,  
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,  
O noble Erpingham !  
Which did the signal aim  
To our hid forces ;

<sup>1</sup> Edward III.

When, from a meadow by,  
 Like a storm, suddenly,  
 The English archery  
     Struck the French horses

With spanish yew<sup>1</sup> so strong,  
 Arrows a cloth-yard long,  
 That like to serpents stung,  
     Piercing the weather :  
 None from his fellow starts,  
 But, playing manly parts,  
 And like to English hearts,  
     Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,  
 And forth their bilboes drew,  
 And on the French they flew,  
     Not one was tardy :  
 Arms were from shoulders sent,  
 Scalps to the teeth were rent,  
 Down the French peasants went :  
     Our men were hardy.

This while<sup>2</sup> our noble King,  
 His broad sword brandishing,  
 Down the French host did ding  
     As to o'erwhelm it ;  
 And many a deep wound lent,  
 His arms with blood besprent,  
 And many a cruel dent  
     Bruisèd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,  
 Next of the royal blood,  
 For famous England stood  
     With his brave brother ;  
 Clarence, in steel so bright,  
 Though but a maiden knight,  
 Yet, in that furious fight,  
     Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,  
 Oxford the foe invade,  
 And cruel slaughter made  
     Still, as they ran up ;

<sup>1</sup> Used for bows.

<sup>2</sup> Meanwhile.

Suffolk his axe did ply ;  
 Beaumont and Willoughby  
 Bare them right doughtily,  
 Ferrers, and Fanhope

Upon Saint Crispin's day<sup>1</sup>  
 Fought was this noble fray ;  
 Which fame did not delay  
 To England to carry :  
 O, when shall Englishmen  
 With such acts fill a pen,  
 Or England breed again  
 Such a King Harry?

## CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

(1564-1593.)

MARLOWE ranks among the most eminent of our Elizabethan dramatists. He was the son of a shoemaker in Canterbury ; but he obtained, probably through the patronage of a discerning friend, a good school education, and afterwards studied at Cambridge University. When he took his Master of Arts degree in 1587, he was already known as the writer of *Tamburlaine the Great*. Other plays followed ; and for a time Marlowe and Shakespeare were rivals. This splendid rivalry and all it might have led to was, however, cut short in 1593, when poor Marlowe, still not thirty years of age, received a stab in a brawl in some inn at Deptford, and died from its effects. The *Hero and Leander*, one of the most luscious pieces of narrative verse in the language, was at the time lying unfinished ; and Chapman completed it. That fragment, and the pastoral song contained in *England's Helicon*, to which Sir Walter Raleigh wrote a *Reply*, are all that we possess of Marlowe's non-dramatic verse.

## FROM HERO AND LEANDER.

HERO.

On Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,  
 In view and opposite two cities stood,

<sup>1</sup> The Battle of Agincourt was fought on Oct. 25th, 1415.

Sea-borderers, disjoined by Neptune's might ;  
 The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.  
 At Sestos Hero dwelt : Hero the fair,  
 Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,  
 And offered as a dower his burning throne,  
 Where she should sit for men to gaze upon.  
 The outside of her garments were of lawn,  
 The lining purple silk, with gilt stars drawn ;  
 Her wide sleeves green, and bordered with a grove,  
 Where Venus in her naked glory strove  
 To please the careless and disdainful eyes  
 Of proud Adonis, that before her lies ;  
 Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain  
 Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.  
 Upon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,  
 From whence her veil reached to the ground beneath.  
 Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,  
 Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives.  
 Many would praise the sweet smell as she passed,  
 When 'twas the odour which her breath forth cast ;  
 And there for honey bees have sought in vain,  
 And, beat from thence, have lighted there again.  
 About her neck hung chains of pebble stone,  
 Which, lightened by her neck, like diamonds shone.  
 She ware no gloves ; for neither sun nor wind  
 Would burn or parch her hands, but, to her mind,  
 Or warm or cool them, for they took delight  
 To play upon those hands, they were so white. . . .  
 Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pined,  
 And, looking in her face, was strooken blind.  
 But this is true ; so like was one the other  
 As he imagined Hero was his mother,  
 And oftentimes into her bosom flew ;  
 About her naked neck his bare arms threw,  
 And laid his childish head upon her breast,  
 And, with still panting rock, there took his rest.  
 So lovely fair was Hero, Venus' nun,  
 As Nature wept, thinking she was undone,  
 Because she took more from her than she left,  
 And of such wondrous beauty her bereft :  
 Therefore, in sign her treasure suffered wrack,  
 Since Hero's time hath half the world been black.

A SONG.<sup>1</sup>

Come live with me, and be my love !  
 And we will all the pleasures prove  
 That valleys, groves, or hills and fields,  
 Woods, or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,  
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks  
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,  
 And a thousand fragrant posies,  
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool  
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull,  
 Fair lined slippers for the cold,  
 With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,  
 With coral clasps and amber studs ;  
 And, if these pleasures may thee move,  
 Come live with me, and be my love !

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
 For thy delight each May morning ;  
 If these delights thy mind may move,  
 Then live with me, and be my love !

## THE ANSWER.

*By Sir Walter Raleigh.*

If all the world and love were young,  
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
 These pretty pleasures might me move  
 To live with thee and be thy love !

<sup>1</sup> Marlowe's *Song* and Raleigh's *Reply* continued popular for two generations. They are mentioned by Izaak Walton (1593-1683) in his *Complete Angler* as follows :—"As I left this place and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me : 'twas a handsome milk-maid : she cast away all care and sung : a nightingale. Her voice was good and the ditty fitted for it ; it was that both song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago. And the milk-maid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days." Both are contained in *England's Helicon*, 1600.



Time drives the flocks from field to fold,  
 When rivers rage and rocks grow cold ;  
 And Philomel becometh dumb ;  
 The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
 To wayward winter reckoning yields ;  
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.<sup>1</sup>

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,  
 Thy coral clasps and amber studs,  
 All these in me no means can move  
 To come to thee and be thy love.

But, could youth last and love still breed,  
 Had joys no date nor age no need,  
 Then these delights my mind might move  
 To live with thee and be thy love.

---

### WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

(1564-1616.)

THE so-called "Minor Poems" of Shakespeare, minor merely in the sense of quantity, are of sufficient merit to constitute him second only among our writers of non-dramatic verse. The *Venus and Adonis*, written possibly before he left Stratford-on-Avon to try his fortune in London, was not published until 1593, while London was still ablaze with the beauty of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*; and the *Lucrece* followed in 1594. Both works were at once crowned with the popular praise. Among the Idylls of the ancient Sicilians, one of the most exquisitely beautiful is Bion's Lament for the Death of Adonis, and this theme had a peculiar charm for the pastoral poets of the Middle Ages. Into the familiar story of the Roman Lucretia Shakespeare has

<sup>1</sup> Love's spring, but sorrow's autumn.

woven some of his finest thinking. The *Sonnets* of Shakespeare represent him in the full maturity of manhood and at the height of his fame. They were written probably between the years 1595 and 1603, but were not published until 1609, when he had been already for some years living in dignified ease and retirement in his native town. That these Sonnets, or some of them, were, however, known in manuscript from the time when they were first written, may be inferred from the allusion of Francis Meres, a critic of poetry, who, writing in 1598, in the euphuistic style which Lyly had made popular, says of them ;—"As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare ; witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared Sonnets among his private friends, etc." Shakespeare's lyrics scattered through his plays are acknowledged to be the most perfect in the English language ; and, although every line of them be familiar to our readers, any collection of verses would seem to us poor which did not contain at least some of them. Nor can the lyrics of our other poets be so fairly judged and enjoyed as by reading them side by side with these our highest standards.

### FROM VENUS AND ADONIS.

VENUS EXCLAIMS ON DEATH FOR SLAYING ADONIS.

"Hard-favoured tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,  
Hateful divorce of love,"—thus chides she Death,—  
"Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean  
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,  
Who when he lived,<sup>1</sup> his breath and beauty set  
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet ?

"If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,  
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it !  
O yes, it may ! thou hast no eyes to see,  
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.  
Thy mark is feeble age ; but thy false dart  
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* "Who living" (case absolute).

"Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,  
 And, hearing him, thy power had lost his<sup>1</sup> power.  
 The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke :  
 They bid thee crop a weed ; thou pluck'st a flower :  
 Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,  
 And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead."

### FROM THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

LUCRECE ACCUSES *TIME* OF ALL HER WOES.

Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,  
 Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,  
 Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,  
 Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare ;  
 Thou nursest all and murderest all that are :

O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time !  
 Be guilty of my death, since of my crime. . . .

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,  
 To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,  
 To stamp the seal of time in aged things,  
 To wake the morn and sentinel the night,  
 To wrong the wronger till he render right,  
     To ruate proud buildings with thy hours,  
 And smear with dust their glittering golden towers ;

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,  
 To feed oblivion with decay of things,  
 To blot old books and alter their contents,  
 To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,  
 To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs,  
     To spoil antiquities of hammered steel,  
 And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel ;

To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,  
 To make the child a man, the man a child,  
 To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,  
 To tame the unicorn and lion wild,  
 To mock the subtle in themselves beguiled,  
     To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,  
 And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,  
 Unless thou couldst return to make amends ?

<sup>1</sup> Old form of *its*.

One poor retiring minute in an age  
 Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,  
 Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends :  
     O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,  
     I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack !

Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity !  
 With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight ;  
 Devise extremes beyond extremity,  
 To make him curse this cursèd crimeful night ;  
 Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,  
     And the dire thought of his committed evil  
     Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil ;

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,  
 Afflict him in his bed with bed-rid groans ;  
 Let there hechance him pitiful mischances  
 To make him moan ; but pity not his moans ;  
 Stone him with hardened hearts, harder than stones ;  
     And let mild women to him lose their mildness,  
     Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness !

Let him have time to tear his curlèd hair,  
 Let him have time against himself to rave,  
 Let him have time of Time's help to despair,  
 Let him have time to live a loathèd slave,  
 Let him have time a beggar's orts<sup>1</sup> to crave,  
     And time to see one that by alms doth live  
     Disdain to him disdainèd scraps to give :

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,  
 And merry fools to mock at him resort ;  
 Let him have time to mark how slow time goes  
 In time of sorrow, and how swift and short  
 His time of folly and his time of sport ;  
     And ever let his unrecalling crime  
     Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,  
 Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill !  
 At his own shadow let the thief run mad,  
 Himself himself seek every hour to kill !  
 Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill ;  
     For who so base would such an office have  
     As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave ?

<sup>1</sup> Leaving.

## FROM THE SONNETS.

## AT HEAVEN'S GATE.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
 I all alone beweep my outcast state,  
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
 Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,  
 Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,  
 With what I most enjoy contented least ;  
 Yet, in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
 Haply I think on thee ; and then my state,  
 Like to the lark at break of day arising  
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate ;  
 For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings,  
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

## LOVE'S TREASURE.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,  
 The which he will not every hour survey,  
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.  
 Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,  
 Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,  
 Like stones of worth they thinly placèd are,  
 Or captain jewels in the carcanet.  
 So is the time that keeps you as my chest,  
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,  
 To make some special instant special blest  
 By new unfolding his imprisoned pride.  
 Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,  
 Being had, to triumph, being lacked, to hope !

## "TIED WITH ALL THESE."

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,—  
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
 And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,  
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
 And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,  
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,  
 And strength by limping sway disabled,

And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
 And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,  
 And simple truth miscalled simplicity,  
 And captive good attending captain ill :  
     Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,  
     Save that, to die, I leave my Love alone.

## REMEMBER NOT !

No longer mourn for me, when I am dead,  
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
 Give warning to the world that I am fled  
 From this vile world with vilest worms to dwell :  
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
 The hand that writ it ; for I love you so  
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
 O if, I say, you look upon this verse  
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
 But let your love even with my life decay ;  
     Lest the wise world should look into your moan  
     And mock you with me after I am gone.

## A FAREWELL.

Farewell ! thou art too dear for my possessing,  
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate.  
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing ;  
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
 For, how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?  
 And for that riches where is my deserving ?  
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
 And so my patent back again is swerving.  
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,  
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking ;  
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.  
     Thus have I had thee as a dream doth flatter ;  
     In sleep, a king ; but, waking, no such matter !

## IF EVER, NOW !

Then hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now ;  
 Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow ;  
 And do not drop in for an after-loss.

Ah ! do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,  
 Come in the rearward of a conquered woe ;  
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
 To linger out a purposed overthrow.  
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
 When other petty griefs have done their spite,  
 But in the onset come : so shall I taste  
 At first the very worst of fortune's might ;  
 And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,  
 Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

#### LOVE ETERNAL.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Admit impediments. Love is not love  
 Which alters when it alteration finds,  
 Or bends with the remover to remove :  
 O, no ! it is an ever-fixed mark  
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;  
 It is the star to every wandering bark,  
 Whose worth's unknown although his<sup>1</sup> height be taken.  
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;  
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
     If this be error, and upon me proved,  
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

#### AT THE VIRGINAL.

How oft, when thou, my music ! music playest  
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds  
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently swayest  
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,  
 Do I envy those jacks<sup>2</sup> that nimble leap  
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand ;  
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,  
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand.  
 To be so tickled, they would change their state  
 And situation with those dancing chips  
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,  
 Making dead wood more blest than living lips.  
     Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,  
     Give them thy fingers, me thy lips, to kiss !

<sup>1</sup> For "his."

<sup>2</sup> Keys.

## SONGS.

WHO IS SILVIA?<sup>1</sup>

Who is Silvia? What is she,  
 That all our swains commend her?  
 Holy, fair, and wise is she :  
 The heavens such grace did lend her,  
 That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?  
 For beauty lives with kindness.  
 Love doth to her eyes repair  
 To help him of his blindness,  
 And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,  
 That Silvia is excelling ;  
 She excels each mortal thing  
 Upon the dull earth dwelling :  
 To her let us garlands bring.

A SONG OF SPRING AND WINTER.<sup>2</sup>

## I. THE CUCKOO.

When daisies pied and violets blue  
 And lady-smocks all silver-white  
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue  
 Do paint the meadows with delight,  
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
 Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,—  
*Cuckoo,*  
*Cuckoo, cuckoo*,—O word of fear,  
 Unpleasing to a married ear !

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
 And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
 When turtles pair, and rooks, and daws,  
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks,  
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
 Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,—  
*Cuckoo,*  
*Cuckoo, cuckoo*,—O word of fear,  
 Unpleasing to a married ear !

<sup>1</sup> From *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.<sup>2</sup> From *Love's Labour's Lost*.



## II. THE OWL.

When icicles hang by the wall,  
 And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,  
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
 When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,

*To-who,*  
*Tu-whit, to-who*,—a merry note !  
 While greasy Joan doth keel<sup>1</sup> the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
 When roasted crabs<sup>2</sup> hiss in the bowl,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,—

*To-who,*  
*Tu-whit, to-who*,—a merry note !  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

MUSIC UPON THE WATERS.<sup>3</sup>

Come unto these yellow sands,  
 And then take hands :  
 Courtsied when you have, and kissed,  
 The wild waves whist,—<sup>4</sup>  
 Foot it featly here and there ;  
 And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

Hark, hark !

*Bow, wow !*

The watch-dogs bark :

*Bow, wow !*

Hark, hark ! I hear

The strain of strutting Chanticleer  
 Cry, *Cock-a-diddle-doo !*

A SEA-DIRGE.<sup>5</sup>

Full fathom five thy father lies ;  
 Of his bones are coral made ;  
 Those are pearls that were his eyes :  
 Nothing of him that doth fade

<sup>1</sup> Skim.

<sup>2</sup> Apples.

<sup>3</sup> From *The Tempest*.

<sup>4</sup> Listened.

<sup>5</sup> From the same.

But doth suffer a sea-change  
 Into something rich and strange.  
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :  
                                   *Ding, dong !*  
 Hark, now I hear them,—*Ding, dong, bell !*

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.<sup>1</sup>

Blow, blow, thou winter wind !  
 Thou art not so unkind  
   As man's ingratitude ;  
 Thy tooth is not so keen,  
 Because thou art not seen,  
   Although thy breath be rude.  
 Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :  
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :  
   Then, heigh-ho ! the holly !  
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky !  
 Thou dost not bite so nigh  
   As benefits forgot ;  
 Though thou the waters warp,  
 Thy sting is not so sharp  
   As friend remembered not.  
 Heigh-ho ! sing heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :  
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :  
   Then, heigh-ho ! the holly !  
 This life is most jolly.

SONG OF "THE SPINSTERS AND KNITTERS IN THE SUN."<sup>2</sup>

Come away, come away, Death,  
 And in sad cypress let me be laid ;  
 Fly away, fly away, breath ;  
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
   O, prepare it !  
 My part of death, no one so true  
   Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
 On my black coffin let there be strown ;  
 Not a friend, not a friend greet  
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown :

<sup>1</sup> From *As You Like It*.

<sup>2</sup> From *Twelfth Night*; or *What You Will*.

A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
 Lay me, O, where  
 Sad true lover never find my grave,  
 To weep there !

OPHELIA'S SONGS.<sup>1</sup>

## I.

"How should I your true love know  
 From another one ?"  
 "By his cockle hat and staff,  
 And his sandal shoon."  
 "He is dead and gone, lady,  
 He is dead and gone ;  
 At his head a grass-green turf,  
 At his heels a stone.  
 "White his shroud as the mountain snow,  
 Larded with sweet flowers,  
 Which bewept to the grave did go  
 With true-love showers."

## II.

And will he not come again ?  
 And will he not come again ?  
 No, no, he is dead :  
 Go to thy death-bed :  
 He never will come again.  
 His beard was as white as snow,  
 All flaxen was his poll :  
 He is gone, he is gone,  
 And we cast away moan ;  
 God 'a' mercy on his soul !

SERENADE.<sup>2</sup>

Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings ;  
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,  
 His steeds to water at those springs  
 On chaliced flowers that lies ;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From *Hamlet*.<sup>2</sup> From *Cymbeline*.<sup>3</sup> The relative is often made, by Shakespeare, to take a *singular* verb, though antecedent be plural.

And winking Mary-buds begin  
 To ope their golden eyes :  
 With every thing that pretty bin,  
 My lady sweet, arise ;  
 Arise, arise !

THE DIRGE OF IMOGEN.<sup>1</sup>

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
 Nor the furious winter's rages ;  
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
 Home art gone and ta'en thy wages :  
 Golden lads and girls all must,  
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great ;  
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;  
 Care no more to clothe and eat ;  
 To thee the reed is as the oak :  
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;  
 Fear not slander, censure rash ;  
 Thou hast finished joy and moan :  
 All lovers young, all lovers, must  
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !  
 Nor no witchcraft charm thee !  
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee !  
 Nothing ill come near thee !  
 Quiet consummation have ;  
 And renownèd be thy grave !

## THOMAS NASH.

(1567-1600 ?)

THE names of Nash, Peele, Greene, Marlowe, and Shakespeare are associated in the history of the early Elizabethan drama ; but none of the first four of this group outlived the

<sup>1</sup> From *Cymbeline*.

century, and Shakespeare's name, during the most splendid part of his career, heads another and later group of dramatists. Of the writings of all these men, with the exception of Nash, a considerable quantity, both dramatic and miscellaneous, has been preserved. Of Nash's three dramas, only one, a kind of pastoral masque, entitled *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, has come down to us. It was acted in 1592 and published in 1600, and contains the following song :—

## SPRING.

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king ;  
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,  
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,  
*Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.*

The palm and may make country houses gay,  
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,  
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,  
*Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.*

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,  
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,  
*Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.*  
Spring, the sweet Spring !

---

 JOHN WEBSTER.

(1570-1640.)

WEBSTER and Dekker were partners in writing plays. Webster also wrote for the stage independently, and ranks among the chief of the minor Elizabethan tragic dramatists. Charles Lamb compared the Dirge from *The White Devil* with the ditty in Shakespeare's *Tempest* commencing "Full fathom five thy father lies," and added, "As that is of the water, watery, so this is of the earth, earthy. Both have that intenseness of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the elements which it contemplates."

A DIRGE.<sup>1</sup>

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,  
 Since o'er shady groves they hover,  
 And with leaves and flowers do cover  
 The friendless bodies of unburied men :  
 Call unto his funeral dole  
 The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,  
 To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,  
 And, when gay tombs are robbed, sustain no harm :  
 But keep the wolf far thence that's foe to men ;  
 For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

## THOMAS MIDDLETON.

(1570-1627.)

THOMAS MIDDLETON, another of the Elizabethan play-  
 writers, was by birth a Londoner. He began his career late  
 in the century, and his principal works belong to the last  
 years of Elizabeth's reign. Many of his plays were constructed  
 in conjunction with Dekker, Jonson, and other dramatists.

THE PREPARATION FOR EXECUTION.<sup>2</sup>

Hark ! now everything is still :  
 The screech-owl and the whistler shrill  
 Call upon our dame aloud  
 And bid her quickly don her shroud.

Much you had of land and rent ;  
 Your length in clay's now competent.<sup>3</sup>  
 A long war disturbed your mind ;  
 Here your perfect peace is signed.

Of what is't fools make such vain keeping ?  
 Since their conception, birth, are weeping,  
 Their life a general mist of error,  
 Their death a hideous storm of terror.

Strew your hair with powders sweet,  
 Don clean linen, bathe your feet,

<sup>1</sup> From *The White Devil* or *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612.<sup>2</sup> From *The Duchess of Malfy*, 1623.<sup>3</sup> Enough.

And, the foul Fiend more to check,  
 A crucifix let bless your neck.  
 'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day ;  
 End your groan, and come away.

---

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

(1570-1626.)

IN the last years of Elizabeth's reign there began to appear among our non-dramatic poets and versifiers a new school, distinct from the pastoral, or imaginative, school of poetry of which Sidney and Spenser continued the acknowledged heads. These new writers were afterwards called the "philosophical poets," which was, however, by no means a correct definition of them. A better one would have been "expository poets"; for they were poets who employed the verse form in literature for the purpose of expounding scientific and theological theories, and whose intellects were so constituted that they could carry on the business of thinking and of exposition more effectively in verse than in prose. The most eminent writers in this school were Davies and Donne. The *Nosce Teipsum* (Know Thyself) of Davies, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth in 1599, was a very remarkable exposition of the doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul. Davies's method of treating the subject was a novel one. Some of his arguments, although expressed in a sing-song verse metre, were extremely involved and subtle; but when he wrote more simply,

"Again, how can she but immortal be  
 When, with the motions of both will and wit,  
 She still aspireth to Eternity,  
 And never rests till she attain to it?"

his logic justified itself in the people's hearts, and *Nosce Teipsum* became one of the favourite poems of the age. It was five times printed during the author's life; and Davies, who in 1598 had been ejected from the Society of the Middle Temple, of which he was a member, for having thrashed a

man within the sacred precincts of that Inn of Court, rose during James's reign from one legal distinction to another, until he attained the Attorney-generalship of Ireland. He was knighted by James in 1607. An earlier production of Davies was a poem on dancing, entitled *Orchestra*, published in 1596.

## FROM NOSCE TEIPSUM.

## OPINIONS ABOUT THE SOUL.

One thinks the Soul is air ; another, fire ;  
 Another, blood diffused about the heart ;  
 Another saith the elements conspire,  
 And to her essence each doth give a part.

Musicians think our souls are harmonies ;  
 Physicians hold that they complexions be ;  
 Epicures make them swarms of atomies,  
 Which do by chance into our bodies flee.

Some think one general Soul fills every brain,  
 As the bright sun sheds light in every star ;  
 And others think the name of soul is vain,  
 And that we only well-mixed bodies are. . . .

Some place it in the root of life, the heart ;  
 Some in the river-fountain of the veins ;  
 Some say she's all in all, in every part ;  
 Some say she's not contained, but all contains.

## MYSELF.

I know my body's of so frail a kind  
 As force without, fevers within, can kill ;  
 I know the heavenly nature of my mind ;  
 But 'tis corrupted both in wit<sup>1</sup> and will.

I know my soul hath power to know all things,  
 Yet is she blind and ignorant in all ;  
 I know I am one of Nature's little kings,  
 Yet to the least and vilest thing am thrall.

<sup>1</sup> Knowledge.



I know my life's a pain, and but a span ;  
 I know my sense is mocked with everything ;  
 And, to conclude, I know myself a Man ;  
 Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

## SPARKS OF LIGHT.

Yet hath the Soul a dowry natural,  
 And sparks of light some common things to see,  
 Not being a blank where nought is writ at all,  
 But what the writer will may written be.

For Nature in man's heart her laws doth pen,  
 Prescribing truth to wit and good to will,  
 Which do accuse, or else excuse, all men  
 For every thought or practice, good or ill.

And yet these sparks grow almost infinite,  
 Making the World and all therein their food ;  
 As fire so spreads as no place holdeth it,  
 Being nourished still with new supplies of wood.

---

 DR. JOHN DONNE.

(1573-1631.)

DR. JOHN DONNE, Chaplain in Ordinary to James I., and Dean of St. Paul's, belonged by birth to the golden age of Elizabethan poetry ; but he outlived its decline, and Charles I. had been king for six years when he died. His descent is interesting. His maternal grandfather was John Heywood, the witty epigrammatist and author of *Merry Interludes*, who died about 1565, in Queen Mary's reign. By his mother also he was descended from the family of the famous and learned Sir Thomas More (1480-1535), Lord Chancellor of England and the author of *Utopia*. The poetical writings of Donne which are best known are his *Satires* and *The Progress of the Soul*. He also wrote a number of Elegies, Lyrics, Letters in verse, and occasional pieces. The *Satires* were produced between 1593 and 1597, that is to say from the poet's twentieth to his twenty-fourth year. They were, however, not printed

then ; and Hall, whose *Toothless Satires* were published in 1596, claimed priority of Donne as the first English Satirist. "*The Progress of the Soul*," says Mr. Grosart, "takes its place next to the Satires proper as being called by its Author 'Poema Satyricon.'" Its date was 1601. The first line of it discloses its plan ;—

" I sing the progress of a deathless soul ;"

and in Donne's own preface is the following humorous explanation of the doctrine of Pythagoras which the poem is intended to illustrate :—

" All which I will bid you remember is, that the Pythagorean doctrine doth not only carry one soule from man to man, nor man to beast, but indifferently to plants alsoe : and therefore you must not grudge to finde the same soule in an Emperour, in a Post-horse, and in a Macheron ; since no unreadyness in the soule but an indisposition in the Organs worke this. And therefore, though this soule could not move when it was a Melon, yet it may remember and now tell mee, at what lascivious banquet it was serv'd. And though it could not speake when it was a Spider, yet it can remember and now tell mee, who us'd it for poyson to attain dignitie."

This verse treatise, so marvellously clever and so completely anti-Christian in its doctrine and mood, was followed in 1611 by *An Anatomie of the World*, and in 1612 by another *Progress of the Soul*. The three poems, although differing from one another both in form and matter, constitute a distinct series. The first of them relates, with not a touch of reverence for the thing Donne calls a soul, the Soul's progress, or passage, through many dwellings until she is housed in the body of Man. The second of the three poems is a pious, reflective Elegy, or song of sorrow, occasioned by the death of a young friend, Mrs. Elizabeth Drury. And, upon the second anniversary of this lady's death, when the sorrow was still fresh and poignant but was beginning to mix itself with the joy of religious faith, he wrote another Elegy with the old title *Progress of the Soul*. This later "progress" is the Soul's passage, not from plant to fish and from bird to beast, with its highest attainment in man, but from its human prison-house to freedom, from the lower life on earth to the

higher life beyond the stars which it reaches by means of death. The Second *Progress* is the most sustained and elevated of all Donne's poems, as the first *Progress* is the most bright and subtle. "Few writers," says De Quincey, "have shown a more extraordinary compass of powers than Donne; for he combined what no other man has ever done—the last sublimation of dialectical subtlety and address with the most impassioned majesty. Massy diamonds compose the very substance of his poem on the *Metempsychosis*,<sup>1</sup> thoughts and descriptions which have the fervent and gloomy sublimity of Ezekiel or Æschylus, whilst a diamond dust of rhetorical brilliancies is showered over the whole of his occasional verses and his prose."<sup>2</sup> The epithets "majesty" and "sublimity" appear to us altogether out of place in a criticism of Donne. On any level below these no praise can be too extensive to be true; but in naming these qualities De Quincey has only reminded us of exactly what is wanting in Donne's poetry and in the man.

## FROM THE SATIRES.

COURAGE OF STRAW.<sup>3</sup>

Is not our Mistress, fair Religion,  
 As worthy of our souls' devotion  
 As Virtue was to the first blinded Age?  
 Are not Heaven's joys as valiant to assuage  
 Lusts as Earth's honour was to them? Alas!  
 As we do them in means, shall they surpass  
 Us in the end? And shall thy father's spirit  
 Meet blind philosophers in Heaven whose merit  
 Of strict life may be imputed faith, and hear  
 Thee, whom he taught so easy ways and near  
 To follow, damned? O, if thou dar'st, fear this!  
 This fear great courage and high valour is.  
 Dar'st thou aid mutinous Dutch? and dar'st thou lay  
 Thee in ships, wooden sepulchres, a prey  
 To leaders' rage, to storms, to shot, to dearth?  
 Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth?

<sup>1</sup> The first "Progress of the Soul" had this title on the preface sheet.

<sup>2</sup> "On Whateley's Rhetoric," *Blackwood's Mag.*, Dec. 1828, vol. xxiv.

<sup>3</sup> From Satire III.

Hast thou courageous fire to thaw the ice  
 Of frozen North-discoveries? And, thrice  
 Colder than salamanders (like divine  
 Children in the oven), fires of Spain and the Line,  
 Whose countries limbecs to our bodies be,  
 Canst thou for gain bear? And must every he  
 Which cries not "goddess!" to thy Mistress draw,  
 Or eat thy poisonous words? Courage of straw!  
 O, desperate coward! Wilt thou seem bold; and  
 To thy foes, and His who made thee to stand  
 Sentinel in this world's garrison, thus yield;  
 And, for forbid wars, leave the appointed field?

OF TRUTH.<sup>1</sup>

. . . . . Though Truth and Falsehood be  
 Near twins, yet Truth a little elder is:  
 Be busy to seek her. Believe me this;  
 He is not of none, nor worst, which seeks the best:  
 To adore, or scorn, an Image, or protest,  
 May all be bad: doubt wisely. In strange way  
 To stand, enquiring right, is not to stray;  
 To sleep, or run wrong, is. On a huge Hill,  
 Rugged and steep, Truth dwells: and he that will  
 Reach her about must and about it go;  
 And, what the Hill's suddenness, resists, win so.  
 Yet strive so, that before Age, Death's twilight,  
 Thy mind rest: for none can work in that night.

THE COURT TOADY.<sup>2</sup>

Well, I may now receive and die. My sin  
 Indeed is great, but yet I have been in  
 A purgatory such as feared hell is  
 A recreation and scant map of this.  
 My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath been  
 Poisoned with love to see or to be seen;  
 I had no suit there, nor new suit to shew,  
 Yet went to Court: . . . .  
 Therefore I suffered this: Towards me did run  
 A thing more strange than on Nile's slime the sun  
 E'er bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came,  
 A thing which would have posed Adam to name,

<sup>1</sup> From Satire III.<sup>2</sup> From Satire IV.

Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies,  
 Than Afric's monsters, Guiana's rarities,  
 Stranger than strangers, one who for a Dane  
 In the Dane's Massacre had sure been slain  
 If he had lived then, and without help dies  
 When next the prentices 'gainst strangers rise,—  
 One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by,  
 One to whom the examining Justice sure would cry,  
 "Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are!" . . .  
 The thing hath travelled, and saith he speaks all tongues,  
 And only knoweth what to all States belongs.  
 Made of the accents and best phrase of all these,  
 He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,  
 Art can deceive, or hunger force, my taste;  
 But pedant's motley tongue, soldier's bombast,  
 Mountebank's drug-tongue, nor the terms of law  
 Are strong enough preparatives to draw  
 Me to hear this. Yet I must be content  
 With his tongue, in his tongue called "Compliment." . . .  
 He names me, and comes to me: I whisper, "God!  
 How have I sinned that Thy wrath's furious rod,  
 This fellow, chooseth me?" . . .

. . . Then, as if he would have sold  
 His tongue, he praised it; and such wonders told  
 That I was fain to say, "If you had lived, Sir,  
 Time enough to have been Interpreter  
 To Babel's bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood!"  
 He adds, "If of Court-life you knew the good  
 You would leave lonesness." I said, "Not alone  
 My lonesness is: but Spartan's fashion,  
 To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last  
 Now. . . .  
 No more can Princes' Courts, though there be few  
 Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue."  
 He, like to a high-stretched lute-string, squeaked, "O Sir!  
 'Tis sweet to talk of Kings!" "At Westminster,"  
 Said I, "the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,  
 And for his price doth, with whoever comes,  
 Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,  
 From king to king and all their kin can walk;  
 Your ear shall hear nought but kings, your eyes meet  
 Kings only: the way to it is King's Street."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> King's Street, Westminster, was the street in which the poet Spenser died in 1599, and, as Mr. Hales, in his *Memoir of Spenser* prefixed to the *Globe* edition of *Spenser's works*, points out, was at that date a place of fashion and dignity.

## A SONNET.

Death, be not proud though some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so :  
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow  
Die not, poor Death ! nor yet canst thou kill me.

From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,  
Much pleasure ; then from thee much more must flow.  
And soonest our best men with thee do go,  
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery !

Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,  
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell :  
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,  
Or better, than thy stroke : why swell'st thou then ?

One short sleep past, we wake eternally,  
And Death shall be no more : Death, thou shalt die !

## A WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

Now thou hast loved me one whole day,  
To-morrow, when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say ?  
Wilt thou then ante-date some new-made vow ?

Or say, that now  
We are not just those persons which we were ?  
Or, that oaths made in reverential fear  
Of Love and his wrath any may forswear ?

Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,  
So lovers' contracts, images of those,  
Bind but till Sleep, Death's image, them unloose ?

Or, your own end to justify  
For having purposed change and falsehood, you  
Can have no way but falsehood to be true ?

Vain lunatic ! Against these scapes I could

Dispute and conquer if I would ;

Which I abstain to do ;

For, by to-morrow, I may think so too.

## FROM THE METEMPSYCHOSIS (1601).

## THE SOUL'S PROGRESS FROM THE MANDRAKE TO THE SPARROW.

To an unfettered soul's quick nimble haste  
Are falling stars and hearts' thoughts but slow-paced.  
Thinner than burnt air flies this Soul ; and she,  
Whom four new-coming and four parting suns

Had found and left the Mandrake's tenant, runs,  
Thoughtless of change : when her firm destiny  
Confined and enjailed her, that seemed so free,  
Into a small blue shell ; the which a poor  
Warm bird o'erspread, and sat still evermore  
Till her enclosed child kicked and picked itself a door.

Out crept a Sparrow, this Soul's moving inn,  
On whose raw arms stiff feathers now begin,  
As children's teeth through gums, to break with pain.  
His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones threads ;  
All a new downy mantle overspreads ;  
A mouth he opes which would as much contain  
As his late house ; and the first hour speaks plain,  
And chirps aloud for meat ; meat fit for men  
His father steals for him ; and so feeds then  
One that within a month will beat him from his hen.

#### INTO A WHALE.

Into an embryo fish our Soul is thrown ;  
And, in due time, thrown out again ; and grown  
To such vastness as if unmanacled  
From Greece Morea were, and that, by some  
Earthquake unrooted, loose Morea swom ;  
Or seas from Afric's body had severed  
And torn the hopeful Promontory's<sup>1</sup> head :  
This fish would seem these ; and, when all hopes fail,  
A great ship, upset or without sail  
Hulling, might, when this was a whelp, be like this Whale.

At every stroke his brazen fins do take,  
More circles in the broken sea they make  
Than cannons' voices when the air they tear.  
His ribs are pillars, and his high-arched roof,  
Of bark that blunts best steel, is thunder-proof.  
Swim in him swallowed dolphins without fear,  
And feel no sides ; as if his vast womb were  
Some inland sea ; and, ever as he went,  
He spouted rivers up, as if he meant  
To join our seas with seas above the firmament.

He hunts not fish ; but, as an officer  
Stays in his court, at his own net, and there  
All suitors of all sorts themselves enthrall,

<sup>1</sup> Cape of Good Hope.



So on his back lies this Whale wantoning,  
 And in his gulf-like throat sucks everything  
 That passeth near. Fish chaseth fish, and all,  
 Flier and follower, in this whirlpool fall.  
 O, might not states of more equality  
 Consist? And is it of necessity  
 That thousand guiltless smalls, to make one great, must die?

Now drinks he up seas, and he eats up flocks;  
 He jostles islands, and he shakes firm rocks:  
 Now in a room-full house this Soul doth float;  
 And, like a Prince, she sends her faculties  
 To all her limbs, distant as provinces.  
 The Sun hath twenty times both Crab and Goat<sup>1</sup>  
 Parchèd, since first launched forth this living boat;  
 'Tis greatest now, and to destruction  
 Nearest: there's no pause at perfection;  
 Greatness a period hath, but hath no station.

INTO AN APE.

It quickened next a toyful Ape; and so  
 Gamesome it was that it might freely go  
 From tent to tent, and with the children play.  
 His features now so like theirs he doth find  
 That why he cannot laugh and speak his mind  
 He wonders. Much with all, most he doth stay  
 With Adam's fifth daughter Siphateria,—  
 Doth gaze on her, and, where she passeth, pass,  
 Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the grass,  
 And, wisest of that kind, the first true lover was.

He was the first that more desired to have  
 One than another; first that ere did crave  
 Love by mute signs and had no power to speak;  
 First that could make love-faces; or could do  
 The vaulter's somersaults; or used to woo  
 With hoiting gambols, his own limbs to break  
 To make his Mistress merry, or to wreak  
 Her anger on himself.

<sup>1</sup> Two signs of the Zodiac, corresponding with June and December.



## FROM THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL (1612).

## THE SOUL'S FLIGHT TO HEAVEN.

Think in how poor a prison thou didst lie  
 After, enabled but to suck and cry ;  
 Think, when 'twas grown to most, 'twas a poor inn,  
 A province packed up in two yards of skin,  
 And that usurped, or threatened, with a rage  
 Of sicknesses or their true mother, Age.  
 But think that Death hath now enfranchised thee :  
 Thou hast thy expansion now, and liberty.  
 Think that a rusty piece, discharged, is flown  
 In pieces, and the bullet is his own,  
 And freely flies ; this to thy Soul allow.  
 Think thy shell broke ; think thy Soul hatched but now :  
 And think this slow-paced Soul, which late did cleave  
 To a body, and went but, by the body's leave,  
 Twenty perchance or thirty mile a day,  
 Despatches in a minute all the way  
 'Twixt heaven and earth. She stays not in the air,  
 To look what meteors there themselves prepare ;  
 She carries no desire to know, nor sense,  
 Whether the air's middle region be intense ;  
 For the element of fire, she doth not know  
 Whether she passed by such a place, or no ;  
 She baits not at the moon ; nor cares to try  
 Whether in that new world men live and die ;  
 Venus retards her not, to inquire how she  
 Can, being one star, Hesper and Vesper be.  
 He that charmed Argus' eyes, sweet Mercury,  
 Works not on her who now is grown all eye ;  
 Who, if she meet the body of the Sun,  
 Goes through, not staying till her course be run ;  
 Who finds in Mars his camp no corps of guard ;  
 Nor is by Jove, nor by his father, barred ;  
 But, ere she can consider how she went,  
 At once is at, and through, the firmament.  
 And, as these stars were but so many beads  
 Strung on one string, speed undistinguished leads  
 Her through those spheres, as through those beads a string,  
 Whose quick succession makes it still one thing :  
 As doth the pith which, lest our bodies slack,  
 Strings fast the little bones of neck and back,  
 So by the Soul doth death string Heaven and Earth.

## JOSEPH HALL.

(1574-1656.)

JOSEPH HALL, Chaplain to Prince Henry, eldest son of James I., and Bishop successively of Exeter in 1627 and of Norwich in 1641, is remembered chiefly for his prose theological works written in the reigns of James and Charles. His only poems were a collection of Satires composed at Cambridge University before his twenty-third year. These Satires, of which there are altogether about three dozen, of lengths varying from twelve lines to three hundred, are grouped with reference to their subjects into six Books. The first three Books were published anonymously in 1597, and were entitled *Toothless Satyres, poetical, academical, moral*. The remaining three Books followed in the next year, and were called *Virgidemiarum: The three last Bookes of Byting Satyres*. The two collections were printed together in 1599. They are written upon the classic model of Juvenal and Persius, as distinct from that of the English writers of satirical poetry, of whom Langland and Skelton are examples. Although Donne's Satires, in the same style, were written earlier, they were not printed for some time after Hall's; and Hall has consequently enjoyed the distinction of priority to which he himself laid claim.

"I first adventure: follow me who list,  
And be the second English Satirist."

Hall's Satires were condemned to be burnt in 1599 by an order of Bishop Bancroft; from which time they sank into oblivion, and were not included in the early editions of his Works. In 1641, Milton, during the Smectymnuan Controversy, dragged them to light and criticised them mercilessly. Pope saw them late in his life, and wished he had seen them sooner. And Warton, in 1778, wrote an elaborate and eulogistic account of them in his *History of English Poetry*. These Satires contain much interesting criticism on the literature and manners of the period in which they were written, and they are remarkable also as having been the vigorous and solitary attempt in verse of one of our most notable English divines.

OF SATIRE IN POETRY.<sup>1</sup>

Nor lady's wanton love, nor wandering knight,  
 Legend I out in rhymes all richly dight ;  
 Nor fright the reader with the pagan vaunt  
 Of mighty Mahound and great Termagaunt ;  
 Nor list I sonnet of my mistress' face  
 To paint some Blowess with a borrowed grace ;  
 Nor can I bide to pen some hungry scene  
 For thick-skin ears and undiscerning een ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Nor ever could my scornful Muse abide  
 With tragic shoes her ancles for to hide ;  
 Nor can I crouch, and writhe my fawning tail  
 To some great Patron, for my best avail :—  
 Such hunger-starven trencher poetry,  
 Or let it never live, or timely die !—  
 Nor under every bank and every tree  
 Speak rhymes unto my oaten minstrelsy ;  
 Nor carol out so pleasing lively lays  
 As might the Graces move my mirth to praise.  
 Trumpet, and reeds, and socks, and buskins fine,  
 I them bequeath whose statues wandering twine<sup>3</sup>  
 Of ivy mixt with bays encircle round,  
 Their living temples likewise laurel-bound.  
 Rather had I, all-be in careless rhymes,  
 Check the misordered world and lawless times.

FARMER LOLIO AND HIS SON HODGE.<sup>4</sup>

Old drivelling Lolio drudges all he can  
 To make his eldest son a gentleman.  
 Nought spendeth he for cheer nor spares for cost ;  
 And all he spends and spares besides is lost.  
 Himself goes patched like some bare cottier,  
 Lest he might aught the future stock appair<sup>5</sup>. . . .  
 Let sweet-mouthed Mercia bid what crowns she please  
 For half-red cherries, or green garden peas,  
 Or the first artichokes of all the year,  
 To make so lavish cost for little cheer :  
 When Lolio feasteth in his revelling fit,  
 Some starvèd pullet<sup>6</sup> scours the rusted spit.  
 For, else, how should his son maintained be  
 At Inns of Court or of the Chancery,

<sup>1</sup> From *Book I. Satire I.*<sup>4</sup> From *Book IV. Satire II.*<sup>2</sup> Eyes.<sup>5</sup> Injure.<sup>3</sup> Garland.<sup>6</sup> Hen.

There to learn law and courtly carriage  
 To make amends for his mean parentage?  
 Where he, unknown, and ruffling as he can,  
 Goes current each where for a gentleman. . . .  
 There, soon as he can kiss his hand in gree,<sup>1</sup>  
 And with good grace bow it below the knee,  
 Or make a Spanish face with fawning cheer,  
 With the island congè, like a cavalier,  
 And shake his head, and cringe his neck and side,  
 Home hies he in his father's farm to bide.  
 The tenants wonder at their landlord's son,  
 And bless them at so sudden coming on,  
 More than who vies his pence to view some trick  
 Of strange Morocco's dumb arithmetic,  
 Or the young elephant, or two-tailed steer,  
 Or the rigg'd camel, or the fiddling frere.<sup>2</sup>  
 Nay, then, his Hodge shall leave the plough and wain,  
 And buy a book and go to school again!  
 Why might not he, as well as others done,  
 Rise from his fescue<sup>3</sup> to his Littleton? . . .  
 But that which glads and makes him proud'st of all  
 Is, when the brabbling neighbours on him call  
 For counsel in some crabbed case of law,  
 Or some indentments or some bond to draw.  
 His neighbour's goose hath grazed on his lea;  
 What action might be entered in the plea?  
 So new-fallen lands have made him in request,  
 That now he looks as lofty as the best;  
 And, well done, Lolio, like a thrifty sire,  
 'Twere pity but thy son should prove a squire.  
 How I foresee in many ages passed,  
 When Lolio's caitiff name is quite defaced,  
 Thine heir, thine heir's heir, and his heir again,  
 From out the loins of careful Lolian,  
 Shall climb up to the chancel pews on high,  
 And rule and reign in their rich tenancy,  
 When, perched aloft, to perfect their estate  
 They rack their rents unto a treble rate,  
 And hedge in all the neighbour common lands,  
 And clodge their slavish tenants with commands;  
 Whiles they, poor souls, with feeling sigh complain,  
 And wish old Lolio were alive again,  
 And praise his gentle soul, and wish it well,  
 And of his friendly facts<sup>4</sup> full often tell!

<sup>1</sup> Gratitude, servility (Fr. *grec*).<sup>2</sup> Friar.<sup>3</sup> A schoolmaster's pointing-rod.<sup>4</sup> Deeds.

AN INHOSPITABLE MANSION.<sup>1</sup>

When Mævio's first page of his poesy,  
 Nailed to an hundred posts for novelty,<sup>2</sup>  
 With his<sup>3</sup> big title, an Italian mot,<sup>4</sup>  
 Lays siege unto the backward buyer's groat,  
 Which all within is drafty sluttish gear<sup>5</sup>  
 Fit for the oven or the kitchen fire :  
 So this gay gate adds fuel to thy thought  
 That such proud piles were never raised for nought.  
 Beat the broad gates ; a goodly hollow sound  
 With double echoes doth again rebound ;  
 But not a dog doth bark to welcome thee,  
 Nor churlish porter canst thou chasing see ;  
 All dumb and silent, like the dead of night,  
 Or dwelling of some sleepy Sybarite ;<sup>6</sup>  
 The marble pavement hid with desert weed,  
 With house-leek, thistle, dock, and hemlock seed.  
 But, if thou chance cast up thy wondering eyes,  
 Thou shalt discern upon the frontispiece  
 ΟΤΑΕΙΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ<sup>7</sup> graven up on high,  
 A fragment of old Plato's poesy :  
 The meaning is, " Sir Fool, ye may be gone ;  
 Go back, by leave, for way here lieth none."  
 Look to the towered chimneys, which should be  
 The windpipes of good hospitality  
 Through which it breatheth to the open air,  
 Betokening life and liberal welfare :  
 Lo, there the unthankful swallow takes her rest,  
 And fills the tunnel with her circled nest ;  
 Nor half that smoke from all his chimneys goes  
 Which one tobacco pipe drives through his nose.

## RICHARD BARNFIELD.

(1574 - ?)

THIS name reminds us that the golden age of Spenser and his fellow-shepherds was not yet over. Only one pastoral song of this poet has acquired a lasting popularity, and few facts

<sup>1</sup> From *Book V. Satire II.*<sup>2</sup> The original method of advertising a book was to nail up the title-page on posts in the streets. Hence the long title-pages of our old books, which read sometimes like title and index in one.<sup>3</sup> Its.<sup>4</sup> Motto.<sup>5</sup> Stuff.<sup>6</sup> A luxurious person.<sup>7</sup> " Let none enter."

are recorded concerning him. He was of Staffordshire parentage ; studied at Brasenose College, Oxford ; graduated as Bachelor in Arts in Feb. 1591-2 ; and was mentioned by Francis Meres in his *Wit's Treasury*, 1598, as one of the best for pastoral in his time. He published in 1594 a series of sonnets entitled *The Affectionate Shepherd*, fresh editions of which appeared in 1595 and 1596. His other works were *Cynthia, with certain Sonnets, and the Legend of Cassandra*, in 1595, and a third volume of poems in 1598, among which is his best known song. This song and another are in *England's Helicon*, with the signature 'Ignoto,' and also a sonnet bearing his name.

## AS IT FELL UPON A DAY.

As it fell upon a day  
 In the merry month of May,  
 Sitting in a pleasant shade  
 Which a grove of Myrtles made,  
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring,  
 Everything did banish moan,  
 Save the Nightingale alone.  
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
 Leaned her breast uptill a thorn,  
 And there sung the dolefullest ditty,  
 That to hear it was great pity :  
*Fie, fie, fie*, now would she cry ;  
*Teru, Teru*, by and bye :  
 That, to hear her so complain,  
 Scarce I could from tears refrain ;  
 For her griefs, so lively shown,  
 Made me think upon my own.

" Ah," thought I, " thou mourn'st in vain ;  
 None takes pity on thy pain !  
 Senseless trees they cannot hear thee ;  
 Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee ;  
 King Pandion he is dead ;  
 All thy friends are lapped in lead ;  
 All thy fellow-birds do sing,  
 Careless of thy sorrowing :  
 Even so, poor bird, like thee,  
 None alive will pity me."

## BEN JONSON.

(1574-1637.)

BEN JONSON was ten years younger than Shakespeare, and survived him twenty-one years, living on almost into the troubled close of Charles I.'s reign. He was born in the north of England, the posthumous son of a minister, or preacher, in London, who came originally of a Scottish family in Annandale. Jonson's widowed mother was married a second time to a bricklayer; and her son, after a period of soldier life in the Low Countries, settled in London, married, and took to literature and the stage as a means of livelihood. The main bulk of his works consisted of Dramas and Masks, of which he produced in all more than fifty; but he wrote also a considerable quantity of nondramatic verse in the form of Epigrams, Elegies, Songs, Epistles, and miscellaneous pieces. The massive force and the versatility of his genius were extraordinary. When the world had had enough of his Plays, he flung off a succession of brilliant revelries for the Court; he assailed beauty with a ponderous homage and in songs as graceful as the spray on a wave; he could write witty epistles to his great friends and tender little epitaphs on dead children; he added another to the glorious memories of Penshurst, and left the best contemporary criticism of Shakespeare that we have. In 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death, Jonson was at the height of his fame. In that year he received a life-pension of a hundred marks from King James; he also collected his own works and published them in two volumes, grouping his non-dramatic verse in two series under the heads *The Forest* and *Underwoods*. It was at this date, also, that he ceased writing for the theatres, intending henceforward to produce only Entertainments for the Court; but in the early part of Charles I.'s reign he was compelled by poverty to resume the old kind of work. In 1630 Charles ratified Jonson's pension, raising it from marks to pounds, and adding thereto "onetierce of Canary Spanish wine yearly" from the cellars of Whitehall. Nevertheless, in spite of Charles's kindness, Jonson's last years were sad ones; and, when the old lion died in 1637, the latest survivor of an im-

mortal group of poets, he was solitary and poor. His grave is in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey. England was too busy in those years to build him a monument ; but a young squire from Oxfordshire, visiting the spot, gave eighteenpence to a workman to engrave upon the flagstone that covered him this epitaph :—*O Rare Ben Jonson !*

## AN ODE : TO HIMSELF.

Where dost thou careless lie?  
 Buried in ease and sloth?  
 Knowledge that sleeps doth die;  
 And this security,  
 It is the common moth  
 That eats on wits and arts, and so destroys them both.

Are all the Aonian springs  
 Dried up? Lies Thespia waste?  
 Doth Clarius' harp want strings,  
 That not a nymph now sings?  
 Or droop they as disgraced,  
 To see their seats and bowers by chattering pies defaced?

If hence thy silence be,  
 As 'tis too just a cause,  
 Let this thought quicken thee:  
 Minds that are great and free  
 Should not on fortune pause;  
 'Tis crown enough to virtue still,—her own applause.

What though the greedy fry  
 Be taken with false baits  
 Of worded balladry,  
 And think it poesy?  
 They die with their conceits,  
 And only piteous scorn upon their folly waits.

Then take in hand thy lyre,  
 Strike in thy proper strain,  
 With Japhet's line aspire  
 Sol's chariot for new fire  
 To give the world again:  
 Who aided him will thee, the issue of Jove's brain.



And, since our dainty age  
 Cannot endure reproof,  
 Make not thyself a page  
 To that strumpet the stage,  
 But sing high and aloof,  
 Safe from the wolf's black jaw and the dull ass's hoof.<sup>1</sup>

## OF EARLY DYING.

It is not growing like a tree  
 In bulk, doth make men better be ;  
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear :  
 A lily of a day  
 Is fairer far in May,  
 Although it fall and die that night ;  
 It was the plant and flower of light.  
 In small proportions we just beauties see ;  
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

## A LOVE SONG.

O, do not wanton with those eyes,  
 Lest I be sick with seeing ;  
 Nor cast them down, but let them rise,  
 Lest shame destroy their being.

O, be not angry with those fires,  
 For then their threats will kill me ;  
 Nor look too kind on my desires,  
 For then my hopes will spill me.

O, do not steep them in thy tears,  
 For so will sorrow slay me ;  
 Nor spread them as distract with fears :  
 Mine own enough betray me.

<sup>1</sup> This scornful mood was characteristic of Jonson, especially in his early life. The last line of the "Ode," evidently a favourite with its author, occurs also at the close of the Epilogue to *The Poetaster*, written in 1601 :—

I, that spend half my nights and all my days  
 Here in a cell, to get a dark pale face,  
 To come forth worth the ivy or the bays,  
 And, in this age, can hope no other grace—  
 Leave me ! There's something come into my thought  
 That must and shall be sung *high and aloof*,  
*Safe from the wolf's black jaw and the dull ass's hoof.*

THE SONG OF HESPERUS.<sup>1</sup>

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,  
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
 Seated in thy silver chair,  
 State in wonted manner keep :  
 Hesperus entreats thy light,  
 Goddess excellently bright !

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
 Dare itself to interpose ;  
 Cynthia's shining orb has made  
 Heaven to clear when day did close :  
 Bless us then with wished sight,  
 Goddess excellently bright !

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
 And thy crystal shining quiver ;  
 Give unto the flying hart  
 Space to breathe, how short soever :  
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,  
 Goddess excellently bright !

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED, MASTER WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEARE, AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,  
 Am I thus ample to thy book and fame ;  
 While I confess thy writings to be such  
 As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.  
 'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways  
 Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise :  
 For silliest ignorance on these may light,  
 Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right ;  
 Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance  
 The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance ;  
 Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,  
 And think to ruin where it seemed to raise. . . .  
 But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,  
 Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.  
 I, therefore, will begin :—Soul of the age !  
 The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage !  
 My Shakespeare, rise ! I will not lodge thee by  
 Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie

<sup>1</sup> From *Cynthia's Revels*.

A little further off, to make thee room :  
 Thou art a monument without a tomb,  
 And art alive still, while thy book doth live,  
 And we have wits to read and praise to give.  
 That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,—  
 I mean with great, but disproportioned, muses ;  
 For, if I thought my judgment were of years,  
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers ;  
 And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,  
 Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line ;  
 And, though thou had'st small Latin and less Greek,  
 From thence to honour thee I will not seek  
 For names : but call forth thundering Æschylus,  
 Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,  
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,  
 To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,  
 And shake a stage : or, when thy socks were on,  
 Leave thee alone for the comparison  
 Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome  
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.  
 Triumph, my Britain ! thou hast one to show,  
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.  
 He was not of an age, but for all time :  
 And all the Muses still were in their prime  
 When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm  
 Our ears, or, like a Mercury, to charm.  
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,  
 And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines ;  
 Which were so richly spun and woven so fit  
 As twice she will vouchsafe no other wit.  
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,  
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please ;  
 But antiquated and deserted lie,  
 As they were not of Nature's family.  
 Yet must I not give Nature all : thy art,  
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.  
 For, though the poet's matter nature be,  
 His art doth give the fashion : and that he<sup>1</sup>  
 Who casts to write a living line must sweat  
 Such as thine are, and strike the second heat  
 Upon the Muse's anvil, turn the same,  
 And himself with it that he thinks to frame :  
 Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn.  
 For a good poet's made as well as born.

<sup>1</sup> And that man.

And such wert thou ! Look how the father's face  
 Lives in his issue : even so the race  
 Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines  
 In his well turned and true filed lines ;  
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,  
 As brandished at the eyes of Ignorance.  
 Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were  
 To see thee in our water yet appear,  
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames  
 That so did take Eliza and our James !  
 But stay ! I see thee in the hemisphere  
 Advanced, and made a constellation there.  
 Shine forth, thou star of poets ! and, with rage  
 Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,  
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like  
     night,  
 And déspairs day, but for thy volume's light.

TO PENSHURST.<sup>1</sup>

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show  
 Of touch or marble, nor canst boast a row  
 Of polished pillars, or a roof of gold ;  
 Thou hast no lantern whereof tales are told,  
 Or stair, or courts ; but stand'st an ancient pile,  
 And, these grudged at, art revered the while.  
 Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, of air,  
 Of wood, of water ; therein thou art fair.  
 Thou hast thy walks for health as well as sport :  
 Thy Mount, to which thy dryads do resort,  
 Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made  
 Beneath the broad beech and the chestnut shade :  
 That taller Tree,<sup>2</sup> which of a nut was set  
 At his great birth where all the Muses met.  
 There, in the writhèd bark, are cut the names  
 Of many a sylvan taken with his flames ;  
 And thence the ruddy satyrs oft provoke  
 The lighter fauns to reach thy Ladies' Oak.  
 Thy copse, too, named of Gamage,<sup>3</sup> thou hast there,  
 That never fails to serve thee seasoned deer  
 When thou wouldst feast or exercise thy friends.  
 The lower land, that to the river bends,

<sup>1</sup> Formerly Pencester, in Kent : the ancient seat of the Sidney's.<sup>2</sup> Sir Philip Sidney's Oak.<sup>3</sup> Gamage's Bower.

Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves doth feed ;  
 The middle grounds thy mares and horses breed ;  
 Each bank doth yield thee conies, and the tops  
 Fertile of wood. Ashore, and Sidney's Copse,  
 To crown thy open table, doth provide  
 The purpled pheasant with the speckled side.  
 The painted partridge lies in every field,  
 And for thy mess is willing to be killed.  
 And, if the high-swollen Medway fail thy dish,  
 Thou hast thy ponds that pay thee tribute fish,—  
 Fat aged carps that run into thy net,  
 And pikes, now weary their own kind to eat,  
 As loth the second draught or cast to stay,  
 Officiously at first themselves betray ;  
 Bright eels that emulate them, and leap on land  
 Before the fisher, or into his hand.  
 Then hath thy Orchard fruit, thy Garden flowers,  
 Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours.  
 The early cherry, with the later plum,  
 Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come ;  
 The blushing apricot and woolly peach  
 Hang on thy walls, that every child may reach.  
 And, though thy walls be of the country stone,  
 They're reared with no man's ruin, no man's groan ;  
 There's none, that dwell about them, wish them down ;  
 But all come in, the farmer and the clown,  
 And no one empty-handed, to salute  
 Thy lord and lady, though they have no suit.  
 Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,  
 Some nuts, some apples ; some, that think they make  
 The better cheeses, bring them, or else send  
 By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend  
 This way to husbands, and whose baskets bear  
 An emblem of themselves in plum or pear.  
 But what can this (more than express their love)  
 Add to thy free provisions, far above  
 The need of such ? whose liberal board doth flow  
 With all that hospitality doth know !

MY PICTURE, LEFT IN SCOTLAND (1619).

I now think Love is rather deaf than blind ;  
 For, else, it could not be  
     That she,  
 Whom I adore so much, should so slight me,  
 And cast my suit behind.

I'm sure my language to her was as sweet,  
 And every close did meet  
 In sentence of as subtle feet,  
 As hath the youngest he  
 That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree.  
 O, but my conscious fears,  
 That fly my thoughts between,  
 Tell me that she hath seen  
 My hundreds of grey hairs,  
 Told seven and forty years,  
 Read so much waist as she cannot embrace,  
 My mountain belly, and my rocky face ;—  
 And all these, through her eyes, have stopt her ears.

## INVITING A FRIEND TO SUPPER.

To-night, grave sir, both my poor house and I  
 Do equally desire your company :  
 Not that we think us worthy such a guest,  
 But that your worth will dignify our feast  
 With those that come ; whose grace may make that seem  
 Something which else would hope for no esteem.  
 It is the fair acceptance, sir, creates  
 The entertainment perfect, not the cates.  
 Yet shall you have, to rectify your palate,  
 An olive, capers, or some better salad,  
 Ushering the mutton ; with a short-legged hen,  
 If we can get her full of eggs, and then  
 Lemons and wine for sauce ; to these, a coney<sup>1</sup>  
 Is not to be despaired of for our money ;  
 And, though fowl now be scarce, yet there are clerks,<sup>2</sup>  
 The sky not falling, think we may have larks.  
 I'll tell you of more (and lie, so you will, come),  
 Of partridge, pheasant, woodcock, of which some  
 May yet be there, and god-wit if we can ;  
 Knat, rail, and ruff, too. Howsœ'er, my man  
 Shall read a piece of Virgil, Tacitus,  
 Livy, or of some better book, to us,  
 Of which we'll speak our minds amidst our meat :  
 And I'll profess no verses to repeat.  
 To this if aught appear which I not know of,  
 That will the pastry, not my paper, show of.  
 Digestive cheese and fruit there sure will be ;  
 But that which most doth take my muse and me

<sup>1</sup> A rabbit.<sup>2</sup> Learned persons.

Is a pure cup of rich canary wine,  
 Which is the Mermaid's<sup>1</sup> now, but shall be mine ;  
 Of which had Horace or Anacreon tasted,  
 Their lives, as do their lines, till now had lasted.  
 Tobacco, nectar, or the Thespian spring,  
 Are all but Luther's beer to this I sing.<sup>2</sup>  
 Of this we will sup free, but moderately ;  
 And we will have no Pooey or Parrot by,  
 Nor shall our cups make any guilty men ;  
 But, at our parting, we will be as when  
 We innocently met. No simple word  
 That shall be uttered at our mirthful board  
 Shall make us sad next morning, or affright  
 The liberty that we'll enjoy to-night.

AN EPIGRAPH ON SALATHIEL PAVY, A CHILD OF QUEEN  
 ELIZABETH'S CHAPEL.<sup>3</sup>

Weep with me, all you that read  
 This little story :  
 And know, for whom a tear you shed  
 Death's self is sorry.  
 'Twas a child that so did thrive  
 In grace and feature,  
 As heaven and nature seemed to strive  
 Which owned the creature.  
 Years he numbered scarce thirteen  
 When fates turned cruel ;  
 Yet three filled zodiacs had he been  
 The stage's jewel,  
 And did act, what now we moan,  
 Old men so dully  
 As, sooth, the Parcae thought him one,  
 He played so truly !  
 So, by error, to his fate  
 They all consented ;  
 But, viewing him since, alas, too late  
 They have repented ;  
 And have sought, to give new birth,  
 In baths to steep him ;  
 But, being so much too good for earth,  
 Heaven vows to keep him.

<sup>1</sup> The famous Mermaid Tavern.

<sup>2</sup> Are no better than Luther's beer in comparison with this canary which I sing.

<sup>3</sup> A little actor, otherwise than in these lines quite unremembered, who excelled in performing the parts of old men, and died at twelve years of age.

## AN EPIGRAM TO THE HOUSEHOLD OF CHARLES I., 1630.

What can the cause be, when the King hath given  
 His poet sack,<sup>1</sup> the Household will not pay?  
 Are they so scantied in their store? or driven,  
 For want of knowing the poet, to say him nay?  
 Well, they *should* know him, would the King but grant  
 His poet leave to sing his Household true:  
 He'd frame such ditties of their store and want  
 Would make the very Green-cloth to look blue,  
 And rather wish, in their expense of sack,  
 So the allowance from the King to use  
 As the old Bard should no canary lack:  
 'Twere better spare a butt than spill his muse!  
 For in the genius of a poet's verse,  
 The King's fame lives. Go now, deny his tierce!

## GILES FLETCHER.

( -1623.)

WHEN Spenser died in 1599, there were already growing to manhood a younger generation of Spenserians, pastoral poets, who would in course of years acknowledge for Spenser something of the docile reverence which he had expressed in his youth for Chaucer, his English "Tityrus." Among these younger poets, youths in their teens at the date of Spenser's death, were the brothers Giles and Phineas Fletcher. They were first cousins of John Fletcher the dramatist, and sons of Dr. Giles Fletcher, who was at one time Ambassador at the court of Russia, and who had dedicated a book, entitled *Of the Russe Common Wealth*, to Queen Elizabeth in 1591, which she as quickly suppressed, "lest," says Anthony Wood, "it might give offence to a prince in amity with England." Phineas and his brother were educated at Cambridge. Giles graduated as B.D., and obtained the living of Alderton in Suffolk, while Phineas became rector at Hilgay in Norfolk; and each of them produced a very remarkable poem. The *Christ's Victory* of Giles Fletcher was published at Cambridge in 1610. Its

<sup>1</sup> See p. 352.



measure is a full flowing eight-lined stanza, which is, in fact, Spenser's own stanza with the seventh line omitted. It is written in a tone of exalted and rapturous piety. Giles Fletcher was emphatically a pastoral poet; but he cast away the oft-sung themes of Arcadian romance, and chose for the subject of his poem the most exquisite and sublime of all pastoral stories.

## FROM CHRIST'S VICTORY AND TRIUMPH.

### THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Who can forget, never to be forgot,  
The time that all the world in slumber lies,  
When, like the stars, the singing angels shot  
To earth, and heaven awakèd all his eyes  
To see another sun at midnight rise  
On earth? Was never sight of pareil<sup>1</sup> fame;  
For God, before, man like himself did frame,  
But God himself, now, like a mortal man became.

A Child he was, and had not learnt to speak,  
That with his word the world before did make;  
His mother's arms him bore, he was so weak,  
That with one hand the vaults of heaven could shake.  
See, how small room my infant Lord doth take,  
Whom all the world is not enough to hold!  
Who of his years or of his age hath told?  
Never such age so young, never a child so old!

And yet but newly he was infanted,  
And yet already he was sought to die;  
Yet scarcely born, already banishèd;  
Not able yet to go, and forced to fly;  
But scarcely fled away, when, by and by,  
The tyrant's sword with blood is all defiled,  
And Rachel for her sons, with fury wild,  
Cries, "O, thou cruel king!" and "O, my sweetest child!"

The angels carolled loud their Song of Peace;  
The cursèd oracles were stricken dumb:  
To see their Shepherd the poor shepherds press;  
To see their King the kingly sophies<sup>2</sup> come;  
And, them to guide unto his Master's home,

<sup>1</sup> Like.

<sup>2</sup> Wise Men.

A Star comes dancing up the orient,  
That springs for joy over the strawy tent ;  
Where gold, to make their Prince a crown, they all present. . .

With that, the mighty thunder dropt away  
From God's unwary arm, now milder grown,  
And melted into tears ; as if to pray  
For pardon and for pity it had known,  
That should have been for sacred vengeance thrown :  
There-to, the armies angelic devowed  
Their former rage, and, all to Mercy bowed,  
Their broken weapons at her feet they gladly strowed.

Bring, bring, ye Graces, all your silver flasks,  
Painted with every choicest flower that grows ;  
That I may soon unflower your fragrant baskets  
To strow the fields with odours where he goes :  
Let whatsoe'er he treads on be a rose !  
So, down she let her eyelids fall, to shine  
Upon the rivers of bright Palestine,  
Whose woods drop honey and her rivers skip with wine.

## CHRIST'S ASCENSION INTO HEAVEN.

So long He wandered in our lower sphere  
That heaven began his cloudy stars despise,  
Half envious to see on earth appear  
A greater light than flamed in his own skies :  
At length it burst for spite, and out there flies  
A globe of winged angels, swift as thought,  
That on their spotted feathers lively caught  
The sparkling earth, and to their azure fields it brought.

The rest, that yet amazed stood below  
With eyes cast up, as greedy to be fed,  
And hands upheld, themselves to ground did throw :  
So, when the Trojan boy was ravished,  
As through the Italian woods they say he fled,  
His aged guardians stood all dismayed,  
Some lest he should have fallen back afraid,  
And some their hasty vows and timely prayers said.

"Toss up your heads, ye everlasting gates,  
And let the Prince of Glory enter in ;  
At whose brave volley of sidereal states  
The sun to blush and stars grow pale were seen :

When, leaping first from earth, he did begin  
 To climb his angels' wings : then open hang  
 Your crystal doors ! " So all the chorus sang  
 Of heavenly birds, as to the stars they nimbly sprang.

Hark, how the floods clap their applauding hands,  
 The pleasant valleys singing for delight ;  
 And wanton mountains dance about the lands ;  
 The while the fields, struck with the heavenly light,  
 Set all their flowers a-smiling at the sight.  
 The trees laugh with their blossoms ; and the sound  
 Of the triumphant shout of praise that crowned  
 The flaming Lamb, breaking through heaven, hath passage  
 found.

Out leap the antique Patriarchs, all in haste,  
 To see the powers of Hell in triumph led ;  
 And with small stars a garland interchased  
 Of olive-leaves they bore to crown his head,  
 That was before with thorns de-glorièd :  
 After them flew the Prophets, brightly stoled<sup>1</sup>  
 In shining lawn, and wimpled manifold,  
 Striking their ivory harps strung all in cords of gold :

To which the Saints victorious carols sung,  
 Ten thousand Saints at once, that, with the sound,  
 The hollow vaults of heaven for triumph rung :  
 The Cherubim their clamours did confound  
 With all the rest, and clapped their wings around :  
 Down from their thrones the Domnations flow,  
 And at his feet their crowns and sceptres throw,  
 And all the princely souls fell on their faces low.

Nor can the Martyrs' wounds them stay behind ;  
 But out they rush among the heavenly crowd,  
 Seeking their heaven out of their heaven to find,  
 Sounding their silver trumpets out so loud  
 That the shrill noise broke through the starry cloud :  
 And all the Virgin-souls, in pure array,  
 Come dancing forth, and making joyous play :  
 So Him they led along into the Courts of Day.

So Him they led into the Courts of Day,  
 Where never war nor wounds abide him more :  
 But in that house eternal Peace doth play  
 At quieting the souls that knew before

<sup>1</sup> Robed.

Their way to heaven through their own blood to score ;  
But now, estranged from all misery,  
As far as heaven and earth dis-coasted<sup>1</sup> lie,  
Swelter in quiet waves of immortality.

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## PHINEAS FLETCHER.

(1584-1650.)

THE *Purple Island* of Phineas, the elder of the brothers Fletcher, was not published until 1633, after the death of Giles and many years after it was written. It is a long allegory, in the course of which the physical and mental parts of Man are described. The stanza, like that of Giles's *Christ's Victory*, is formed upon the Spenserian ; but Phineas omitted two, instead of one, of Spenser's lines, namely the fifth and seventh. There is enough of Spenser in the plan of this poem, and in various passages of it, to have brought upon its author, had he lived in our own day, the charge of bold-faced plagiarism. But all our old poets were in some sense plagiarists. Nor was it uncommon for a singer to proclaim with pride the source of his inspiration, while his readers were amply satisfied if he sang the old song in a new strain, with some inherent touch of genius that made it more than it was before his own and theirs. The *Purple Island* had been preceded in 1631 by a piscatory play called *Sicelides* ; but, although Phineas outlived his brother Giles twenty-seven years and produced a good deal of verse, it is only for his physiological Allegory that he is remembered.

## FROM THE PURPLE ISLAND.

## STRIFE.

Next him Erithius, most unquiet swain,  
That all in law and foul contention spent.  
Not one was found in all this numerous train  
With whom in anything he would consent ;

<sup>1</sup> Sundered.

His will his law ; he weighed not wrong or right ;  
 Much scorned to bear, much more forgive, a spite ;  
 Patience he "the ass's load," and "coward's virtue,"<sup>1</sup> hight. . . .

Upon his belt, fastened with leather laces,  
 Black boxes hung, sheaths of his paper swords,  
 Filled up with writs, subpoenas, trial-cases ;—  
 This trespassed him in cattle, that in words.  
 Fit his device and well his shield became ;—  
 A Salamander, drawn in lively frame :  
 His word<sup>2</sup> was this :—"I live, I breathe, I feed, on flame."

## FORTITUDE.

By him Andreos paced : of middle age,  
 His mind as far from rashness as from fears ;  
 Hating base thoughts as much as desperate rage,  
 The world's loud thunderings he, unshaken, hears :  
 Nor will he death, or life, or seek, or fly,  
 Ready for both : he is as cowardly  
 That longer fears to live as he that fears to die.

Worst was his civil war, where deadly fought  
 He with himself till passion yields or dies ;  
 All heart and hand, no tongue ; not grim, but stout ;  
 His flame had counsel in it, his fury eyes.  
 His rage well-tempered is ; no fear can daunt  
 His reason. But cold blood is valiant :  
 Well may he strength in death, but never courage want !

But, like a mighty rock whose unmoved sides  
 The hostile sea assaults with furious wave,  
 And 'gainst his head the boisterous north wind rides ;  
 Both fight and storm, and swell, and roar, and rave,  
 Hoarse surges drum, loud blasts their trumpets strain ;  
 The heroic cliff laughs at their frustrate pain,  
 Waves scattered drop in tears, winds broken whining plain :

Such was this knight's undaunted constancy.  
 No mischief weakens his resolvèd mind ;  
 None fiercer to a stubborn enemy,  
 But to the yielding none more sweetly kind.  
 His shield an even-ballast ship embraces,  
 Which dances light while Neptune wildly raves.  
 His word was this : "I fear but heaven ; nor winds, nor waves."

<sup>1</sup> Called.<sup>2</sup> His motto.

## PARTHENIA, OR CHASTITY.

With her, her sister went, a warlike maid,  
Parthenia, all in steel and gilded arms ;  
In needle's stead, a mighty spear she swayed ;  
With which, in bloody fields and fierce alarms,  
The boldest champion she down would bear,  
And, like a thunderbolt, wide passage tear,  
Flinging all to the earth with her enchanted spear.

Her goodly armour seemed a garden green,  
Where thousand spotless lilies freshly blew ;  
And on her shield the lone bird might be seen,  
The Arabian bird, shining in colours new.  
Itself unto itself was only mate,  
Ever the same but new in newer date ;  
And underneath was writ "Such is chaste single state."

Thus hid in arms she seemed a goodly knight,  
And fit for any warlike exercise ;  
But, when she list lay down her armour bright,  
And back resume her peaceful maiden's guise,  
The fairest maid she was that ever yet  
Prisoned her locks within a golden net,  
Or let them waving hang with roses fair beset. . . .

Upon her forehead Love his trophies fits,  
A thousand spoils in silver arch displaying ;  
And in the midst himself full proudly sits,  
Himself in awful majesty arraying.  
Upon her brows lies his bent ebon bow  
And ready shafts : deadly those weapons show,  
Yet sweet that death appeared, lovely that deadly blow. . . .

A bed of lilies flower upon her cheek,  
And in the midst was set a circling rose ;  
Whose sweet aspect would force Narcissus seek  
New liveries and fresher colours choose  
To deck his beauteous head in snowy tirc.  
But all in vain ; for who can hope to aspire  
To such a fair, which none attain but all admire? . . .

Yet all these stars, which deck this beauteous sky,  
By force of the inward sun both shine and move :  
Throned in her heart sits Love's high majesty,  
In highest majesty the highest love.

## WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

(1585-1649.)

ANOTHER eminent junior Spenserian was the Scottish poet William Drummond, eldest son of the first Laird of Hawthornden, and distantly connected with the Drummonds of Stobhall, Earls of Perth. He graduated at Edinburgh University in 1605, and succeeded his father in the lairdship in 1610. His first publication was a poem written on the occasion of Prince Henry's death in 1612. This was followed in 1616 by a volume entitled *Poems: Amorous, Funerall, Divine, Pastorall: in Sonnets, Songs, Sextains, Madrigals*; and in 1617, when King James visited Edinburgh, by *Forth Feasting, A Panegyric to the King's most Excellent Majesty*. In the year 1619 Ben Jonson paid his memorable visit to Drummond at Hawthornden, and Drummond's Notes<sup>1</sup> of their talk on that occasion afford us vivid glimpses of the literary world of that day and of Jonson's own stupendous figure, half grand, half burlesque, in the midst. Some of Jonson's critical remarks referred to Drummond himself. He told his host that his verses "were all good . . . save that they smelled too much of the schools, and were not after the fancy of the time." He said Drummond "was too good and simple," "and," adds Drummond, "he dissuaded me from poetry, for that she had beggared him when he might have been a rich lawyer, physician, or merchant." Jonson's criticism was extremely honest and clever, but scarcely just. Four years later Drummond published another volume containing his *Flowers of Sion* and *Cypress Grove*. His life had been in the meantime saddened by an unhappy love-affair, and the songs and madrigals of his youth were replaced by strains of religious and philosophic reflection; and in a few of his finest pieces, written late in his life, there is something of Milton's own lofty sadness. Drummond's sonnets are considered his masterpieces, and they are with-

<sup>1</sup> Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden, January 1619. Edited by David Laing (Shakespeare Society's Publications, 1842).

not doubt the best in the language between the time of Shakespeare and that of Milton.

## MY WANDERING THOUGHTS.

How that vast Heaven intitled First<sup>1</sup> is rolled ;  
 If any glancing towers beyond it be,  
 And people living in Eternity,  
 Or essence pure that doth this All uphold ;  
 What motion have those fixed sparks of gold ;  
 The wandering carbuncles which shine from high,  
 By spirits or bodies contrar-wise in sky  
 If they be turned, and mortal things behold ;  
 How Sun posts heaven about ; how Night's pale Queen,  
 With borrowed beams, looks on this hanging Round ;<sup>2</sup>  
 What cause fair Iris hath, and monsters seen  
 In Air's large field of light and Sea's profound :—  
 Did hold my wandering thoughts, when thy sweet eye  
 Bade me leave all and only think on thee.

## THE MOURNING LUTE.

Sound hoarse, sad lute, true witness of my woe,  
 And try no more to ease self-chosen pain ;  
 With soul-enchancing sounds your accents strain  
 Unto these tears incessantly which flow ;  
 Sad treble, weep ! and you, dull basses, show  
 Your master's sorrow in a doleful strain ;  
 Let never joyful hand upon you go,  
 Nor comfort weep but when you do complain ;  
 Fly Phœbus' rays, abhor the irksome light ;  
 Wood's solitary shades for thee are best,  
 Or the black horrors of the blackest night,  
 When all the world save thou and I do rest.  
 Then sound, sad lute, and bear a mourning part ;  
 Thou hell canst move, but not a woman's heart !

## A MADRIGAL.

Like the Idalian queen,  
 Her hair about her een  
 And neck, on breasts ripe apples to be seen,  
 At first glance of the morn,  
 In Cyprus gardens gathering those fair flowers  
 Which of her blood were born :

<sup>1</sup> The *Primum Mobile* or outermost Sphere.

<sup>2</sup> Globe.



I saw, but fainting saw : my paramours  
 The Graces, naked, danced about the place ;  
     The winds and trees, amazed,  
     With silence on her gazed ;  
 The flowers did smile like those upon her face ;  
 And, as the aspen stalks those fingers bind,  
     That she might read my case,  
 I wished to be a hyacinth in her hand.

## PHYLLIS.

In petticoat of green,  
 Her hair about her een,  
 Phyllis, beneath an oak,  
 Sat milking her fair flock :  
 'Mongst that sweet strained moisture, rare delight,  
 Her hand seemed milk in milk, it was so white !

## OF A BEE.

O, do not kill that bee  
 That thus hath wounded thee !  
     Sweet, it was no despite,  
 But hue did him deceive :  
     For, when thy lips did close,  
 He deemèd them a rose ;  
     What wouldst thou further crave ?  
 He, wanting wit, and blinded with delight,  
 Would fain have kissed, but, mad with joy, did bite.

## FROM FLOWERS OF SION.

## CHILDREN OF THE WORLD.

Of this fair volume which we World<sup>1</sup> do name  
 If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,  
 Of Him who it corrects and did it frame  
 We clear might read the art and wisdom rare,  
 Find out His power which wildest powers doth tame,  
 His providence extending everywhere,  
 His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,  
 In every page and period of the same.

<sup>1</sup> Drummond's "world" signified the visible or starry universe.

But silly we, like foolish children, rest  
 Well pleased with coloured vellum, leaves of gold,  
 Fair dangling ribands, leaving what is best ;  
 On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold ;  
     Or, if by chance we stay our minds on ought,  
 It is some picture on the margin wrought.

## HIDDEN IN LIGHT.

Beneath a sable vail and shadows deep  
 Of unaccessible and dimming light,  
 In silence, ebon clouds more black than night,  
 The World's great King his secrets hid doth keep :  
 Through whose thick mists when any mortal wight  
 Aspires, with halting pace and eyes that weep,  
 To pry and in His mysteries to creep,  
 With thunders He, and lightnings, blasts their sight.  
 O Sun invisible ! that dost abide  
 Within thy bright abysms, most fair, most dark,  
 Where with thy proper<sup>1</sup> rays thou dost thee hide,  
 O ever shining, never full seen, mark !  
     To guide me in life's night, Thy light me show :  
 The more I search of Thee, the less I know.

## SAFE AND ALL SCARLESS.

As when it happeneth that some lovely town  
 Unto a barbarous besieger falls,  
 Who both by sword and flames himself installs,  
 And, shameless, it in tears and blood doth drown ;  
 Her beauty spoilt, her citizens made thralls,  
 His spite yet cannot so her all throw down  
 But that some statue, pillar of renown,  
 Yet lurks unmaimed within her weeping walls :  
 So, after all the spoil, disgrace, and wreck,  
 That time, the world, and death, could bring combined,  
 Amid that mass of ruins they did make,  
 Safe and all scarless yet remains my mind.  
     From this so high transcendent rapture springs  
 That I, all else defaced, not envy kings.

<sup>1</sup> Own.

## FROM THE RIVER OF FORTH FEASTING.

THE SONG OF THE RIVER TO THE KING.<sup>1</sup>

O, long, long, haunt these bounds, which by thy sight  
Have now regained their former heat and light !

Here grow green woods ; here silver brooks do glide ;  
Here meadows stretch them out, with painted pride  
Embroidering all the lands : here hills aspire  
To crown their heads with the ethereal fire—  
Hills, bulwarks of our freedom, giant walls,  
Which never friends did slight, nor swords made thralls ;  
Each circling flood to Thetis tribute pays ;  
Men here in health outlive old Nestor's days ;  
Grim Saturn yet amongst our rocks remains,  
Bound in our caves with many-metalled chains ; . . .  
Our flocks fair fleeces bear, with which for sport  
Endymion of old the Moon did court ;  
High-palmèd harts amidst our forests run,  
And, not impaled, the deep-mouthed hounds do shun ;  
The rough-foot hare safe in our bushes shrouds,  
And long-winged hawks do perch amidst our clouds.  
The wanton wood-nymphs of the verdant spring,  
Blue, golden, purple flowers shall to thee bring ;  
Pomona's fruits the panisks ;<sup>2</sup> Thetis' girls,  
The Thulè's amber with the ocean's pearls ;  
The Tritons, herdsmen of the glassy field,  
Shall give thee what far distant shores can yield ;  
The Serian fleeces, Erythrean gems,  
Vast Plata's silver, gold of Peru streams,  
Antarctic parrots, Ethiopian plumes,  
Sabæan odours, myrrh, and sweet perfumes :  
And I myself,<sup>3</sup> wrapt in a watchet gown,  
Of reeds and lilies on mine head a crown,  
Shall incense to thee burn, green altars raise,  
And yearly sing due Pæans to thy praise.  
Ah ! why should Isis<sup>4</sup> only on thee shine ?  
Is not thy Forth, as well as Isis, thine ?  
Though Isis vaunt she hath more wealth in store,  
Let it suffice, thy Forth doth love thee more.

<sup>1</sup> James VI. of Scotland.    <sup>2</sup> Little wood-gods.    <sup>3</sup> i.e. the River Forth.

<sup>4</sup> One of the heads of the Thames.

## JOHN FORD.

(1586-1640.)

THE following songs are taken from a play called *The Sun's Darling*, 1633, written conjointly by Ford and Dekker. Ford was one of the most remarkable of the minor Elizabethan dramatists. By profession he was a barrister of Gray's Inn ; and this portrait of him has come down to us in a contemporary satire :—

“ Deep in a dump John Ford was got,  
With folded arms and melancholy hat.”

Of Dekker we know still less ; but our songs, which may have been written by either of them, represent their authors as writers of grace and vivacity, with moods of rollicking mirth.

## THE DEATH OF SPRING.

Here lies the blithe Spring,  
Who first taught birds to sing,  
Yet, in April, herself fell a-crying ;  
Then, May growing hot,  
A sweating sickness she got,  
And, the first of June, lay a-dying.

Yet no month can say  
But her merry daughter May  
Stuck her coffin with flowers great plenty.  
The cuckoos sang in verse  
An epitaph o'er her hearse ;  
But, assure you, the lines were not dainty.

## A SONG OF SPRING.

Haymakers, rakers, reapers, and mowers,  
Wait on your Summer-queen ;  
Dress up with musk-rose her eglantine bowers ;  
Daffodils, strew the green.  
Sing, dance, and play ;  
'Tis holiday ;  
The Sun does bravely shine  
On our ears of corn

Rich as a pearl  
 Comes every girl.  
 This is mine, this is mine, this is mine ;  
 Let us die ere away they be borne.  
  
 Bow to the sun, to our queen, and that fair one  
 Come to behold our sports :  
 Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one,  
 As those in a prince's courts.  
 These and we  
 With country glee  
 Will teach the woods to resound,  
 And the hills with echoes hollow :  
 Skipping lambs  
 Their bleating dams  
 'Mongst kids shall trip it round ;  
 For joy thus our wenches we follow.  
  
 Wind, jolly huntsmen, your neat bugles shrilly ;  
 Hounds, make a lusty cry ;  
 Spring up, you falconers, the partridges freely ;  
 Then let your brave hawks fly.  
 Horses, amain  
 Over ridge, over plain,  
 The dogs have the stag in chase :  
 'Tis a sport to content a king.  
 So, ho, ho ! through the skies  
 How the proud bird flies,  
 And, sousing, kills with a grace !  
 Now the deer falls ; hark, how they ring !

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 GEORGE WITHER.

(1588-1667.)

GEORGE WITHER was a native of Hampshire, and one of the most abundant writers of verse in James's reign. His first essay was a poem on Prince Henry's death in 1612 ; in the following year he was imprisoned in the Marshalsea for having written a satire called *Abuses Stript and Whipt*. Whilst in prison he wrote a pastoral poem entitled *The Shepherd's Hunting*. *Wither's Motto, Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo*, was published in 1618 ; a collection of his poems,

with the title *Juvenilia*, was printed in 1622 ; and in the same year he produced *Faire Virtue, the Mistress of Philarete, written by Himselfe*. Wither's most pleasant verses were produced during the first half of his life. He sided strongly with the Parliament against Charles, fought under Cromwell, and was owner of some land in Surrey during the Protectorate. At the Restoration in 1660 he lost all he had won, and was again for some time in prison. His literary activity appears to have been, from first to last, incessant ; and he is remembered now-a-days as pre-eminently the Puritan poet, whose irrepressible Muse made herself heard even amid the din of civil war.

## CHRISTMAS.

So now is come our joyfulest part ;  
 Let every man be jolly ;  
 Each room with ivy-leaves is dressed,  
 And every post with holly.  
 Though some churls at our mirth repine,  
 Round your foreheads garlands twine,  
 Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,  
 And let us all be merry !

Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,  
 And Christmas-blocks are burning ;  
 Their ovens they with baked meat choke,  
 And all their spits are turning.  
 Without the door let Sorrow lie ;  
 And, if for cold it hap to die,  
 We'll bury it in a Christmas pie  
 And evermore be merry !

Rank misers now do sparing shun ;  
 Their hall of music soundeth ;  
 And dogs thence with whole shoulders run ;  
 So all things there aboundeth.  
 The country folks themselves advance  
 With crowdy-muttons out of France ;  
 And Jack shall pipe, and Jill shall dance,  
 And all the town be merry !

Good farmers in the country nurse  
 The poor that else were undone ;  
 Some landlords spend their money worse,  
 On lust and pride in London.

There the roysters they do play,  
 Drab and dice their lands away,  
 Which may be ours another day,  
 And therefore let's be merry !

The client now his suit forbears ;  
 The prisoner's heart is eased ;  
 The debtor drinks away his cares,  
 And for the time is pleased.  
 Though others' purses be more fat,  
 Why should we pine or grieve at that ?  
 Hang sorrow ! "care will kill a cat,"  
 And therefore let's be merry !

Hark ! now the wags abroad do call  
 Each other forth to rambling ;  
 Anon you'll see them in the hall,  
 For nuts and apples scrambling.  
 Hark ! how the roofs with laughter sound ;  
 Anon they'll think the house goes round,  
 For they the cellar's depth have found,  
 And there they will be merry !

The wenches with their wassail bowls  
 About the streets are singing ;  
 The boys are come to catch the owls ;  
 The wild mare in is bringing ;  
 Our kitchen-boy hath broke his box ;  
 And to the dealing of the ox<sup>1</sup>  
 Our honest neighbours come by flocks,  
 And here they will be merry !

Now kings and queens poor sheep-cots have,  
 And mate with everybody ;  
 The honest now may play the knave,  
 And wise men play the noddie.  
 Some youths will now a-mumming go,  
 Some others play at Rowland-bo,  
 And twenty other game, boys, mo,<sup>2</sup>  
 Because they will be merry !

Then wherefore, in these merry days,  
 Should we, I pray, be duller ?  
 No, let us sing some roundelays  
 To make our mirth the fuller :

<sup>1</sup> The cutting up of the roasted ox.

<sup>2</sup> More.

And, while we thus inspired sing,  
Let all the streets with echoes ring ;  
Woods, and hills, and everything,  
Bear witness we are merry !

## OF POESY.

In my former days of bliss,  
Her divine skill taught me this,  
That from everything I saw,  
I could some invention draw,  
And raise pleasure to her height,  
Through the meanest object's sight :  
By the murmur of a spring,  
Or the least bough's rustleing,  
By a daisy whose leaves spread  
Shut when Titan goes to bed,  
Or a shady bush or tree,  
She could more infuse in me  
Than all Nature's beauties can  
In some other wiser man.

By her help I also, now,  
Make this churlish place allow  
Some things that may sweeten gladness  
In the busy gall of sadness.  
The dull liveness, the black shade  
That these hanging vaults have made,  
The strange music of the waves  
Beating on these hollow caves,  
This black den which rocks emboss,  
Overgrown with eldest moss,  
The rude portals that give light  
More to terror than delight,  
This my chamber of neglect  
Walled about with disrespect,  
From all these and this dull air,—  
A fit object for despair,—  
She hath taught me, by her might,  
To draw comfort and delight.  
Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,  
I will cherish thee for this.

Poesy ! thou sweet'st content  
That e'er heaven to mortals lent,  
Though they as a trifle leave thee  
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,



Though thou be to them a scorn  
 That to nought but earth are born,  
 Let my life no longer be  
 Than I am in love with thee :  
 Though our wise ones call thee madness,  
 Let me never taste of gladness  
 If I love not thy maddest fits  
 Above all their greatest wits :  
 And though some, too seeming holy,  
 Do account thy raptures folly,  
 Thou dost teach me to contemn  
 What makes knaves and fools of them.

## SONG.

Shall I, wasting in despair,  
 Die because a woman's fair?  
 Or my cheeks make pale with care  
 'Cause another's rosy are?  
 Be she fairer than the day  
 Or the flowery weeds in May,  
 If she be not so to me,  
 What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined,  
 'Cause I see a woman kind,  
 Or a well disposèd nature  
 Joinèd with a lovely feature?  
 Be she meeker, kinder, than  
 Turtle dove or pelican,  
 If she be not so to me,  
 What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move  
 Me to perish for her love?  
 Or her merit's value known  
 Make me quite forget mine own?  
 Be she with that goodness blest  
 Which may gain her name of *best*,  
 If she seem not such to me,  
 What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,  
 Shall I play the fool and die?  
 Those that bear a noble mind,  
 Where they want of riches find,

Think what with them they would do  
 Who, without them, dare to woo :  
 And, unless that mind I see,  
 What care I though great she be ?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,  
 I will ne'er the more despair :  
 If she love me, this believe,  
 I will die ere she shall grieve ;  
 If she slight me when I woo,  
 I can scorn and let her go ;  
 For, if she be not for me,  
 What care I for whom she be ?

---

THOMAS CAREW.

(1589-1639.)

THOMAS CAREW was of an ancient Gloucestershire family. He studied at Oxford, travelled abroad, and was appointed by Charles I. a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber and Sewer in Ordinary to the King. The songs of Carew were extremely popular in the reign of Charles, and are still notable for a certain courtly richness of expression. At his death his works were collected and published in London, with the title *Poems, Songs, and Sonnets*, 1640. The volume included a Masque, called *Cælum Britannicum*, which had been acted in 1633 in the Banqueting House at Whitehall by the King in person and several young noblemen of his Court.

MY MISTRESS COMMANDING ME TO RETURN HER LETTERS.

So grieves the adventurous merchant, when he throws  
 All the long-toiled-for treasure his ship stows  
 Into the angry main to save from wrack  
 Himself and men, as I grieve to give back  
 These letters : yet so powerful is your sway  
 As, if you bid me die, I must obey.  
 Go then, blest papers ! You shall kiss those hands  
 That gave you freedom but hold me in bands ;  
 Which with a touch did give you life ; but I,  
 Because I may not touch those hands, must die.

Methinks, as if they knew they should be sent  
 Home to their native soil from banishment,  
 I see them smile,—like dying Saints that know  
 They are to leave the earth and toward Heaven go.  
 When you return, pray tell your sovereign,  
 And mine, I gave you courteous entertain :  
 Each line received a tear, and then a kiss ;  
 First bathed in that, it 'scaped unscorched from this :  
 I kissed it because your hand had been there,  
 But, 'cause it was not now, I shed a tear.  
 Tell her, no length of time nor change of air,  
 No cruelty, disdain, absence, despair,  
 No, nor her steadfast constancy, can deter  
 My vassal heart from ever honouring her.  
 Though these be powerful arguments to prove  
 I love in vain, yet I must ever love.  
 Say, if she frown when you that word rehearse,  
 Service in prose is oft called love in verse :  
 Then pray her, since I send back on my part  
 Her papers, she will send me back my heart.

## SONG.

He that loves a rosy cheek,  
 Or a coral lip admires,  
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek  
 Fuel to maintain his fires,  
 As old Time makes these decay,  
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,  
 Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,  
 Hearts with equal love combined,  
 Kindle never-dying fires :  
 Where these are not, I despise  
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win  
 My resolved heart to return :  
 I have searched thy soul within,  
 And find nought but pride and scorn ;  
 I have learnt thy arts, and now  
 Can disdain as much as thou :  
 Some Power in my revenge, convey  
 That love to her I cast away !

WILLIAM BROWNE.

(1590-1645 ?)

WILLIAM BROWNE was among the youngest in the series of poets who may be called junior Spenserians. He was still a child when Spenser died, and Spenser had been dead four or five years when he published his first poem, called *Britannia's Pastorals*. These pastorals consisted of a series of "songs" or parts, connected by a thin thread of story. The main incident is, however, quite secondary to the exquisite descriptions of English rural scenery with which the poem abounds. *The Shepherd's Pipe*, a series of seven Eclogues, 1614, and *The Inner Temple Masque*, 1620, complete the sum of Browne's extant works. In 1624, when he was still only twenty-four years old, he returned to Oxford, where he had been a student, as tutor to Robert Dormer, afterwards Earl of Caernarvon; and the University on this occasion gave him the degree of M.A. with unusual honours. He became eventually a retainer of the Pembroke family; gained in their service sufficient wealth to purchase an estate; settled, it is believed, in Devonshire, his native county; and died there in 1645. There has seldom been a poet in our literary history of such unusual promise of excellence so completely and suddenly stunted, and with no apparent reason.

FROM BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

A FAIR RIVER'S BIRTH.

As I have seen upon a bridal day  
Full many maids, clad in their best array  
In honour of the bride, come with their flaskets  
Filled full with flowers, others in wicker baskets  
Bring from the marsh<sup>1</sup> rushes to o'erspread  
The ground whereon to church the lovers tread,  
Whilst that the quaintest<sup>2</sup> youth of all the plain  
Ushers their way with many a piping strain;  
So, as in joy at this fair river's birth,  
Triton came upon a channel with his mirth,

<sup>1</sup> Marsh.

<sup>2</sup> Neatest, daintiest.

And called the neighbouring nymphs, each in her turn,  
 To pour their pretty rivulets from their urn,  
 To wait upon this new-delivered spring.  
 Some, running through the meadows, with them bring  
 Cowslip and mint ; and 'tis another's lot  
 To light upon some gardener's curious knot,  
 Whence she upon her breast, love's sweet repose,  
 Doth bring the queen of flowers, the English rose.  
 Some from the fen bring reeds, wild thyme from downs,  
 Some from a grove the bay that poets crowns ;  
 Some from an aged rock the moss hath torn,  
 And leaves him naked unto winter's storm ;  
 Another from her banks, in mere good-will,  
 Brings nutriment for fish, the camomill.  
 Thus all bring somewhat, and do overspread  
 The way the spring unto the sea doth tread.

*Book I. Song II.*

THE SHEPHERDS' DANCING-GREEN.

Thus went they on : and Remond did discuss  
 Their cause of meeting, till they won with pacing  
 The circuit chosen for the maidens' tracing.<sup>1</sup>  
 It was a roundel seated on a plain,  
 That stood as sentinel<sup>2</sup> unto the main,  
 Environed round with trees and many an arbour ;  
 Wherein melodious birds did nightly harbour,  
 And on a bough within the quickening spring  
 Would be a-teaching of their young to sing,  
 Whose pleasing notes the tired swain have made  
 To steal a nap at noontide in the shade.  
 Nature herself did there in triumph ride,  
 And made that place the ground of all her pride,  
 Whose various showers deceived the rasher eye  
 In taking them for curious tapestry.  
 A silver spring forth of a rock did fall,  
 That in a drought did serve to water all ;  
 Upon the edges of a grassy bank,  
 A tuft of trees grew circling in a rank,  
 As if they seemed their sports to gaze upon,  
 Or stood as guard against the wind and sun.  
 So fair, so fresh, so green, so sweet a ground  
 The piercing eyes of heaven yet never found. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Dancing.

<sup>2</sup> Watch-post.

Here 'gan the reed and merry bagpipe play,  
 Shrill as a thrush upon a morn of May,  
 A rural music for an heavenly train ;  
 And every shepherdess danced with her swain.

*Book I. Song III.*

EARLY MORNING.

By this had Chanticleer, the village cock,  
 Bidden the good-wife for her maids to knock ;  
 And the swart ploughman for his breakfast staid,  
 That he might till those lands were fallow laid ;  
 The hills and valleys here and there resound  
 With re-echoes of the deep-mouthèd hound ;  
 Each shepherd's daughter with her cleanly pail  
 Was come a-field to milk the morning's meal.  
 And, ere the sun had climbed the eastern hills  
 To gild the muttering burns<sup>1</sup> and pretty rills,  
 Before the labouring bee had left the hive,  
 And nimble fishes which in rivers dive  
 Began to leap and catch the drownèd fly,  
 I rose from rest.

*Book I. Song IV.*

THE SQUIRREL HUNT.

Then, as a nimble squirrel from the wood,  
 Ranging the hedges for his filbert food,  
 Sits partly<sup>2</sup> on a bough, his brown nuts cracking,  
 And from the shell the sweet white kernel taking,  
 Till, with their crooks and bags, a sort<sup>3</sup> of boys,  
 To share with him, come with so great a noise  
 That he is forced to leave a nut nigh broke  
 And for his life leap to a neighbour oak,  
 Thence to a beech, thence to a row of ashes ;  
 Whilst through the quagmire and red water-plashes  
 The boys run dabbling thorough thick and thin :  
 One tears his hose, another breaks his shin ;  
 This, torn and tattered, hath with much ado  
 Got by the briars, and that hath lost his shoe ;  
 This drops his band, that headlong falls for haste ;  
 Another cries behind for being last :  
 With sticks, and stones, and many a sounding hollow,  
 The little fool, with no small sport, they follow ;  
 Whilst he, from tree to tree, from spray to spray,  
 Gets to the wood and hides him in his dray.

*Book I. Song V.*

<sup>1</sup> Streams.

<sup>2</sup> Apart.

<sup>3</sup> Crowd.

## MONA.

Here waxed the winds dumb, shut up in their caves ;  
 As still as midnight were the sullen waves ;  
 And Neptune's silver ever-shaking breast  
 As smooth as when the halcyon builds her nest.  
 None other wrinkles on his face were seen  
 Than on a fertile mead or sportive green. . . .  
 The whistling reeds upon the water's side  
 Shot up their sharp heads in a stately pride ;  
 And not a binding ozier bowed his head,  
 But on his root him bravely carried.  
 No dandling leaf played with the subtle air,  
 So smooth the sea was, and the sky so fair.  
 Now, with his hands instead of broad-palmed oars,  
 The swain attempts to get the shell-strewed shores,  
 And, with continual lading making a way,  
 Thrusts the small boat into as fair a bay  
 As ever merchant wished might be the road  
 Wherein to ease his sea-torn vessel's load :  
 It was an island, hugged in Neptune's arms . . .  
 And Mona hight. *Book II. Song I.*

## THE GOLDEN AGE.

Happier those times were when the flaxen clue  
 By fair Arachne's hand the Lydians knew,  
 And sought not to the worm for silken threads  
 To roll their bodies in or dress their heads ;  
 When wise Minerva did the Athenians learn  
 To draw their milk-white fleeces into yarn. . . .  
 Through the wide seas no winged pine did go  
 To lands unknown for staining indigo,  
 Nor men in scorching climates moored their keel  
 To traffic for the costly cochineal :  
 Unknown was then the Phrygian broidery,  
 The Tyrian purple, and the scarlet dye :  
 Such as their sheep clad, such they wove and wore—  
 Russet or white, or those mixed, and no more—  
 Except sometimes, to bravery inclined,  
 Then dyed them yellow caps with alder rind.  
 The Grecian mantle, Tuscan robes of state,  
 Tissue, nor cloth of gold of highest rate,

They never saw : only in pleasant woods,  
 Or by the embroidered margin of the floods,  
 The dainty Nymphs they often did behold  
 Clad in their light silk robes stitcht oft with gold. . .  
 Green boughs of trees, with fattening acorns lade,<sup>1</sup>  
 Hung full with flowers and garlands quaintly made,  
 Their homely cots decked trim in low degree,—  
 As, now, the Court with richest tapestry.  
 Instead of cushions wrought, in windows lain,  
 They picked the cockle from their fields of grain ; . .  
 The daisy, scattered on each mead and down,  
 A golden tuft within a silver crown  
 (Fair fall that dainty flower ! and may there be  
 No shepherd graced that doth not honour thee ! ) ;  
 The primrose, when with six leaves gotten grace  
 Maids as a true-love in their bosoms place ;  
 The spotless lily, by whose pure leaves be  
 Noted the chaste thoughts of virginity ;  
 Carnations sweet with colour like the fire,  
 The fit *impresa* for enflamed desire ;  
 The hare-bell, for the stainless azure hue  
 Claims to be worn of none but those are true ;  
 The rose, like ready youth enticing stands,  
 And would be cropped if it might choose the hands ;  
 The yellow king-cup Flora them assigned  
 To be the badges of a jealous mind ;  
 The orange-tawny marigold,—the night  
 Hides not her colours from a searching sight ; . .  
 The pansy ; thistle, all with prickles set ;  
 The cowslip, honeysuckle, violet,  
 And many hundreds more that graced the meads,  
 Gardens, and groves, where beauteous Flora treads,  
 Were by the shepherds' daughters (as yet are  
 Used<sup>2</sup> in our cots) brought home with special care.  
 As is the rainbow's many-coloured hue,  
 Here see we watchet deepened with a blue,  
 There a dark tawny with a purple mixed,  
 Yellow and flame, with streaks of green betwixt,  
 A bloody stream into a blushing run,  
 And end still with the colour which begun. . .  
 With such rare art each mingleth with his fellow,  
 The blue with watchet, green and red with yellow.  
 Like to the changes which we daily see  
 About the dove's neck with variety,

<sup>1</sup> Laden.<sup>2</sup> Are accustomed to do.



Where none can say, though he it strict attends,  
 Here one begins and there the other ends :  
 So did the maidens with their various flowers  
 Deck up their windows and make neat their bowers ;  
 Using such cunning as they did dispose  
 The ruddy peony with the lighter rose,  
 The monk's-hood with the bugloss, and entwine  
 The white, the blue, the flesh-like columbine  
 With pinks, sweet-williams ; that, far off, the eye  
 Could not the manner of their mixtures spy.  
 Then, with those flowers they most of all did prize,  
 With all their skill and in most curious wise  
 On tufts of herbs or rushes, would they frame  
 A dainty border round the shepherd's name ;  
 Or posies make, so quaint, so apt, so rare,  
 As if the Muses only lived there,  
 And that the after-world should strive in vain  
 What they then did to counterfeit again.  
 Nor will the needle nor the loom e'er be  
 So perfect in their best embroidery,  
 Nor such composures made of silk and gold  
 As theirs, when Nature all her cunning told.

*Book II. Song III.*

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### ROBERT HERRICK.

(1591-1660.)

ROBERT HERRICK was descended from an ancient Leicestershire family which called itself Eyrick. He was the son of a goldsmith in Cheapside ; obtained the degree of M.A. at Cambridge in 1620 ; and became, in 1629, vicar of Deanbourn in Devonshire. He was ejected by the Puritan government in 1648, and, taking up his residence in London, assumed the lay habit and applied himself to literary pursuits. During the twenty years of his vicarship he had produced a large number of love-verses, songs, and epigrams, specimens of which had been printed from time to time in London. In 1648 these were collected and published in a thick octavo, with a dedication to the Prince of Wales. The contents were arranged under the two heads of *Hesperides* and *Noble Numbers*. Herrick ranks as one of our chief lyric writers.

had a marvellously musical ear, and some of his metres among the most exquisite in our language. His joyous bursts of song and love, and his verses to flowers, tearful and tender, are masterpieces of expression. At the same time must be owned that a large portion of his poetry is mere jargon. The volume appears to have been made up of every scrap he could gather of his writings, good and bad. said of his own book ;—

I write of hell, I sing—and ever shall—  
Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.

And, if ever poet won heaven for a song, Herrick is there.

### FROM HESPERIDES.

#### FAIR DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon ;  
As yet the early rising sun  
Has not attained his noon :  
    Stay, stay  
Until the hastening day  
    Has run  
But to the even-song ;  
And, having prayed together, we  
Will go with you along !

We have short time to stay as you ;  
We have as short a spring ;  
As quick a growth to meet decay  
As you or anything :  
    We die  
As your hours do ; and dry  
    Away  
Like to the summer's rain,  
Or as the pearls of morning-dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

#### TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF THEIR TIME.

Gather rose-buds while ye may :  
Old Time is still a-flying,  
And this same flower that smiles to-day  
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,  
 The higher he's a-getting,  
 The sooner will his race be run  
 And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,  
 When youth and blood are warmer ;  
 But, being spent, the worse and worst  
 Time shall succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time  
 And, while ye may, go marry ;  
 For, having lost but once your prime,  
 You may for ever tarry.

## JULIA.

Some asked me where the rubies grew,  
 And nothing did I say,  
 But with my finger pointed to  
 The lips of Julia.

Some asked how pearls did grow, and where ;  
 Then spake I to my girl,  
 To part her lips and shew me there  
 The quarelets of pearl.

One asked me where the roses grew ;  
 I bade him not go seek,  
 But forthwith bade my Julia shew  
 A bud in either cheek.

## THE BAG OF THE BEE.

About the sweet bag of a bee  
 Two Cupids fell at odds ;  
 And whose the pretty prize should be  
 They vowed to ask the Gods.

Which Venus hearing thither came,  
 And for their boldness stript them ;  
 And, taking thence from each his flame,  
 With rods of myrtle whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries  
 When quiet grown she'd seen them,  
 She kissed and wiped their dove-like eyes,  
 And gave the bag between them.

## CHERRY RIPE.

"Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe," I cry,  
"Full and fair ones—come and buy;"  
If so be you ask me where  
They do grow? I answer, "There,  
Where my Julia's lips do smile;"  
There's the land, or cherry-isle,  
Whose plantations fully shew  
All the year where cherries grow!

## UPON A CHILD THAT DIED.

Here she lies, a pretty bud,  
Lately made of flesh and blood,  
Who as soon fell fast asleep  
As her little eyes did peep.  
Give her strewings, but not stir  
The earth that lightly covers her!

## TO ELECTRA.

I dare not ask a kiss;  
I dare not beg a smile;  
Lest, having that or this,  
I might grow proud the while.

No, no! the utmost share  
Of my desire shall be  
Only to kiss that air  
That lately kissed thee.

## TO DIANE ME.

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes  
Which, star-like, sparkle in their skies;  
Nor be you proud that you can see  
All hearts your captives, yours yet free.  
Be you not proud of that rich hair  
Which wantons with the love-sick air;  
Whenas that ruby which you wear,  
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,  
Will last to be a precious stone  
When all your world of beauty's gone.

## TO THE ROSE.

Go, happy rose ; and, interwove  
 With other flowers, bind my love !  
     Tell her, too, she must not be  
     Longer flowing, longer free,  
     That so oft has fettered me.

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands  
 Of pearl and gold to bind her hands :  
     Tell her, if she struggle still,  
     I have myrtle rods at will  
     For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing, thus, and go  
 And tell her this ; but do not so,  
     Lest a handsome anger fly  
     Like a lightening from her eye,  
     And burn thee up, as well as I.

## FROM NOBLE NUMBERS.

## HIS LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress,  
 When temptations me oppress,  
 And when I my sins confess,  
     Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When I lie within my bed,  
 Sick in heart and sick in head,  
 And with doubts discomfited,  
     Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the house doth sigh and weep  
 And the world is drowned in sleep,  
 Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,  
     Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the artless doctor sees  
 No one hope but of his fees,  
 And his skill runs on the lees,  
     Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When his potion and his pill  
 Has or none or little skill,  
 Meet for nothing but to kill,  
     Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the passing bell doth toll,  
And the furies in a shoal  
Come to fright a parting soul,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tapers now burn blue,  
And the comforters are few,  
And that number more than true,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the priest his last hath prayed,  
And I nod to what is said,  
'Cause my speech is now decayed,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When, God knows, I'm tossed about  
Either with despair or doubt,  
Yet, before the glass is out,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the Tempter me pursu'th  
With the sins of all my youth,  
And half damns me with untruth,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the judgment is revealed,  
And that opened which was sealed,  
When to Thee I have appealed,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

THE END.



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